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THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;

Collated with all the Former Editions,

AND CORRECTED;

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,

BY VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

And Adorned with Fifty-four Original Engravings.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

52970

ME THE TENTH;

ONTAINING,

INSMEN;

ERRY AND THEODORET;

ER;

OR; OR, THE PASSIONATE MADMAN;

HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE;

MASQUE;

FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE.

9x01

LONDON,

Printed by T. Sherlock, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

For T. EVANS, and P. ELMSLEY, in the Strand; J. RIDLEY, St. James's Street; J. WILLIAMS, No. 39, Fleet-Street; and W. FOX, Holborn.

MDCCLXXVIII.

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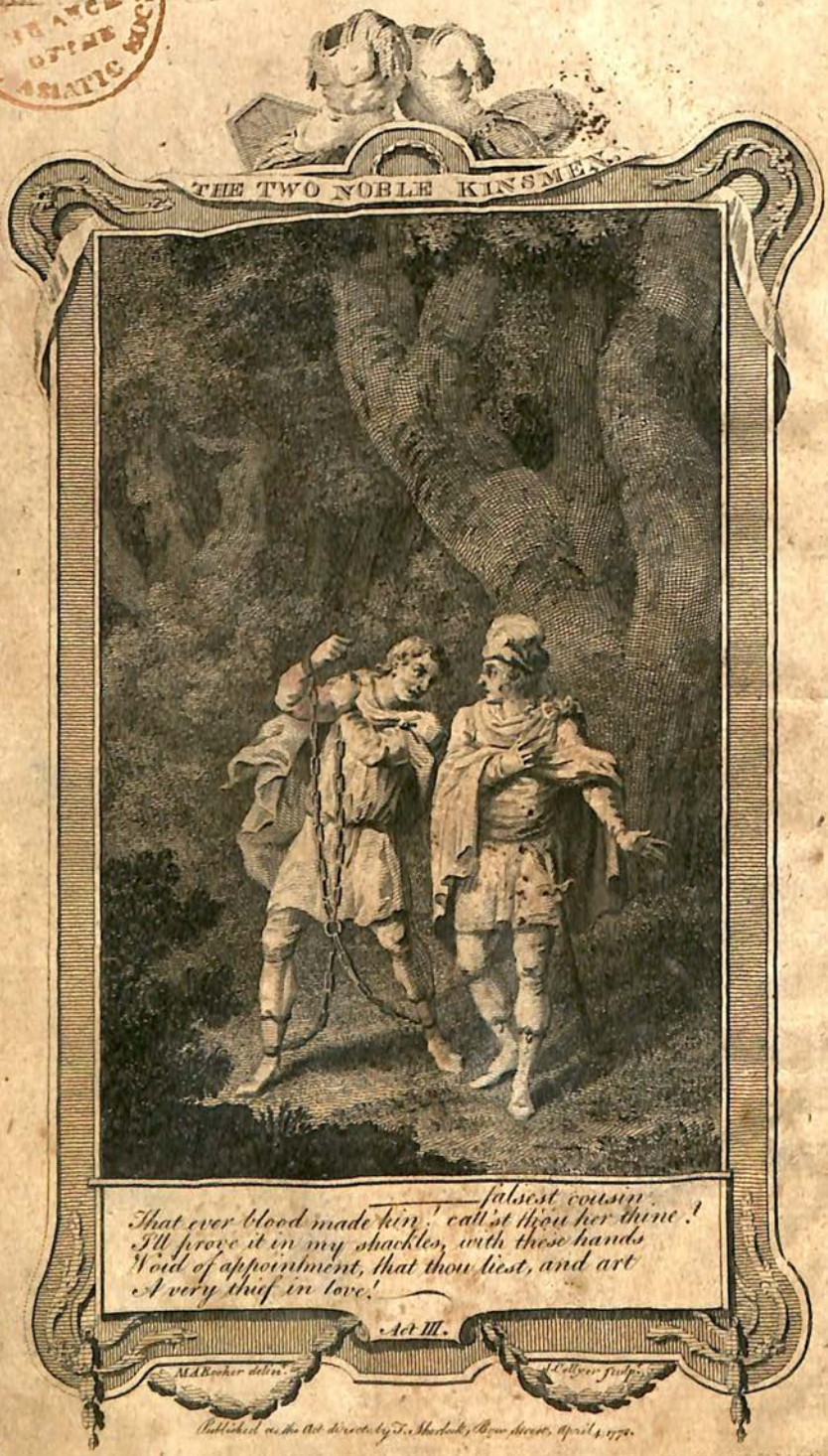
THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.
——— falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine!
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love!
Act III.
M.A.Rooker delin.t
J.Collyer sculp.t
Published as the Act directs by T. Sherlock, Bow Street, April 4, 1772.

THE

TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

This Play was firſt printed in quarto, anno 1634, *under the following title:* ‘ *The Two Noble Kinſmen: Preſented at the Blackfriers by* ‘ *the Kings Maieſties Servants, with great applauſe: written by* ‘ *the memorable Worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher, and* ‘ *Mr. William Shakſpeare, Gent.*;’ *and has always been received as the production of thoſe Poets. In the year* 1668, *it was altered by Sir William Davenant, who gave it the title of The Rivals; when it appears to have been acted with great ſucceſs.*

PROLOGUE.

[*Flouriſh.*

NEW plays and maidenheads are near a-kin;
Much follow'd both, for both much money gi'n,
If they ſtand ſound, and well: And a good play
(Whoſe modeſt ſcenes bluſh on his marriage-day,
And ſhake to loſe his honour) is like her
That after holy tie, and firſt night's ſtir,
Yet ſtill is modeſty, and ſtill retains
More of the maid to ſight, than huſband's pains.
We pray our play may be ſo; for I'm ſure
It has a noble breeder, and a pure,
A learned, and a poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po, and ſilver Trent:
Chaucer (of all admir'd) the ſtory gives;
There conſtant to eternity it lives!
If we let fall the nobleneſs of this,
And the firſt ſound this child hear be a hiſs,
How will it ſhake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under-ground, 'Oh, fan
'From me the witleſs chaff of ſuch a writer
'That blaſts my bays, and my fam'd works make lighter
'Than Robin Hood!' This is the fear we bring;
For, to ſay truth, it were an endleſs thing,
And too ambitious, to aſpire to him.
Weak as we are, and almoſt breathleſs ſwim,
In this deep water, do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we ſhall tack about!
And ſomething do to ſave us, you ſhall hear
Scenes, tho' below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours' travel. To his bones ſweet ſleep!
Content to you!—If this play do not keep
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our loſſes fall ſo thick, we muſt needs leave.

[*Flouriſh.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1].

MEN.

Theſeus, *duke of Athens.*

Palamon, } The Two Noble Kinſmen, *in love with*
Arcite, } *Emilia.*

Perithous, *an Athenian general.*

Valerius, *a Theban nobleman.*

Three valiant Knights.

Herald.

Jailor.

Wooer.

Gerrold, *a ſchoolmaſter.*

A Taborer, Countrymen, Soldiers, &c.

WOMEN.

Hippolita, *bride to Theſeus.*

Emilia, *her ſiſter.*

Three Queens.

Jailor's Daughter, *in love with Palamon.*

Servant *to Emilia.*

Nymphs, Wenches, &c.

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[1] *Hymen* has hitherto ſtood as a perſonage of this drama, and even the firſt: As he only appears in the Dumb-ſhow, we have expunged the name. The *Wooer*, though a character of ſome conſideration, has always been omitted; and ſo has *Valerius*.

THE

TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Hymen with a torch burning; a boy, in a white robe, before, ſinging, and ſtrewing flowers; after Hymen, a nymph, encompaſſed in her treſſes, bearing a wheaten garland; then Theſeus, between two other nymphs, with wheaten chaplets on their heads; then Hippolita, led by Perithous [2], and another holding a garland over her head, her treſſes likewiſe hanging; after her, Emilia, holding up her train.

SONG.

ROSES, their ſharp ſpines being gone,
Not royal in their ſmells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden-pinks, of odour faint,
Daiſies ſmell-leſs, yet moſt quaint,
And ſweet thime true.

Primroſe, firſt-born child of Ver,
Merry ſpring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim.

[2] *Then Hippolita the bride led by* Theſeus.] Mr. Theobald very juſtly changed *Theſeus* here to *Perithous*. *Seward.*

All, dear Nature's children ſweet,
Lye 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Bleſſing their ſenſe! [*Strew flowers.*
Not an angel of the air[3],
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be abſent hence!

The crow, the ſlanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar[4],
Nor chatt'ring pie,
May on our bridehouſe perch or ſing,
Or with them any diſcord bring,
But from it fly!

---

3 *Not an* angel *of the air.*] Mr. Theobald was very fond of a change here, which I can by no means admit; as he happened not to ſee the Author's deſign in applying the word *angel* to birds, he would read *augel*, from the *Italian Augello*, a bird. But beſide the objection there is to admitting words of foreign extraction without authority into the text (a thing by no means juſtifiable) there would be a needleſs tautology,

Not an augel *or bird of the air,*
Bird melodious, or bird fair.

Several birds too are excluded in the next ſtanza which renders *augel* improper, whereas *angel* very beautifully expreſſes the birds of melody and good omen. *Seward.*

4 *The boding raven, nor* clough he
Nor chatt'ring pie.] *Clough he*, which is the reading of all the editions, is neither ſenſe nor rhime. My Dictionaries at leaſt have no ſuch bird as *clough*. *Chough* is Skakeſpeare and Fletcher's name of a *jack-daw*, of which Ray ſays, *Poſtica pars capitis cineraſcit.* But he (and from him the Oxford editor) miſtakes in making the *chough* the *coracias* a frequenter of the Corniſh-Cliffs only, which has no ſuch gray feathers. Beſides Shakeſpeare's *chough* feeds on corn, for Autolocus, in the Winter's Tale, ſays, 'My *choughs* are ſcar'd 'from the chaff.' So that the *chough* muſt be the daw or the rook, which has often gray feathers on the head and back. See Ray on Birds. There can be no reaſon to doubt therefore of our having got the true ſubſtantive; for *he* we muſt have an adjective that ſuits the *chough*, and alſo rhimes to *nor*; *hoar* will do both, the *chough* having grayiſh feathers on his head, from whence Shakeſpeare calls him the *ruſſet-pated chough*. Midſummer-Night's Dream. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter three Queens, in black, with veils ſtained, with imperial crowns. The firſt Queen falls down at the foot of Theſeus; the ſecond falls down at the foot of Hippolita; the third before Emilia.

1 *Queen.* For pity's ſake, and true gentility's,
Hear and reſpect me!
2 *Queen.* For your mother's ſake,
And as you wiſh your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and reſpect me!
3 *Queen.* Now for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd
The honour of your bed, and for the ſake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us, and our diſtreſſes! This good deed
Shall raze you out o'th' book of treſpaſſes
All you are ſet down there.
Theſ. Sad lady, riſe!
Hip. Stand up!
Emi. No knees to me! What woman I
May ſted that is diſtreſs'd, does bind me to her.
Theſ. What's your requeſt? Deliver you for all.
1 *Queen.* We are three Queens, whoſe ſovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endur'd
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not ſuffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their aſhes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortal loathſomeneſs from the bleſt eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With ſtench of our ſlain lords. Oh, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd ſword
That does good turns to th' world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them!
And, of thy boundleſs goodneſs, take ſome note
That for our crowned heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,

And vault to every thing!

Theſ. Pray you kneel not!
I was tranſported with your ſpeech, and ſuffer'd
Your knees to wrong themſelves. I've heard the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me ſuch lamenti
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capaneus was your lord: The day
That he ſhould marry you, at ſuch a ſeaſon
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar; you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your treſſes,
Nor in more bounty ſpread her[5]; your wheaten wreath
Was then nor threſh'd, nor blaſted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with ſmiles; Hercules our kinſman
(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club,
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide[6],
And ſwore his ſinews thaw'd: Oh, Grief and Time,
Fearful conſumers, you will all devour!

1 *Queen.* Oh, I hope ſome god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto he'll infuſe power, and preſs you forth
Our undertaker!

Theſ. Oh, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona uſe them,
And pray for me, your ſoldier.—Troubled I am.
[*Turns away.*

2 *Queen.* Honour'd Hippolita,
Moſt dreaded Amazonian, that haſt ſlain
The ſcithe-tuſk'd boar; that, with thy arm as ſtrong

[5] *Not Juno's mantle fairer than your treſſes,*
Nor in more bounty ſpread her.] The reader will ſee that *her* is prejudicial to the ſenſe and meaſure, and to be diſcarded. The mantle of Juno is beautifully deſcribed in the fourteenth Book of the Iliad. It was wrought by Minerva, and adorned with variety of figures; allegorically it may ſignify the æther adorned with the ſun and ſtars formed by Minerva, *i. e.* the wiſdom of the Creator. *Seward.*

We cannot 'ſee that *her* is prejudicial to the ſenſe and meaſure,' nor that it ought 'to be diſcarded.' The conſtruction is eaſy.

[6] Nenuan *hide.*] Corrected in 1750.

As

As it is white, waſt near to make the male
To thy ſex captive; but that this thy lord
(Born to uphold creation in that honour
Firſt Nature ſtil'd it in) ſhrunk thee into
The bound thou waſt o'er-flowing, at once ſubduing
Thy force, and thy affection; ſoldiereſs,
That equally canſt poiſe ſternneſs with pity,
Who now, I know, haſt much more power on him
Than e'er he had on thee; who ow'ſt his ſtrength[7],
And his love too, who is a ſervant to
The tenor of thy ſpeech; dear glaſs of ladies,
Bid him that we whom flaming War doth ſcorch,
Under the ſhadow of his ſword may cool us!
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak't in a woman's key, like ſuch a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off!
Tell him, if he i' th' blood-ſize'd field lay ſwoln,
Shewing the ſun his teeth, grinning at the moon,
What you would do!

Hip. Poor lady, ſay no more!
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I'm going, and never yet
Went I ſo willing way[8]. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your diſtreſs: Let him conſider;

---

7 Whom *now I know haſt much more power on him*
Than ever he had on thee, who ow'ſt *his ſtrength*
And his love too, who is a ſervant for
The tenor of the *ſpeech.*] The change of particles and monoſyllables frequently deſtroy both the grammar and ſenſe of our Authors. *Whom* might have been corrected without a note, but what is, *Who is a ſervant* for *the tenor of* the *ſpeech?* The original probably was,

——— *who is a ſervant* to
The tenor of thy *ſpeech*;

i. e. He who before conquered thee is now obedient to every word thou uttereſt. *Ow'ſt*, is the ſame as *own'ſt*, in all the old writers. *Seward.*

8 ——*and never yet*
Went I ſo willing way.] *i. e.* I never went ſo willing a journey. *Seward.*

I'll

I'll ſpeak anon.

3 *Queen.* Oh, my petition was [*Kneels to Emilia.*
Set down in ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops; ſo ſorrow wanting form
Is preſs'd with deeper matter.

Emi. Pray ſtand up;
Your grief is written in your cheek.

3 *Queen.* Oh, woe!
You cannot read it there[9]; here thro' my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glaſſy ſtream,
You may behold 'em! Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treaſure know o'th' earth
Muſt know the centre too; he that will fiſh
For my leaſt minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. Oh, pardon me!
Extremity, that ſharpens ſundry wits,
Makes me a fool.

Emi. Pray you ſay nothing; pray you!
Who cannot feel nor ſee the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of ſome painter, I would buy you,
T' inſtruct me 'gainſt a capital grief indeed;
(Such heart-pierc'd demonſtration!) but, alas,
Being a natural ſiſter of our ſex,
Your ſorrow beats ſo ardently upon me,
That it ſhall make a counter-reflect 'gainſt
My brother's heart, and warm it to ſome pity
Tho' it were made of ſtone: Pray have good comfort!

Theſ. Forward to th' temple! leave not out a jot
O'th' ſacred ceremony.

1 *Queen.* Oh, this celebration
Will longer laſt[10], and be more coſtly, than
Your ſuppliants' war! Remember that your fame
Knolls in the ear o' th' world: What you do quickly

---

9 *You cannot read it there*; there *thro' my tears,*
Like wrinkl'd pebbles in a glaſſe *ſtream.*] Mr. Sympſon and I change the ſecond *there* to *here*, as ſhe evidently points at her heart, and ſo explains herſelf in the ſequel. *Glaſſy* for *glaſſe* Mr. Theobald agreed with us in. *Seward.*

10 *Will* long *laſt.*] Corrected in 1750.

Is

Is not done raſhly; your firſt thought is more
Than others' labour'd meditance; your premeditating
More than their actions; but, (oh, Jove!) your actions,
Soon as they move, as oſprays do the fiſh,
Subdue before they touch: Think, dear duke, think
What beds our ſlain kings have!

2 *Queen.* What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none!

3 *Queen.* None fit for th' dead:
Thoſe that with cords, knives, drams[11], precipitance,
Weary of this world's light, have to themſelves
Been Death's moſt horrid agents, human grace
Affords them duſt and ſhadow.

1 *Queen.* But our lords
Lie bliſt'ring 'fore the viſitating ſun,
And were good kings, when living.

Theſ. It is true;
And I will give you comfort,
To give your dead lords graves[12]:
The which to do muſt make ſome work with Creon.

1 *Queen.* And that work now preſents itſelf to th' doing[13]:
Now 'twill take form; the heats are gone tomorrow;
Then bootleſs Toil muſt recompenſe itſelf,
With its own ſweat; now he's ſecure,
Not dreams we ſtand before your puiſſance,
Rinſing your holy begging[14] in our eyes,

[11] *Drams precipitance.*] Mr. Sympſon and I disjoin theſe two, the one expreſſing poiſon, the other leaping down precipices. *Seward.*

Precipitance is, we think, rightly disjoined from *drams*; but ſignifies, in general, the unhappy *precipitation* of ſuicides in getting rid of their lives, not the particular act of *leaping down precipices*, which ſeems to us a ridiculous explanation.

[12] *To give your dead lords graves.*] As both the ſenſe and meaſure are ſomewhat deficient, there is reaſon to ſuſpect a part of the ſentence dropt, perhaps ſomewhat like the following might have been the original.

But *I will give you comfort*, and engage
Myſelf and pow'rs *to give your dead lords graves. Seward.*

[13] *And that work preſents, &c.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[14] Wrinching *our holy begging.*] Corrected in 1750.

To

To make petition clear.

2 *Queen.* Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.

3 *Queen.* And his army full
Of bread and ſloth.

Theſ. Arteſius, that beſt know'ſt
How to draw out, fit to this enterprize
The prim'ſt for this proceeding, and the number
To carry ſuch a buſineſs; forth and levy
Our worthieſt inſtruments; whilſt we diſpatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock!

1 *Queen.* Dowagers, take hands!
Let us be widows to our woes[15]! Delay
Commends us to a famiſhing hope.

All. Farewell!

2 *Queen.* We come unſeaſonably; but when could Grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd Judgment can, fit'ſt time
For beſt ſolicitation?

Theſ. Why, good ladies,
This is a ſervice, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war[16]; it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.

1 *Queen.* The more proclaiming
Our ſuit ſhall be neglected: When her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a ſynod, ſhall

---

[15] *Let us be widows to our woes.*] *i. e.* Let us continue ſtill in the moſt diſtreſs'd widowhood by the continuance of our woes. The expreſſion tho' not quite clear, will give this ſenſe which is certainly a fine one; and in ſuch writers as our Authors we muſt not always expect that perſpicuity as we meet with in poems of leſs depth. For this reaſon I cannot admit a conjecture of Mr. Sympſon, tho' it is undoubtedly an ingenious one:

Let us be wedded *to our woes.* *Seward.*

[16] *This is a ſervice, whereto I am going,*
Greater than any was.] *War* [which is Theobald's variation] inſtead of *was* is a great improvement of the old text, and I verily believe it the Author's word. The ſervice I am now going to, (*i. e.* my marriage) is of more import to my happineſs than any *war* can poſſibly be. *Seward.*

By

By warranting moon-light corſlet thee, oh, when
Her twinning cherries [17] ſhall their ſweetneſs fall
Upon thy taſteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings, or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'ſt not, what thou feel'ſt being able
To make Mars ſpurn his drum? Oh, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hoſtage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou ſhalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to.

Hip. Tho' much unlike
You ſhould be ſo tranſported, as much ſorry
I ſhould be ſuch a ſuitor; yet I think
Did I not, by th' abſtaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their ſurfeit,
That craves a preſent med'cine, I ſhould pluck
All ladies' ſcandal on me: Therefore, Sir,
As I ſhall here make trial of my prayers,
Either preſuming them to have ſome force,
Or ſentencing for ay their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this buſineſs we are going about, and hang
Your ſhield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do theſe poor Queens ſervice!

All Queens. Oh, help now!
Our cauſe cries for your knee.

Emi. If you grant not
My ſiſter her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To aſk you any thing, nor be ſo hardy
Ever to take a huſband.

Theſ. Pray ſtand up!
I am entreating of myſelf to do
That which you kneel to have me. Perithous,
Lead on the bride! Get you and pray the gods
For ſucceſs and return; omit not any thing
In the pretended celebration. Queens,

[17] *Her* twining *cherries.*] Theobald corrected the ſpelling here.

Follow

Follow your ſoldier (as before) hence you,
And at the banks of Aulis [18] meet us with
The forces you can raiſe, where we ſhall find
The moiety of a number, for a buſineſs
More bigger look'd!—Since that our theme is haſte,
I ſtamp this kiſs upon thy currant lip;
Sweet, keep it as my token! Set you forward;
For I will ſee you gone. [*Exeunt towards the temple.*
Farewell, my beauteous ſiſter! Perithous,
Keep the feaſt full; bate not an hour on't!

Per. Sir,
I'll follow you at heels: The feaſt's ſolemnity
Shall want till your return [19].

Theſ. Couſin, I charge you
Budge not from Athens; we ſhall be returning
Ere you can end this feaſt, of which I pray you
Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all!

1 *Queen.* Thus doſt thou ſtill make good the tongue o'th' world.

2 *Queen.* And earn'ſt a deity equal with Mars.

3 *Queen.* If not above him; for,
Thou being but mortal, mak'ſt affections bend
To godlike honours; they themſelves, ſome ſay,
Groan under ſuch a maſtery.

Theſ. As we are men,
Thus ſhould we do; being ſenſually ſubdued,
We loſe our humane title. Good cheer, ladies! [*Flouriſh.*
Now turn we tow'rds your comforts. [*Exeunt.*

---

[18] *And at the banks of* Anly.] Mr. Theobald ſent me a very probable conjecture upon this place, none of us being able to find in any geographer ſuch a name as *Anly* in Greece, he reads *Aulis* the celebrated ſea port between Athens and Thebes. It would indeed be more convincing were there a river of that name, for I don't know whether it be proper in ſpeaking of Calais or Dover to ſay, Meet me at the banks of Dover. But *Aulis* being a ſituation ſo exceedingly proper to be mention'd here, I ſtill believe it the true word, and perhaps *banks* may be alſo a corruption, it might have been *At the gates*, or *at the port*, or *at the back of Aulis*. *Seward.*

[19] *Shall* want *till your return.*] The Editors of 1750, for *want* read *wait*; but *want* ſeems genuine; ſignifying, the celebration of the nuptials ſhould remain incomplete till his return, as Perithous had rather accompany Theſeus than ſtay behind to be his proxy, as the latter deſires.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Palamon and Arcite.

Arc. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,
And our prime couſin, yet unharden'd in
The crimes of nature; let us leave the city
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our gloſs of youth!
And here to keep in abſtinence we ſhame
As in incontinence: For not to ſwim
I'th' head o'th' current[20], were almoſt to ſink,
At leaſt to fruſtrate ſtriving; and to follow
The common ſtream, 'twould bring us to an eddy
Where we ſhould turn or drown; if labour thro',
Our gain but life, and weakneſs.
Pal. Your advice
Is cried up with example: What ſtrange ruins,
Since firſt we went to ſchool, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes! Scars, and bare weeds,
The gain o'th' martialiſt, who did propound
To his bold ends, honour, and golden ingots,
Which, tho' he won, he had not; and now ſlurted
By Peace, for whom he fought! Who then ſhall offer
To Mars's ſo-ſcorn'd altar? I do bleed
When ſuch I meet, and wiſh great Juno would
Reſume her ancient fit of jealouſy,
To get the ſoldier work, that Peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harſher
Than Strife or War could be.
Arc. Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin, but the ſoldier in

[20] *I'th' aid o'th' current.*] The variation is from Theobald's conjecture, which we think a happy one, tho' rejected by Seward. The old reading, if ſenſe, is very hard. Palamon ſays, a few ſpeeches lower,

——*Either I am*
The fore-horſe *in the team, or I am none*
That draw i'th' ſequent *trace.*

The

The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:
Perceive you none that do arouſe your pity,
But th' unconſider'd ſoldier?

Pal. Yes; I pity
Decays where-e'er I find them; but ſuch moſt
That, ſweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.

Arc. 'Tis not this
I did begin to ſpeak of; this is virtue
Of no reſpect in Thebes: I ſpake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
It is for our reſiding; where ev'ry evil
Hath a good colour; where ev'ry ſeeming good's
A certain evil; where not to be ev'n jump
As they are[21], here were to be ſtrangers, and
Such things to be mere monſters.

Pal. It is in our power
(Unleſs we fear that apes can tutor's) to
Be maſters of our manners: What need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith? or to be fond upon
Another's way of ſpeech, when by mine own
I may be reaſonably conceiv'd; ſav'd too,
Speaking it truly? Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply ſo long, until
The follow'd make purſuit? Or let me know,
Why mine own barber is unbleſs'd, with him
My poor chin too, for 'tis not ſciſſar'd juſt
To ſuch a favourite's glaſs? What canon is there
That does command my rapier from my hip,

[21] *Where not to be ev'n* jump
As they are.] *Jump*, in our ancient writers, frequently means *juſt*, *exact*; ſometimes *to agree*. So, in Othello, act ii. ſcene iii,
'Myſelf, the while, will draw the Moor apart,
'And bring him *jump* where he may Caſſio find
'Soliciting his wife.'
Again, 'Not two of them *jumpe* in one tale.' Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication, p. 29. *R.*

To

To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip-toe
Before the ſtreet be foul? Either I am
The fore-horſe in the team, or I am none
That draw i'th' ſequent trace! Theſe poor ſlight ſores
Need not a plantain; that which rips my boſom,
Almoſt to th' heart, 's——

Arc. Our uncle Creon.

Pal. He,
A moſt unbounded tyrant! whoſe ſucceſſes
Make Heav'n unfear'd [22], and villainy aſſur'd,
Beyond its power; there's nothing almoſt puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Voluble chance—who only attributes
The faculties of other inſtruments
To his own nerves and act; commands mens' ſervice,

---

[22] *Makes Heav'n unfear'd, and villainy aſſur'd,*
Beyond its power; there's nothing almoſt puts
Faith in a favour, and deifies alone
Voluble chance.] This ſentence as hitherto printed has been a mere chaos, for firſt what is making villainy aſſur'd beyond its power? and how does nothing almoſt put faith in a fever? The true adjuſtment of the points reſtores connection, ſenſe, and beauty, 'The ſucceſſes of 'the tyrant makes Heaven unfear'd, and villainy aſſur'd that nothing 'is beyond its power; which almoſt ſtaggers the faith of good men, 'and makes them think that Chance and not a juſt Providence governs 'the world.' The moral of this is extremely beautiful, for it is juſt utter'd before they hear that Theſeus the inſtrument of divine vengeance is at hand, and the thunder burſting on the head of Creon. In the emendation of the points in this paſſage, Mr. Sympſon concurr'd with me. *Seward.*

Seward points,

Beyond its pow'r there's nothing; almoſt, &c.

In more than the two laſt lines it is difficult to make out even a tolerable conſtruction, and in the firſt line and half at leaſt, Seward has perverted the ſenſe by altering the points:

——*Whoſe ſucceſſes*
Make Heav'n unfear'd, and villainy aſſur'd
Beyond its power;

plainly ſignifies, that 'Creon's ſucceſs diminiſhes our fear of the gods, 'by making us ſuppoſe that Guilt can oppoſe their power, and defend 'itſelf from their juſtice.'—ITS *power* refers to *Heav'n*, not to *villainy*. The next ſentence appears to be incomplete, probably by a caſual omiſſion, or poſſibly on purpoſe broken off abruptly; if the latter, there ſhould be a daſh after *voluble chance*.

And what they win in't, boot and glory too[23];
That fears not to do harm; good dares not: Let
The blood of mine that's ſibbe to him[24], be ſuck'd
From me with leeches; let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption!

Arc. Clear-ſpirited couſin,
Let's leave his court, that we may nothing ſhare
Of his loud infamy! for our milk
Will reliſh of the paſture, and we muſt
Be vile, or diſobedient; not his kinſmen
In blood, unleſs in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer!
I think the echoes of his ſhames have deaf'd
The ears of heav'nly juſtice: Widows' cries
Deſcend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods.—Valerius!

Enter Valerius.

Val. The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed,
'Till his great rage be off him! Phœbus when
He broke his whipſtock, and exclaim'd againſt
The horſes of the ſun, but whiſper'd, to
The loudneſs of his fury.

Pal. Small winds ſhake him;
But what's the matter?

Val. Theſeus (who where he threats appals) hath ſent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to ſeal
The promiſe of his wrath.

Arc. Let him approach!
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us: Yet what man
Thirds his own worth (the caſe is each of ours)
When that his action's dregg'd with mind aſſur'd
'Tis bad he goes about?

[23] *Boot and glory* on.] Former editions; I read *too*, *i. e.* both the advantage and honour. *Seward.*

[24] *That's* ſibbe *to him.*] i. e. *Kin.* It is ſpelt *ſib* by Spenſer and *ſybbe* by Chaucer. *Seward.*

Pal.

Pal. Leave that unreaſon'd!
Our ſervices ſtand now for Thebes, not Creon.
Yet, to be neutral to him, were diſhonour,
Rebellious to oppoſe; therefore we muſt
With him ſtand to the mercy of our Fate,
Who hath bounded our laſt minute.
Arc. So we muſt.
Is't ſaid this war's afoot? or it ſhall be,
On fail of ſome condition?
Val. 'Tis in motion;
The intelligence of ſtate came in the inſtant
With the defier.
Pal. Let's to the king! who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His enemy comes in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health; which were not ſpent,
Rather laid out for purchaſe: But, alas,
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o'th' ſtroke do damage?
Arc. Let th' event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourſelves; and let us follow
The becking of our chance! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Perithous, Hippolita, and Emilia.

Per. No further!
Hip. Sir, farewell! Repeat my wiſhes
To our great lord, of whoſe ſucceſs I dare not
Make any timorous queſtion; yet I wiſh him
Exceſs and overflow of power, an't might be,
To cure ill-dealing fortune[25]. Speed to him!

[25] *To* dure *ill-dealing Fortune.*] This makes an odd concluſion to the *climax* of Hippolita's good wiſhes to her huſband. She wiſhed him not only *ſucceſs*, but ſuch *exceſs* of it as to do what? why, to be able to *bear* ill fortune. I read,

To cure *ill-dealing Fortune*,

i. e. To take from Fortune her malignity or the power of ever dealing ill to him again. Mr. Sympſon has ſince ſent me *dare* as his conjecture. *Seward*

Store never hurts good governors.
Per. Tho' I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Muſt yield their tribute there. My precious maid,
Thoſe beſt affections that the Heav'ns infuſe
In their beſt-temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
In your dear heart!
Emi. Thanks, Sir! Remember me
To our all-royal brother! for whoſe ſpeed
The great Bellona I'll ſolicit: And
Since, in our terrene ſtate, petitions are not
Without gifts underſtood, I'll offer to her
What I ſhall be advis'd ſhe likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent!
Hip. In's boſom!
We have been ſoldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms, or put to ſea,
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women
That have ſod their infants in (and after eat them)
The brine they wept at killing 'em: Then if
You ſtay to ſee of us ſuch ſpinſters, we
Should hold you here for ever.
Per. Peace be to you,
As I purſue this war! which ſhall be then
Beyond further requiring. [*Exit.*
Emi. How his longing
Follows his friend! Since his depart, his ſports,
Tho' craving ſerioufneſs and ſkill, paſt ſlightly
His careleſs execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loſs conſider; but
Playing o'er buſineſs in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurſe equal
To theſe ſo diff'ring twins! Have you obſerv'd him
Since our great lord departed?
Hip. With much labour,
And I did love him for't. They two have cabin'd
In many as dangerous, as poor a corner,
Peril and Want contending, they have ſkift
Torrents, whoſe roaring tyranny and power
I'th'

I'th' leaſt of theſe was dreadful[26]; and they have
Fought out together, where Death's ſelf was lodg'd,
Yet Fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love
Tied, weav'd, entangled, with ſo true, ſo long,
And with a finger of ſo deep a cunning,
May be out-worn, never undone. I think
Theſeus cannot be umpire to himſelf,
Cleaving his conſcience into twain, and doing
Each ſide like juſtice, which he loves beſt.

Emi. Doubtleſs,
There is a beſt, and Reaſon has no manners
To ſay it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars when ſhe the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' th' moon
(Which then look'd pale at parting) when our count
Was each eleven.

Hip. 'Twas Flavina.

Emi. Yes.
You talk of Perithous' and Theſeus' love:
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely ſeaſon'd,
More buckled with ſtrong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other may be ſaid to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I
And ſhe (I ſigh and ſpoke of) were things innocent,

---

[26] ——— *they have ſkift*
Torrents, whoſe roaring tyranny and power,
I' th' leaſt of theſe was dreadful.] The expreſſion here is obſcure; the pronoun *theſe*, whether it relates to tyranny and power or to *torrents*, ſeems very forc'd. *Whoſe tyranny and power in the leaſt of theſe torrents, or of their tyranny and power, was dreadful.* I ſhall not obtrude my conjecture upon the reader, as the original; it departs rather too far from the trace of the letters, but it is offer'd as what I could have wiſh'd the Poets to have wrote.

——— *they have ſkift*
Torrents, whoſe roaring tyranny and power
I' th' beſt *of* ſhips *were dreadful.*

i. e. in a ſmall ſkiff they have endured ſtorms which would have been terrible to the largeſt ſhips. *Seward.*

The text is obſcure; but the conjectural reading ridiculous. The ſenſe ſeems to be, 'That the very *leaſt* of their *dangers* and *diſtreſſes* 'was *dreadful.*'

Lov'd for we did, and like the elements
That know not what, nor why, yet do effect
Rare iſſues by their operance; our ſouls
Did ſo to one another: What ſhe lik'd,
Was then of me approv'd; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment[27]; the flower that I would pluck
And put between my breaſts, (oh, then but beginning
To ſwell about the bloſſom[28]) ſhe would long
'Till ſhe had ſuch another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where phœnix-like
They died in perfume; on my head no toy
But was her pattern; her affections (pretty,
Tho' happily her careleſs wear) I follow'd
For my moſt ſerious decking[29]; had mine ear

[27] *No more arraignment.*] i. e. ſays Dr. Dodd, 'Her not liking it 'was ſufficient to condemn it, without any further arraignment, or 'bringing it to its trial.'

[28] *Oh, then but beginning*
To ſwell about the bloſſom.] Somewhat ſimilar to this is a paſſage in Cymbeline, where Jachimo, deſcribing Imogen aſleep, ſays,

'——— on her left breaſt
'A mole cinque-ſpotted, like the crimſon drops
'I' th' bottom of a cowſlip, &c.'

[29] ——— *on my head no toy*
But was her patterne; her affections *(pretty*
Tho' happely, HER *careles,* WERE, *I followed*
For, &c.] Thus the old quarto. Sympſon firſt propoſed,
But was her pattern; her affections *pretty*
(Tho' happily THEY *careleſs* WERE) *I followed*;
and afterwards,
But was her pattern, her affections; *pretty*
Tho' happily HER *careleſs* WEAR *I follow'd.*
The firſt, Seward rejects, becauſe 'to term an accidental careleſs or-'nament the affections of the wearer, is ſcarcely to be defended;' and the ſecond, 'as not thinking the words Engliſh.' That gentleman prints thus:
But was her pattern, her affection; HER
Pretty, *tho'* haply *careleſs* WEAR, *I follow'd*;
and obſerves, that the being obliged to depart ſo far from the trace of the letters, is, he believes, the chief objection to his reading.

Dr. Dodd [Beauties of Shakeſpear, vol. i. p. 92] reads,
But was her pattern: her affections *(pretty,*
Tho' happily THEY *careleſs* WERE) *I follow'd*;
giving us upon this paſſage the following note: '——— ſhe ſays, 'She 'had no toy on her head, but that became her friend's pattern;

" And

Stol'n ſome new air, or at adventure humm'd one [30]
From muſical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her ſpirits would ſojourn, (rather dwell on [31])
And ſing it in her ſlumbers: This rehearſal
(Which ſurely Innocence wots well [32]) comes in
Like old Importment's baſtard; has this end,

" And her affections [the things her friend affected, or lik'd, in " which ſenſe the word is frequently uſed] (ever pretty, tho' perhaps " they were merely caſual and careleſs at firſt) yet ſhe ſo much ap- " proved that ſhe follow'd them for her moſt ſerious dreſſing.' The ' reader will find this paſſage differently read by the late Editors: ' Poſſibly ſome may object againſt a careleſs dreſs being called the ' *affection* of the wearer, and aſk how any one can *affect* or like ' that, which they take no care about? I think two anſwers may be ' given: It is well known how much ſome ladies *affect a careleſs* ' way of dreſſing; and what ſeems in them often the effect of mere ' chance is the produce of their utmoſt ſtudy—conformable to the ' old maxim *ars eſt celare artem*, or it may be, the lady calls thoſe ' the *affections* of her friend, which ſhe herſelf eſteem'd ſo, and which, ' as being hers, ſhe admir'd:—Perhaps we might read the paſſage ' thus, if theſe reaſons are not ſatisfactory:

' *But was her pattern, her* affect; her *pretty*
' *Though* happily, HER *careleſs* WEAR, *I follow'd*,

' which is almoſt the ſame with that Mr. Seward places in the text.'

The difficulties of the paſſage appear to have ariſen partly from a mis-ſpelling (*were* for *wear*) and partly from the commentators' miſ-apprehenſion of the word *affections*, which is not here uſed to ſignify a *ſolid mature preference* (as Seward ſeems to think it) but merely *choice, fancy*. The plain ſignification then appears to be, ' Her *fancy* ' (which was ſure to be pretty, even in her moſt CARELESS dreſs) I ' copied in my moſt STUDIED adornments.' If this explanation is admiſſible, there wants only the orthographical correction: We need not ſo much as, with Dr. Dodd, alter *her* to *they*, much leſs ſubſcribe to Mr. Seward's violent modes.—It may not be amiſs to remark, that, in the old quarto, the *parentheſis* begins at the word *pretty*, but is nowhere cloſed.

[30] *Or at adventure humm'd* on
From muſical coinage.] The correction propoſed by Seward.

[31] *Whereon*, &c.] Dr. Dodd makes the following very ingenious remark: ' The reader will be pleaſed, well to obſerve that heavy line,

' *Whereon her ſpirits would ſojourn* (rather dwell on):

' Do not the laſt words ſound as if they had been a marginal note of ' ſome critic, or a remark of a prompter?' The conjecture is ſo very probable, and the paſſage would be ſo much amended, we are almoſt inclined to diſcard the words.

[32] *(Which* fury-innocent *wots well)*] Amended by Sympſon.

That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in ſex dividual [33].

Hip. You're out of breath;
And this high-ſpeeded pace is but to ſay,
That you ſhall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that's call'd man.

Emi. I'm ſure I ſhall not.

Hip. Now, alack, weak ſiſter,
I muſt no more believe thee in this point
(Tho' in't I know thou doſt believe thyſelf)
Than I will truſt a ſickly appetite,
That loaths even as it longs. But ſure, my ſiſter,
If I were ripe for your perſuaſion, you
Have ſaid enough to ſhake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theſeus; for whoſe fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great aſſurance,
That we, more than his Perithous, poſſeſs
The high throne in his heart.

Emi. I am not
Againſt your faith; yet I continue mine. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A battle ſtruck within; then a retreat; flouriſh. Then enter Theſeus (victor); the three Queens meet him, and fall on their faces before him.

1 *Queen.* To thee no ſtar be dark!

2 *Queen.* Both Heav'n and earth
'Friend thee for ever!

3 *Queen.* All the good that may
Be wiſh'd upon thy head, I cry *amen* to't!

Theſ. Th' impartial gods, who from the mounted
Heav'ns

[33] *More than in ſex* individual.] As the word *individual* is very common, but *dividual* not ſo, the tranſcriber or printer put the one for the other here, though it abſolutely deſtroyed both ſenſe and meaſure. Mr. Sympſon too ſaw and corrected the error. *Sex dividual* for *different ſexes* is perhaps an uncommon but a perfectly poetical expreſſion. *Seward.*

View

View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chaſtiſe. Go, and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them
With treble ceremony! rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites, we would ſupply't.
But thoſe we will depute which ſhall inveſt
You in your dignities, and ev'n each thing
Our haſte does leave imperfect: So adieu,
And Heav'n's good eyes look on you!—What are thoſe? [*Exeunt Queens.*

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judg'd
By their appointment; ſome of Thebes have told's
They're ſiſter's children, nephews to the king.

Theſ. By th' helm of Mars, I ſaw them in the war,
Like to a pair of lions, ſuccour'd with prey,
Make lanes in troops aghaſt: I fix'd my note
Conſtantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view! What priſoner was't that told me,
When I enquir'd their names?

Herald. With leave, they're called
Arcite and Palamon.

Theſ. 'Tis right; thoſe, thoſe.
They are not dead?

Herald. Nor in a ſtate of life: Had they been taken
When their laſt hurts were given, 'twas poſſible
They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,
And have the name of men.

Theſ. Then like men uſe 'em!
The very lees of ſuch, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others; all our ſurgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richeſt balms,
Rather than niggard, waſte! their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather than have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning ſtate,
Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead;
But, forty thouſand fold, we'd rather have 'em
Priſoners to us than Death. Bear 'em ſpeedily
From our kind air (to them unkind), and miniſter

What

What man to man may do! for our ſake, more!
Since I have known frights, fury, friends, beheſts,
Loves, provocations [34], zeal, a miſtreſs' taſk,
Deſire of liberty, a fever, madneſs,
Sickneſs in will, or wreſtling ſtrength in reaſon;
'Thath ſet a mark which Nature could not reach to
Without ſome impoſition. For our love,
And great Apollo's mercy, all our beſt
Their beſt ſkill tender!—Lead into the city:
Where having bound things ſcatter'd, we will poſt
To Athens 'ſore our army [35]. [*Exeunt.*

[34] *Since I have known frights, fury* friends, beheſts,
Loves, provocations, *zeal, a miſtreſs taſk,*
Deſire of liberty, a fever, madneſs,
Hath *ſet a mark which nature could not reach to*
Without ſome impoſition, ſickneſs in will
Or wreſtling ſtrength in reaſon, for our love
And great Apollo's mercy, all our beſt
Their beſt ſkills tender.] 'Tis a great pity that this fine enumeration of the ills of human life, (which for conciſeneſs and beauty may almoſt vie with the celebrated one in the ſoliloquy of Hamlet) ſhould at laſt by the errors of the tranſcriber or printer vaniſh into darkneſs and obſcurity. There is hopes that it is now reſtored by a very ſmall change in the auxiliary verb *hath*, and a tranſpoſition of the lines into the order which the ſenſe ſeems to require. I read

——— *a fever, madneſs,*
Sickneſs in will, or wreſtling ſtrength in reaſon;
'Thath *ſet a mark which nature could not reach to*
Without ſome impoſition. For our love, &c.

'The ſentiment is the common one,

Non ignara mali, miſeris ſuccurrere diſco,

'That our own miſeries naturally awaken our compaſſion for thoſe of 'others.' When therefore he has enumerated the various ills which he has gone thro' he ſays, That theſe ills have ſet a mark of humanity on his heart that nature, *without ſome impoſition, i. e.* without the addition of ſuch experience could not have arrived at. The reader will find another change, inſtead of making *friends, beheſts, loves, provocations*, four of the ills of life, as in the former editions, I join them and make only two, *friends beheſts*, and *love's provocations*; the former is particularly applicable to Theſeus; the latter gives much the ſame idea as Shakeſpear's pangs of deſpis'd love. *Seward.*

This paſſage is extremely difficult and obſcure. Seward's reading and explanation are certainly ingenious, and his ſlight tranſpoſition in the latter part admiſſible; but the two firſt lines of the old text are preferable.

[35] *To Athens* for *our army.*] The correction of *for* into *'fore* is ſelf evident, and occurred to us all three. *Seward.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter the Queens with the hearſes of their knights, in a funeral ſolemnity, &c.

Urns and odours bring away,
Vapors, ſighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying!
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours, thro' the wild air flying:
Come, all ſad and ſolemn ſhows,
That are quick-ey'd Pleaſure's foes!
We convent nought elſe but woes.
We convent, &c.

3 *Queen.* This funeral path brings to your houſhold graves:
Joy ſeize on you again! Peace ſleep with him!
2 *Queen.* And this to yours!
1 *Queen.* Yours this way! Heavens lend
A thouſand differing ways to one ſure end!
3 *Queen.* This world's a city full of ſtraying ſtreets;
And death's the market-place, where each one meets.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Jailor and Wooer.

Jailor. I MAY depart with little [36], while I live; Something I may caſt to you, not much. Alas, The priſon I keep, tho' it be for great ones, yet They ſeldom come: Before one ſalmon, you Shall take a number o' minnows. I am given out

[36] *Depart.*] *i. e.* in this place, *part.* So Ben Jonſon, in the Induction to Bartholomew Fair,
'——— the author having now *departed* with his right.' *R.*

To

To be better lin'd, than it can appear to me.
Report is a true ſpeaker: I would I were
Really, that I am deliver'd to be! Marry, what
I have (be't what it will) I will aſſure
Upon my daughter at the day o' my death.

Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer;
And I'll eſtate your daughter, in what I
Have promiſed.

Jailor. Well, we'll talk more of this,
When the ſolemnity is paſt. But have you
A full promiſe of her? When that ſhall be ſeen,

Enter Daughter.

I tender my conſent.

Wooer. I have, Sir. Here ſhe comes.

Jailor. Your friend and I have chanc'd to name you here,
On the old buſineſs: But no more o' that now!
So ſoon as the court-hurry is o'er, we'll have
An end of't: I' th' mean time, look tenderly
To the two priſoners! I can tell you they're princes.

Daugh. Theſe ſtrewings are for their chamber. It is pity they are
In priſon, and 'twere pity they ſhould be out.
I do think they have patience to make any
Adverſity aſham'd: The priſon itſelf is proud
Of them; and they have all the world in their chamber.

Jailor. They're fam'd to be a pair of abſolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think Fame but ſtammers 'em;
They ſtand a grief[37] above the reach of report.

---

[37] *They ſtand a* grief] This is a ſtiff expreſſion, and only the conjectural reading of the late editions: The old quarto reads,

——— *they ſtand a* grieſe.

Mr. Sympſon and I both read and conjecture, *gree*, the old word for *gradus* or *degree*. See Urry's Gloſſary to Chaucer. Indeed ſpelling of words was formerly ſo very uncertain, that *grieſe* for a ſtep, might have been in uſe as well as *gree*, and therefore it is beſt to reſtore it.

Seward.

We ſee no objection to the text, but think it, both in expreſſion and ſentiment, every way ſuperior to the propoſed reſtoration.

Jailor.

Jailor. I heard them reported, in the battle
To be the only doers.

Daugh. Nay, moſt likely;
For they are noble ſufferers. I marvel
How they'd have look'd, had they been victors, that
With ſuch a conſtant nobility enforce
A freedom out of bondage, making Miſery
Their mirth, and Affliction a toy to jeſt at.

Jailor. Do they ſo?

Daugh. It ſeems to me,
They've no more ſenſe of their captivity,
Than I of ruling Athens: They eat well,
Look merrily, diſcourſe of many things,
But nothing of their own reſtraint and diſaſters.
Yet, ſometime, a divided ſigh, martyr'd
As 'twere in the deliverance, will break
From one of them; when th' other preſently
Gives it ſo ſweet a rebuke, that I could wiſh
Myſelf a ſigh to be ſo chid, or at leaſt
A ſigher to be comforted.

Wooer. I ne'er ſaw 'em.

Jailor. The duke himſelf came privately in the night,

Enter Palamon and Arcite above.

And ſo did they[38]; what the reaſon of it is, I
Know not.—Look, yonder they are! that is
Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No, Sir, no; that's Palamon:
Arcite's the lower of the twain; you may
Perceive a part of him.

Jailor. Go to, leave your pointing!
They'd not make us their object: Out of their ſight!

---

[38] *The duke himſelf came privately in the night,*
Enter Palamon and Arcite.

And ſo did they —] There is a deficiency in the ſenſe here that ſeems to denote the loſs of at leaſt one whole line, nor can I from the context eaſily gueſs the purport of it. By ſtriking out, *And ſo did they*, the whole would be ſenſe, but the meaſure would be loſt. So we muſt leave it to ſome more fortunate conjecture. *Seward.*

We do not perceive any fault.

Daugh.

Daugh. It is a holiday to look on them!
Lord, the difference of men! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Palamon and Arcite, in priſon.

Pal. How do you, noble couſin?
Arc. How do you, Sir?
Pal. Why, ſtrong enough to laugh at Miſery,
And bear the chance of war yet. We are priſoners
I fear for ever, couſin.
Arc. I believe it;
And to that deſtiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.
Pal. Oh, couſin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends, and kindreds? Never more
Muſt we behold thoſe comforts; never ſee
The hardy youths ſtrive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ſhips under ſail; then ſtart amongſt 'em,
And, as an Eaſt wind, leave 'em all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilſt Palamon and Arcite,
Ev'n in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Out-ſtript the peoples' praiſes, won the garlands,
Ere they have time to wiſh 'em ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exerciſe, like twins of Honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horſes,
Like proud ſeas under us! Our good ſwords now,
(Better the red-ey'd god of war ne'er wore [39])
Raviſh'd our ſides, like age, muſt run to ruſt,
And deck the temples of thoſe gods that hate us;

39 ——*our good ſwords now*
(Better the red-ey'd god of war nev'r were)
Braviſh'd *our ſides.*] The two miſtakes of *were* for *wore*, and *braviſh'd* for *raviſh'd*, are very eaſily amended, and the Reader will obſerve that the ſecond aroſe from the initial letter of the former line being repeated. I had the concurrence here of both my aſſiſtants.
Seward.

Theſe

Theſe hands ſhall never draw 'em out like light'ning,
To blaſt whole armies more!

Arc. No, Palamon,
Thoſe hopes are priſoners with us: Here we are,
And here the graces of our youths muſt wither,
Like a too-timely ſpring; here Age muſt find us,
And, which is heavieſt, Palamon, unmarried;
The ſweet embraces of a loving wife
Loaden with kiſſes, arm'd with thouſand Cupids,
Shall never claſp our necks! no iſſue know us,
No figures of ourſelves ſhall we e'er ſee,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze againſt bright arms, and ſay
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!
The fair-ey'd maids ſhall weep our baniſhments,
And in their ſongs curſe ever-blinded Fortune,
'Till ſhe for ſhame ſee what a wrong ſh' has done
To Youth and Nature: This is all our world;
We ſhall know nothing here, but one another;
Hear nothing, but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine ſhall grow, but we ſhall never ſee it;
Summer ſhall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold Winter muſt inhabit here ſtill!

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite! To our Theban hounds,
That ſhook the aged foreſt with their echoes,
No more now muſt we halloo; no more ſhake
Our pointed javelins, whilſt the angry ſwine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-ſteel'd darts! All valiant uſes
(The food and nouriſhment of noble minds)
In us two here ſhall periſh; we ſhall die,
(Which is the curſe of Honour!) lazily[40],
Children of Grief and Ignorance.

---

[40] *(Which is the curſe of Honour)* laſtly,
Children of Grief, and Ignorance.] When a word is flat and unpoetical, and at the ſame time detrimental to the meaſure, there is almoſt a certainty of its being corrupt. *Laſtly* has both theſe bad qualities; it a mere degrading expletive as to the ſenſe, and wants a ſyllable to complete the meaſure. I cannot doubt therefore of the true word being *lazily*; lazineſs to a man of ſpirit being the true curſe

Arc. Yet, couſin,
Even from the bottom of theſe miſeries,
From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,
I ſee two comforts riſing, two mere bleſſings,
If the gods pleaſe to hold here; a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilſt Palamon is with me, let me periſh
If I think this our priſon!

Pal. Certainly,
'Tis a main goodneſs, couſin, that our fortunes
Were twinn'd together: 'Tis moſt true, two ſouls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em ſuffer
The gall of hazard, ſo they grow together,
Will never ſink; they muſt not; ſay they could,
A willing man dies ſleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uſes of this place,
That all men hate ſo much?

Pal. How, gentle couſin?

Arc. Let's think this priſon a holy ſanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worſe men!
We're young, and yet deſire the ways of Honour;
That, liberty and common converſation,
The poiſon of pure ſpirits, might, like women,
Wooe us to wander from. What worthy bleſſing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? and here being thus together,
We are an endleſs mine to one another;
We're one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of Love; we're father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppreſſor

---

curſe of Honour. Hence the ſentence becomes a fine climax to that noble ſpirit of poetry that animates the whole ſpeech. *Seward.*

Seward's emendation here is happy, and we believe gives the genuine text. He ſupports his conjecture by the following quotation from the Lovers' Progreſs:

——We ſhall grow old men and feeble,
Which is the ſcorn of Love and ruſt of Honour.

Dare

Dare take this from us: Here, with a little patience,
We ſhall live long, and loving; no ſurfeits ſeek us;
The hand of War hurts none here, nor the ſeas
Swallow their youth; were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or buſineſs;
Quarrels conſume us; envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance[41]; I might ſicken, couſin,
Where you ſhould never know it, and ſo periſh
Without your noble hand to cloſe mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: A thouſand chances,
Were we from hence, would ſever us.

Pal. You have made me
(I thank you, couſin Arcite!) almoſt wanton
With my captivity: What a miſery
It is to live abroad, and every where!
'Tis like a beaſt methinks! I find the court here,
I'm ſure a more content; and all thoſe pleaſures
That wooe the wills of men to vanity,
I ſee thro' now; and am ſufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy ſhadow,
That old Time, as he paſſes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where ſin is juſtice, luſt and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones? Couſin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the peoples' curſes!

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[41] ——*envy of ill men*
Crave *our acquaintance*.] We have each a different conjecture here, Mr. Theobald reads *craze*, Mr. Sympſon, *carve*, and I, *reave*! I know not whether ſelf-partiality makes me prefer the latter. It is a common word in old Authors, though now we ſeldom uſe it except in the perfect tenſe *reft*, as in Mr. Mallet's charming ſong, the firſt ſtanza of which is taken from Fletcher:

'Such is the robe that kings muſt wear
'When Death has *reft* their crown.'

See Skinner on the word *reave*: *Spoliare*, to *ſpoil* or *take away*. The two former words, *craze* and *carve*, ſeem ſtiffer than this. *Seward.*

Reave is a plauſible reading, and much better than *craze* or *carve*: but the old text *(crave)* being eaſy and intelligible, ſhould not be diſturbed.

Shall I ſay more?
Arc. I would hear you ſtill.
Pal. You ſhall.
Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we do, Arcite?
Arc. Sure there cannot.
Pal. I do not think it poſſible our friendſhip
Should ever leave us.
Arc. 'Till our deaths it cannot;

Enter Emilia and her Servant.

And after death our ſpirits ſhall be led,
To thoſe that love eternally. Speak on, Sir!
Emi. This garden has a world of pleaſures in't[42].
What flower is this?
Serv. 'Tis call'd Narciſſus, madam.
Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himſelf; were there not maids enough?
Arc. Pray forward!
Pal. Yes.
Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted?
Serv. They could not be to one ſo fair.
Emi. Thou wouldſt not?
Serv. I think I ſhould not, madam.
Emi. That's a good wench!
But take heed to your kindneſs tho'!
Serv. Why, madam?
Emi. Men are mad things.
Arc. Will you go forward, couſin?
Emi. Canſt not thou work ſuch flowers in ſilk, wench?
Serv. Yes.
Emi. I'll have a gown full of 'em; and of theſe;
This is a pretty colour: Will't not do
Rarely upon a ſkirt, wench?
Serv. Dainty, madam.

[42] *This garden has a world of pleaſures in't.*] This in all the former editions was made the end of *Arcite*'s ſpeech; the abſurdity was evident to us all, and muſt have been ſo to every Reader of the leaſt attention. *Seward.*

Arc.

Arc. Couſin! Couſin! How do you, Sir? Why, Palamon!

Pal. Never 'till now I was in priſon, Arcite.

Arc. Why, what's the matter, man?

Pal. Behold, and wonder!
By Heav'n, ſhe is a goddeſs!

Arc. Ha!

Pal. Do reverence!
She is a goddeſs, Arcite!

Emi. Of all flowers,
Methinks a roſe is beſt.

Serv. Why, gentle madam?

Emi. It is the very emblem of a maid:
For when the Weſt wind courts her gently [43],
How modeſtly ſhe blows, and paints the ſun
With her chaſte bluſhes! when the North comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like Chaſtity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to baſe briers [44].

Serv. Yet, good madam,
Sometimes her modeſty will blow ſo far
She falls for it: A maid,
If ſhe have any honour, would be loath
To take example by her.

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[43] *For when the Weſt-wind courts her* gently.] As there is a deficiency in meaſure Mr. Theobald reads,

——*courts her* beauties *gently*.

But the neceſſity of ſuch an inſertion does not appear, as making *gentily* three ſyllables, a thing very common in our Authors, ſufficiently fills up the meaſure. *Seward.*

Theobald's variation is beſt, but neither is neceſſary: Our Authors are not ſo preciſe in their meaſure.

[44] *It is the very emblem of a maid.*
For when the Weſt-wind courts her gently,
How modeſtly ſhe blows, and paints the ſun
With her chaſte bluſhes? When the North comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then like Chaſtity
She locks *her beauties in her bud again,*
And leaves him to baſe briers.] Dr. Farmer (Appendix to Shakeſpeare, 1773) quotes this ſpeech, and with Seward (line 2) reads *gentily* for *gently*. I mention this minuteneſs of the Doctor, becauſe

Emi. Thou art wanton.
Arc. She's wondrous fair!
Pal. She's all the beauty extant!
Emi. The ſun grows high; let's walk in! Keep theſe flowers;
We'll ſee how near Art can come near their colours.
I'm wondrous merry-hearted; I could laugh now.
Serv. I could lie down, I'm ſure.
Emi. And take one with you?
Serv. That's as we bargain, madam.
Emi. Well, agree then. [*Exit with Serv.*
Pal. What think you of this beauty?
Arc. 'Tis a rare one.
Pal. Is't but a rare one?
Arc. Yes, a matchleſs beauty.
Pal. Might not a man well loſe himſelf, and love her?
Arc. I cannot tell what you have done; I have,
Beſhrew mine eyes for't! Now I feel my ſhackles.
Pal. You love her then?
Arc. Who would not?
Pal. And deſire her?
Arc. Before my liberty.
Pal. I ſaw her firſt.
Arc. That's nothing.
Pal. But it ſhall be.
Arc. I ſaw her too.
Pal. Yes; but you muſt not love her.
Arc. I will not, as you do; to worſhip her,
As ſhe is heav'nly, and a bleſſed goddeſs:
I love her as a woman, to enjoy her;
So both may love.

(line 5) he ſubſtitutes *Charity* for *Chaſtity*, and (line 6) *ſhuts* for *locks*. The quotation is made in ſupport of a propoſal, by 'an eminent 'critic,' to alter the word *ſhakes* to *ſhuts*, in the following paſſage in Cymbeline:

'———like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
'*Shakes* all our buds from growing.'

I dare ſay, the Doctor did not intentionally violate the Poets' text; but think each of the errors very remarkable. *J. N.*

Pal.

Pal. You ſhall not love at all!
Arc. Not love at all? who ſhall deny me?
Pal. I that firſt ſaw her; I that took poſſeſſion
Firſt with mine eye of all thoſe beauties in her
Reveal'd to mankind! If thou loveſt her,
Or entertain'ſt a hope to blaſt my wiſhes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
Falſe as thy title to her: Friendſhip, blood,
And all the ties between us, I diſclaim,
If thou once think upon her!
Arc. Yes, I love her;
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I muſt do ſo; I love her with my ſoul.
If that will loſe you, farewell, Palamon!
I ſay again, I love; and, in loving her, maintain
I am as worthy and as free a lover,
And have as juſt a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living,
That is a man's ſon.
Pal. Have I call'd thee friend?
Arc. Yes, and have found me ſo. Why are you
mov'd thus?
Let me deal coldly with you! am not I
Part of your blood, part of your ſoul? you've told me
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.
Pal. Yes.
Arc. Am not I liable to thoſe affections,
Thoſe joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend ſhall ſuffer?
Pal. You may be.
Arc. Why then would you deal ſo cunningly,
So ſtrangely, ſo unlike a Noble Kinſman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think me
Unworthy of her ſight?
Pal. No; but unjuſt
If thou purſue that ſight.
Arc. Becauſe another
Firſt ſees the enemy, ſhall I ſtand ſtill,
And let mine honour down, and never charge?
Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

Arc. But ſay that one
Had rather combat me?
Pal. Let that one ſay ſo,
And uſe thy freedom! elſe, if thou purſueſt her,
Be as that curſed man that hates his country,
A branded villain!
Arc. You are mad.
Pal. I muſt be,
'Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me!
And, in this madneſs, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.
Arc. Fy, Sir!
You play the child extremely: I will love her,
I muſt, I ought to do ſo, and I dare;
And all this juſtly.
Pal. Oh, that now, that now
Thy falſe ſelf, and thy friend, had but this fortune,
To be one hour at liberty, and graſp
Our good ſwords in our hands, I'd quickly teach thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another!
Thou'rt baſer in it than a cutpurſe!
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a ſoul, I'll nail thy life to't!
Arc. Thou dar'ſt not, fool; thou canſt not; thou
art feeble!
Put my head out? I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I ſee her next,

Enter Jailor.

And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.
Pal. No more! the Keeper's coming: I ſhall live
To knock thy brains out with my ſhackles.
Arc. Do!
Jailor. By your leave, gentlemen!
Pal. Now, honeſt Keeper?
Jailor. Lord Arcite, you muſt preſently to th' duke:
The cauſe I know not yet.
Arc. I'm ready, Keeper.
Jailor. Prince Palamon, I muſt awhile bereave you
Of

Of your fair couſin's company. [*Exit with Arcite.*

Pal. And me too,
Ev'n when you pleaſe, of life!—Why is he ſent for?
It may be, he ſhall marry her; he's goodly,
And like enough the duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body. But his falſhood!
Why ſhould a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife ſo noble, and ſo fair,
Let honeſt men ne'er love again. Once more
I would but ſee this fair one. Bleſſed garden,
And fruit, and flowers more bleſſed, that ſtill bloſſom
As her bright eyes ſhine on ye! 'Would I were,
For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricot!
How I would ſpread, and fling my wanton arms
In at her window! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleaſure,
Still as ſhe taſted, ſhould be doubled on her;
And, if ſhe be not heav'nly [44], I would make her
So near the gods in nature, they ſhould fear her;

Enter Jailor.

And then I'm ſure ſhe'd love me. How now, Keeper!
Where's Arcite?

Jailor. Baniſhed. Prince Perithous
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more,
Upon his oath and life, muſt he ſet foot
Upon this kingdom.

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[44] *And if ſhe be not heav'nly*—] This and the end of the next ſpeech which may at firſt ſight appear a rant, are inimitably beautiful in a character of ſuch warm paſſions under a phrenſy of love. Our Authors have improv'd upon Chaucer in making Palamon and Arcite ſuch very diſtinct characters; but Arcite, who is not crown'd with ſucceſs, becomes by this means the more amiable, and has the reader's wiſhes in his favour. This is a fault that Chaucer particularly guards againſt, for he makes the Two Kinſmen under an engagement upon oath, to aſſiſt each other when either happened to be in love. Had our Authors inſerted this, they had obviated all prejudice againſt Palamon, and given ſufficient matter to kindle his rage and violence. *Seward.*

Who entertains any prejudice againſt Palamon here?

Pal. He's a bleſſed man!
He ſhall ſee Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men, that, when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: Arcite ſhall have a fortune,
If he dare make himſelf a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to ſtrike a battle for her;
And if he loſe her then, he's a cold coward:
How bravely may he bear himſelf to win her,
If he be noble Arcite, thouſand ways!
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of ſuch a virtuous greatneſs, that this lady,
This bluſhing virgin, ſhould take manhood to her,
And ſeek to raviſh me.

Jailor. My lord, for you
I have this charge too.

Pal. To diſcharge my life?

Jailor. No; but from this place to remove your lordſhip;
The windows are too open.

Pal. Devils take 'em,
That are ſo envious to me! Prithee kill me!

Jailor. And hang for't afterward?

Pal. By this good light,
Had I a ſword, I'd kill thee.

Jailor. Why, my lord?

Pal. Thou bring'ſt ſuch pelting ſcurvy news continually,
Thou art not worthy life! I will not go.

Jailor. Indeed you muſt, my lord.

Pal. May I ſee the garden?

Jailor. No.

Pal. Then I'm reſolv'd I will not go.

Jailor. I muſt
Conſtrain you then; and, for you're dangerous,
I'll clap more irons on you.

Pal. Do, good Keeper!
I'll ſhake 'em ſo, you ſhall not ſleep;
I'll make you a new morris! Muſt I go?

Jailor. There is no remedy.

Pal.

Pal. Farewell, kind window!
May rude wind never hurt thee! Oh, my lady,
If ever thou haſt felt what ſorrow was,
Dream how I ſuffer! Come, now bury me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Arcite.

Arc. Baniſh'd the kingdom? 'Tis a benefit,
A mercy, I muſt thank 'em for; but baniſh'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh, 'twas a ſtudied puniſhment, a death
Beyond imagination! Such a vengeance,
That, were I old and wicked, all my ſins
Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,
Thou haſt the ſtart now; thou ſhalt ſtay and ſee
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainſt thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou ſhalt feed
Upon the ſweetneſs of a noble beauty,
That Nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er ſhall:
Good gods, what happineſs has Palamon!
Twenty to one, he'll come to ſpeak to her;
And, if ſhe be as gentle as ſhe's fair,
I know ſhe's his; he has a tongue will tame
Tempeſts, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come what can come,
The worſt is death; I will not leave the kingdom;
I know my own is but a heap of ruins,
And no redreſs there; if I go, he has her.
I am reſolv'd: Another ſhape ſhall make me,
Or end my fortunes; either way, I'm happy:
I'll ſee her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter four Country People; one with a garland before them.

1 *Coun.* My maſters, I'll be there, that's certain.
2 *Coun.* And I'll be there.
3 *Coun.* And I.

4 *Coun.*

4 *Coun.* Why then, have with ye, boys! 'tis but a chiding;
Let the plough play to-day! I'll tickle't out
Of the jades' tails tomorrow!
1 *Coun.* I am ſure
To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:
But that's all one; I'll go thro', let her mumble.
2 *Coun.* Clap her aboard tomorrow-night, and ſtow her,
And all's made up again.
3 *Coun.* Ay, do but put
A feſkue in her fiſt, and you ſhall ſee her
Take a new leſſon out, and be a good wench.
Do we all hold, againſt the maying!
4 *Coun.* Hold? what
Should ail us!
3 *Coun.* Arcas will be there.
2 *Coun.* And Sennois,
And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er danc'd
Under green tree; and ye know what wenches. Ha!
But will the dainty *domine*, the ſchoolmaſter,
Keep touch, do you think? for he does all, ye know.
3 *Coun.* He'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail: Go to!
The matter is too far driven between
Him and the tanner's daughter, to let ſlip now;
And ſhe muſt ſee the duke, and ſhe muſt dance too.
4 *Coun.* Shall we be luſty?
2 *Coun.* All the boys in Athens
Blow wind i'th' breech on us! and here I'll be,
And there I'll be, for our town, and here again,
And there again! Ha, boys, heigh for the weavers!
1 *Coun.* This muſt be done i'th' woods.
4 *Coun.* Oh, pardon me!
2 *Coun.* By any means; our thing of learning ſays ſo;
Where he himſelf will edify the duke
Moſt parlouſly in our behalfs: He's excellent i'th' woods;
Bring him to th' plains, his learning makes no cry.
3 *Coun.* We'll ſee the ſports; then every man to's tackle!

And,

And, ſweet companions, let's rehearſe by any means,
Before the ladies ſee us, and do ſweetly,
And God knows what may come on't!

4 *Coun.* Content: The ſports
Once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys, and hold!

Arc. By your leaves, honeſt friends! Pray you whither go you?

4 *Coun.* Whither? why, what a queſtion's that!

Arc. Yes, 'tis a queſtion, to me that know not.

3 *Coun.* To the games, my friend.

2 *Coun.* Where were you bred, you know it not?

Arc. Not far, Sir.
Are there ſuch games to-day?

1 *Coun.* Yes, marry are there;
And ſuch as you ne'er ſaw: The duke himſelf
Will be in perſon there.

Arc. What paſtimes are they?

2 *Coun.* Wraſtling and running. 'Tis a pretty fellow.

3 *Coun.* Thou wilt not go along?

Arc. Not yet, Sir.

4 *Coun.* Well, Sir,
Take your own time. Come, boys!

1 *Coun.* My mind miſgives me
This fellow has a veng'ance trick o'th' hip;
Mark, how his body's made for't!

2 *Coun.* I'll be hang'd tho',
If he dare venture; hang him, plumb-porridge!
He wraſtle? He roaſt eggs. Come, let's be gone, lads!
[*Exeunt Countrymen.*

Arc. This is an offer'd opportunity
I durſt not wiſh for. Well I could have wreſtled,
The beſt men call'd it excellent; and run,
Swifter the wind upon a field of corn[45]
(Curling the wealthy ears) ne'er flew! I'll venture,
And in ſome poor diſguiſe be there: Who knows
Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,
And happineſs prefer me to a place,
Where I may ever dwell in ſight of her? [*Exit.*

[45] *Swifter* than *wind.*] Amended by Seward and Sympſon.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. Why ſhould I love this gentleman? 'Tis odds
He never will affect me: I am baſe,
My father the mean keeper of his priſon,
And he a prince: To marry him is hopeleſs,
To be his whore is witleſs. Out upon't!
What puſhes are we wenches driven to,
When fifteen once has found us! Firſt, I ſaw him;
I, ſeeing, thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to pleaſe a woman in him,
(If he pleaſe to beſtow it ſo) as ever
Theſe eyes yet look'd on: Next, I pitied him;
And ſo would any young wench, o' my conſcience,
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead
To a young handſome man: Then, I lov'd him,
Extremely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him!
And yet he had a couſin, fair as he too;
But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
Lord, what a coil he keeps[46]! To hear him
Sing in an evening[47], what a heaven it is!

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[46] *Lord, what a coil he keeps? To hear him.*] This line wants two ſyllables of its due meaſure, and the words that I have inſerted ſeem to improve the ſenſe as well as compleat the meaſure, as they imply a continuance of his ſinging and her attention to it. *Seward.*

Seward reads, —— *To ſit and hear him*;
but theſe ſuppoſed *improvements of the ſenſe*, and arbitrary *completions of the meaſure*, are unwarrantable. *To ſit* would rather imply ſitting in his company, which is not ſuppoſed in this place.

[47] —— *To hear him*
Sing in an evening, &c.] In All's Well that Ends Well, act i. ſc. i. Helena ſays,

' —— 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
' To ſee him every hour; to ſit and draw
' His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
' In our heart's table: Heart, too capable
' Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour!
' But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
' Muſt ſanctify his relics.' *R.*

And

And yet his ſongs are ſad ones. Fairer ſpoken
Was never gentleman: When I come in
To bring him water in a morning, firſt
He bows his noble body, then ſalutes me thus:
'Fair, gentle maid, good morrow! may thy goodneſs
'Get thee a happy huſband!' Once he kiſs'd me;
I lov'd my lips the better ten days after:
'Would he would do ſo ev'ry day! He grieves much,
And me as much to ſee his miſery:
What ſhould I do, to make him know I love him?
For I would fain enjoy him: Say I ventur'd
To ſet him free? what ſays the law then?
Thus much for law, or kindred! I will do it[48],
And this night, or tomorrow: He ſhall love me! [*Ex.*

SCENE V.

[*A ſhort flouriſh of cornets, and ſhouts within. Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Perithous, Emilia, and Arcite with a garland, &c.*

Theſ. You have done worthily; I have not ſeen,
Since Hercules, a man of tougher ſinews:
Whate'er you are, you run the beſt, and wreſtle,
That theſe times can allow.

Arc. I'm proud to pleaſe you.

Theſ. What country bred you?

---

[48] *For law or kindred: I will do it,*
And this night, or tomorrow he ſhall love me.] The firſt verſe wants a ſyllable, and 'tis odd in her to ſay that he ſhould love her either this night or tomorrow; what ſhe would naturally ſay, is that ſhe would free him this night, and that would ſo oblige him, that tomorrow he would love her. I have added one particle and chang'd another, in which I hope I have only reſtor'd the original. *Seward.*

Seward reads,

For law, or kindred: I will do it, ay
And this night; and *tomorrow he ſhall love me.*

Our punctuation, we hope, reſtores the Poet's meaning, without committing any violence on the old text. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs, p. 39 of this play:

——— *they ſhould fear her*;
And then *I m ſure* ſhe'd love me.

Arc.

Arc. This; but far off, prince.
Theſ. Are you a gentleman?
Arc. My father ſaid ſo;
And to thoſe gentle uſes gave me life[49].
Theſ. Are you his heir?
Arc. His youngeſt, Sir.
Theſ. Your father
Sure is a happy ſire then. What prove you?
Arc. A little of all noble qualities:
I could have kept a hawk, and well have holloa'd
To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praiſe
My feat in horſemanſhip, yet they that knew me
Would ſay it was my beſt piece; laſt, and greateſt,
I would be thought a ſoldier.
Theſ. You are perfect.
Per. Upon my ſoul, a proper man!
Emi. He is ſo.
Per. How do you like him, lady?
Hip. I admire him:
I have not ſeen ſo young a man ſo noble,
(If he ſay true) of his ſort.
Emi. Believe,
His mother was a wondrous handſome woman!
His face methinks goes that way.
Hip. But his body,
And fiery mind, illuſtrate a brave father.
Per. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden ſun,
Breaks thro' his baſer garments.
Hip. He's well got ſure.
Theſ. What made you ſeek this place, Sir?
Arc. Noble Theſeus,
To purchaſe name, and do my ableſt ſervice
To ſuch a well-found wonder as thy worth;
For only in thy court, of all the world,
Dwells fair-ey'd Honour.
Per. All his words are worthy.

49 *And to thoſe gentle uſes gave* me *life.*] *i. e.* Gave me life on purpoſe to educate me gentilely: The reading may be defended, but it would certainly be more natural if we read *gave* my *life*, *i. e.* brought me up, and dedicated my life to all gentile habits and exerciſes. *Seward.*

Theſ.

Theſ. Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,
Nor ſhall you loſe your wiſhes. Perithous,
Diſpoſe of this fair gentleman.

Per. Thanks, Theſeus!—
Whate'er you are, you're mine; and I ſhall give you
To a moſt noble ſervice, to this lady,
This bright young virgin: Pray obſerve her goodneſs.
You've honour'd her fair birth-day with your virtues,
And, as your due, you're hers; kiſs her fair hand, Sir.

Arc. Sir, you're a noble giver.—Deareſt beauty,
Thus let me ſeal my vow'd faith! when your ſervant
(Your moſt unworthy creature) but offends you,
Command him die, he ſhall.

Emi. That were too cruel.
If you deſerve well, Sir, I ſhall ſoon ſee't:
You're mine; and ſomewhat better than your rank
I'll uſe you.

Per. I'll ſee you furniſh'd: And becauſe you ſay
You are a horſeman, I muſt needs entreat you
This afternoon to ride; but 'tis a rough one.

Arc. I like him better, prince; I ſhall not then
Freeze in my ſaddle.

Theſ. Sweet, you muſt be ready;
And you, Emilia; and you, friend; and all;
Tomorrow, by the ſun, to do obſervance
To flow'ry May [50], in Dian's wood. Wait well, Sir,
Upon your miſtreſs! Emily, I hope
He ſhall not go afoot.

Emi. That were a ſhame, Sir,
While I have horſes. Take your choice; and what
You want at any time, let me but know it:
If you ſerve faithfully, I dare aſſure you
You'll find a loving miſtreſs.

Arc. If I do not,

[50] ——— *to do obſervance*
To flow'ry May] Of the cuſtom of going into the woods to celebrate the introduction of *May*, and the ſeveral rites obſerved by different people on that occaſion, the reader will ſee an ample account in Bourne's Obſervations on Popular Antiquities. See Brand's edition, 8vo. 1777, printed at Newcaſtle, p. 255. *R.*

Let

Let me find that my father ever hated,
Diſgrace and blows!

Theſ. Go, lead the way; you've won it;
It ſhall be ſo: You ſhall receive all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; 'twere wrong elſe.
Siſter, beſhrew my heart, you have a ſervant,
That, if I were a woman, would be maſter;
But you are wiſe. [*Flouriſh.*

Emi. I hope too wiſe for that, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. Let all the dukes, and all the devils roar,
He is at liberty! I've ventur'd for him;
And out I've brought him to a little wood
A mile hence. I have ſent him, where a cedar,
Higher than all the reſt, ſpreads like a plane[51]
Faſt by a brook; and there he ſhall keep cloſe,
'Till I provide him files and food; for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. Oh, Love,
What a ſtout-hearted child thou art! My father
Durſt better have endur'd cold iron, than done it.
I love him beyond love, and beyond reaſon,
Or wit, or ſafety! I have made him know it:
I care not; I am deſperate! If the law
Find me, and then condemn me for't, ſome wenches,
Some honeſt-hearted maids, will ſing my dirge,
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almoſt a martyr. That way he takes,
I purpoſe, is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be ſo unmanly as to leave me here!
If he do, maids will not ſo eaſily
Truſt men again: And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I've done; no, not ſo much as kiſs'd me;
And that, methinks, is not ſo well; nor ſcarcely
Could I perſuade him to become a freeman,

[51] *Plane;*] *i. e.* The plane-tree. *R.*

He

He made ſuch ſcruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,
When he conſiders more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: Let him do
What he will with me, ſo he uſe me kindly!
For uſe me ſo he ſhall, or I'll proclaim him,
And to his face, no man. I'll preſently
Provide him neceſſaries, and pack my cloaths up,
And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,
So he be with me! by him, like a ſhadow,
I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoobub
Will be all o'er the priſon: I am then
Kiſſing the man they look for. Farewell, father!
Get many more ſuch priſoners, and ſuch daughters,
And ſhortly you may keep yourſelf. Now to him! [*Ex.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cornets in ſundry places. Noiſe and hallooing as people a-maying.

Enter Arcite.

Arc. THE duke has loſt Hippolita; each took
A ſeveral land. This is a ſolemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it
To th' heart of ceremony. Oh, queen Emilia,
Freſher than May, ſweeter
Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
Th' enamell'd knacks o'th' mead or garden! yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph,
That makes the ſtream ſeem flowers; thou, oh, jewel
O'th' wood, o'th' world, haſt likewiſe bleſt a place
With thy ſole preſence[52].—In thy rumination

[52] ——— *haſt likewiſe bleſt a* pace
With thy ſole preſence, in thy rumination
That I poor man might eftſoons come between
And chop on ſome cold thought, thrice bleſſed chance, &c.] The amendment of the punctuation in this paſſage, and altering *pace* to *place*, are by Seward.

That I poor man might eſtſoons come between,
And chop on ſome cold thought!—Thrice bleſſed chance,
To drop on ſuch a miſtreſs! Expectation
Moſt guiltleſs of't! Tell me, oh, lady Fortune,
(Next after Emily my ſovereign) how far
I may be proud. She takes ſtrong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn
(The prim'ſt of all the year) preſents me with
A brace of horſes; two ſuch ſteeds might well
Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor couſin Palamon, poor priſoner! thou
So little dream'ſt upon my fortune, that
Thou think'ſt thyſelf the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia; me thou deem'ſt at Thebes,
And therein wretched, altho' free: But if
Thou knew'ſt my miſtreſs breath'd on me, and that
I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye, oh, coz,
What paſſion would encloſe thee!

Enter Palamon as out of a buſh, with his ſhackles; bends his fiſt at Arcite.

Pal. Traitor kinſman!
Thou ſhouldſt perceive my paſſion, if theſe ſigns
Of priſonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a ſword. By all oaths in one,
I, and the juſtice of my love, would make thee
A confeſs'd traitor! Oh, thou moſt perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'ſt of honour
That e'er bore gentle token[53]! falſeſt couſin
That ever blood made kin! call'ſt thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my ſhackles, with theſe hands
Void of appointment, that thou lieſt, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,

[53] ——— *O thou moſt perfidious*
That ever gently look'd the voids *of honour,*
That ever bore gentle token.] The reader will, I believe, find this difficult paſſage (which had long puzzled us all three) at laſt clear'd up by Mr. Sympſon to entire ſatisfaction. *Seward.*

Nor

Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a ſword
And theſe houſe-clogs away——
Arc. Dear couſin Palamon——
Pal. Cozener Arcite, give me language ſuch
As thou haſt ſhew'd me feat!
Arc. Not finding, in
The circuit of my breaſt, any groſs ſtuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleneſs of anſwer: 'Tis your paſſion
That thus miſtakes; the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honeſty
I cheriſh, and depend on, howſoe'er
You ſkip them in me; and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleas'd
To ſhew in generous terms your griefs, ſince that
Your queſtion's with your equal, who profeſſes
To clear his own way, with the mind and ſword
Of a true gentleman.
Pal. That thou durſt, Arcite!
Arc. My coz, my coz, you have been well advertis'd
How much I dare: You've ſeen me uſe my ſword
Againſt th' advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your ſilence
Should break out, tho' i'th' ſanctuary.
Pal. Sir,
I've ſeen you move in ſuch a place, which well
Might juſtify your manhood; you were call'd
A good knight and a bold: But the whole week's not fair,
If any day it rain! Their valiant temper
Men loſe, when they incline to treachery;
And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly
Were they not tied.
Arc. Kinſman, you might as well
Speak this, and act it in your glaſs, as to
His ear, which now diſdains you!
Pal. Come up to me!
Quit me of theſe cold gyves [54], give me a ſword

54 Gyves.] See note 38 on Beggars' Buſh.

(Tho' it be ruſty), and the charity
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
A good ſword in thy hand, and do but ſay
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The treſpaſs thou haſt done me, yea my life,
If then thou carry't; and brave ſouls in ſhades,
That have died manly, which will ſeek of me
Some news from earth, they ſhall get none but this,
That thou art brave and noble.

Arc. Be content;
Again betake you to your hawthorn-houſe!
With counſel of the night, I will be here
With wholeſome viands; theſe impediments
Will I file off; you ſhall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the ſmell o' th' priſon; after,
When you ſhall ſtretch yourſelf, and ſay but, 'Arcite,
'I am in plight!' there ſhall be at your choice
Both ſword and armour.

Pal. Oh, you Heav'ns, dare any
So noble bear a guilty buſineſs? None
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is ſo bold.

Arc. Sweet Palamon——

Pal. I do embrace you, and your offer: For
Your offer do't I only, Sir; your perſon,
Without hypocriſy, I may not wiſh
More than my ſword's edge on't. [*Wind horns of cornets.*

Arc. You hear the horns:
Enter your muſe quick [55], leſt this match between's

---

55 *You hear the horns;*
Enter your muſic *leſt this match between's*
Be croſt e'er met.] *Muſic* is evidently corrupt; I read, *muſe quick*; the *muſe* of a hare is exactly the idea the context requires. I find this emendation in Mr. Theobald's margin, but as I ſent it him I know not whether he had it from me, or hit upon it before.
Seward.

This emendation had been made before by Sir William Davenant, to whom, as it ſeems a happy conjecture, the merit of it ought to be aſcribed. He reads (Rivals, act iii. p. 28),

'You hear the horns: Enter your *muiſe*. Take
'Comfort and be ſtrong.' *R.*

Be

Be croſt ere met. Give me your hand; farewell!
I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you
Take comfort, and be ſtrong!

Pal. Pray hold your promiſe,
And do the deed with a bent brow! moſt certain
You love me not; be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language: By this air,
I could for each word give a cuff! my ſtomach
Not reconcil'd by reaſon.

Arc. Plainly ſpoken!
Yet pardon me hard language: When I ſpur
My horſe, I chide him not; content and anger
[*Wind horns.*
In me have but one face. Hark, Sir! they call
The ſcatter'd to the banquet: You muſt gueſs
I have an office there.

Pal. Sir, your attendance
Cannot pleaſe Heaven; and I know your office
Unjuſtly is atchiev'd.

Arc. I've a good title [56],
I am perſuaded: This queſtion, ſick between's,
By bleeding muſt be cur'd. I am a ſuitor
That to your ſword you will bequeath this plea,
And talk of it no more.

Pal. But this one word:
You're going now to gaze upon my miſtreſs;
For, note you, mine ſhe is——

Arc. Nay, then——

Pal. Nay, pray you!—
You talk of feeding me to breed me ſtrength:
You're going now to look upon a ſun
That ſtrengthens what it looks on; there you have
A vantage o'er me; but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell! [*Exeunt.*

[56] If *a good title,*
I'm perſuaded this queſtion, &c.] The reading and pointing of former editions. *Seward.*

SCENE II.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. He has miſtook the beck I meant[57]; 'is gone
After his fancy. 'Tis now well-nigh morning;
No matter! 'would it were perpetual night,
And Darkneſs lord o' th' world!—Hark! 'tis a wolf:
In me hath Grief ſlain Fear, and, but for one thing,
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon:
I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, ſo
He had this file. What if I halloo'd for him?
I cannot halloo; if I whoop'd, what then?
If he not anſwer'd, I ſhould call a wolf,
And do him but that ſervice. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night; why may't not be
They have made prey of him? He has no weapons;
He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves
Might call fell things to liſten, who have in them
A ſenſe to know a man unarm'd, and can
Smell where reſiſtance is. I'll ſet it down
He's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,
And then they fed on him: So much for that!
Be bold to ring the bell; how ſtand I then?
All's char'd when he is gone. No, no, I lie;
My father's to be hang'd for his eſcape;
Myſelf to beg, if I priz'd life ſo much
As to deny my act; but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens!—I am mop'd:
Food took I none theſe two days[58],
Sipt ſome water; I've not clos'd mine eyes,

[57] *He has miſtook the* beake *I meant.*] Seward alters *beake* to *beck*, which, ſays he, 'is an old Engliſh word, and now in uſe in all the 'northern counties; it ſignifies a brook or river; and ſome towns, as 'Welbeck, Holbeck, &c. take their names from it. See Ray's 'Northern Dialects, and Skinner on the word.'

Davenant here is leſs ſucceſsful in his alteration than in other paſſages: He reads *beach.* R.

[58] *Food took I none theſe two days,*
Sipt ſome water, I've not clos'd mine eyes

Save

Save when my lids ſcower'd off their brine. Alas,
Diſſolve, my life! let not my ſenſe unſettle,
Leſt I ſhould drown, or ſtab, or hang myſelf!
Oh, ſtate of Nature, fail together in me,
Since thy beſt props are warp'd!—So! which way now?
The beſt way is, the next way to a grave:
Each errant ſtep beſide is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the ſcreech-owl
Calls in the dawn! all offices are done,
Save what I fail in: But the point is this,
An end, and that is all! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Arcite, with meat, wine, and files.

Arc. I ſhould be near the place. Ho, couſin Palamon!

Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcite?

Arc. The ſame: I've brought you food and files.
Come forth, and fear not; here's no Theſeus.

Pal. Nor none ſo honeſt, Arcite.

Arc. That's no matter;
We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;
You ſhall not die thus beaſtly; here, Sir; drink!
I know you're faint; then I'll talk further with you.

Pal. Arcite, thou might'ſt now poiſon me.

Arc. I might;

Save when my lids ſcower'd off their brine.] Here both ſenſe and meaſure are very deficient; Mr. Sympſon reads,

Food took I none theſe two days, 'cept *ſome water*;

But then the ſecond line becomes an hemiſtich, and ſeems to be deficient too in ſenſe, as ſhe does not ſpecify how long ſhe had continued ſleepleſs; I fill up both verſes with what ſeems perfectly natural for her to ſay:

Food took I none theſe two days, only ſipt
Some water, two nights *I've not clos'd mine eyes,* &c. *Seward.*

It is not *unnatural* ſhe ſhould ſay this; but not ſeeing the defect in *ſenſe* as well as meaſure, we think this way of *filling up verſes* an unwarrantable licence in an editor.

But I muſt fear you firſt. Sit down; and, good now,
No more of theſe vain parlies! let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health!
Pal. Do——
Arc. Pray ſit down then; and let me entreat you,
By all the honeſty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman! 'twill diſturb us;
We ſhall have time enough.
Pal. Well, Sir, I'll pledge you.
Arc. Drink a good hearty draught! it breeds good blood, man.
Do not you feel it thaw you?
Pal. Stay; I'll tell you
After a draught or two more.
Arc. Spare it not;
The duke has more, coz. Eat now!
Pal. Yes.
Arc. I'm glad
You have ſo good a ſtomach.
Pal. I am gladder
I have ſo good meat to't.
Arc. Is't not mad lodging
Here in the wild woods, couſin?
Pal. Yes, for them
That have wild conſciences.
Arc. How taſtes your victuals?
Your hunger needs no ſauſe, I ſee.
Pal. Not much:
But if it did, yours is too tart, ſweet couſin.
What is this?
Arc. Veniſon.
Pal. 'Tis a luſty meat.
Give me more wine: Here, Arcite, to the wenches
We have known in our days! The lord-ſteward's daughter;
Do you remember her?
Arc. After you, coz.
Pal. She lov'd a black-hair'd man.

Arc.

Arc. She did ſo: Well, Sir?
Pal. And I have heard ſome call him Arcite; and—
Arc. Out with it, faith!
Pal. She met him in an arbour:
What did ſhe there, coz? Play o' th' virginals?
Arc. Something ſhe did, Sir.
Pal. Made her groan a month for't;
Or two, or three, or ten.
Arc. The marſhal's ſiſter
Had her ſhare too, as I remember, couſin,
Elſe there be tales abroad: You'll pledge her?
Pal. Yes.
Arc. A pretty brown wench 'tis! There was a time
When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale.—
Heigh-ho!
Pal. For Emily, upon my life! Fool,
Away with this ſtrain'd mirth! I ſay again,
That ſigh was breath'd for Emily: Baſe couſin,
Dar'ſt thou break firſt?
Arc. You're wide.
Pal. By Heav'n and earth,
There's nothing in thee honeſt!
Arc. Then I'll leave you:
You are a beaſt now.
Pal. As thou mak'ſt me, traitor.
Arc. There's all things needful; files, and ſhirts, and perfumes:
I'll come again ſome two hours hence, and bring
That that ſhall quiet all.
Pal. A ſword and armour?
Arc. Fear me not. You are now too foul: Farewell!
Get off your trinkets; you ſhall want nought.
Pal. Sirrah [59] —
Arc. I'll hear no more! [*Exit.*
Pal. If he keep touch, he dies for't! [*Exit.*

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[59] *Sir, &c.*] Former copies.

SCENE IV.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. I'm very cold; and all the ſtars are out too,
The little ſtars, and all that look like aglets:
The ſun has ſeen my folly. Palamon!
Alas, no; he's in Heav'n!—Where am I now?—
Yonder's the ſea, and there's a ſhip; how't tumbles!
And there's a rock lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beats upon it! now, now, now!
There's a leak ſprung, a ſound one; how they cry!
Up with her 'fore the wind [60], you'll loſe all elſe!
Up with a courſe or two, and tack about, boys!
Good night, good night; you're gone!—I'm very hungry:
'Would I could find a fine frog! he would tell me
News from all parts o'th' world; then would I make
A carrack of a cockle-ſhell, and ſail
By Eaſt and North-eaſt to the king of pigmies,
For he tells fortunes rarely. Now my father,
Twenty to one, is truſs'd up in a trice
Tomorrow-morning; I'll ſay never a word.

SONG.

For I'll cut my green coat [61], a foot above my knee;
And I'll clip my yellow locks, an inch below mine eye.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

[60] Upon her *before the wind.*] Mr. Sympſon thinks this not true ſea language, and puts what I believe is,

Up with her 'fore the wind——

Mr. Theobald reads,

Spoon *her before the wind*,——

Either of them will do. *Seward.*

[61] *For I'll cut, &c.*] Davenant altered this ſong in the following manner:

'For ſtraight my green gown into breeches I'll make,
'And my long yellow locks much ſhorter I'll take.
'Sing down a-down, &c.
'Then I'll cut me a ſwitch, and on that ride about,
'And wander and wander 'till I find him out.
'With a heigh down, &c.' *R.*

He's

He's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I'll go ſeek him, thro' the world that is ſo wide.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
Oh, for a prick now like a nightingale[62],
To put my breaſt againſt! I ſhall ſleep like a top elſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Gerrold, four Countrymen (and the Bavian), two or three Wenches, with a Taborer.

Ger. Fy, fy!
What tedioſity and diſenſanity
Is here among ye! Have my rudiments
Been labour'd ſo long with ye, milk'd unto ye,
And, by a figure, ev'n the very plumb-broth
And marrow of my underſtanding laid upon ye,
And do ye ſtill cry *where*, and *how*, and *wherefore?*
Ye moſt coarſe freeze capacities, ye ſleave judgments[63],

---

[62] *Oh, for a prick now, like a nightingale,*
To put my breaſt againſt.] This alluſion is very frequent in our ancient poets: From ſeveral examples which might be produced, we ſhall ſelect the following, from a poem written by Fletcher's couſin, which at preſent is ſcarcely known:

'So Philomel, perch't on an aſpin ſprig,
'Weeps all the night her loſt virginitie,
'And ſings her ſad tale to the merrie twig,
'That dances at ſuch joyfull miſerie,
'Ne ever lets ſweet reſt invade her eyes:
'But *leaning on a thorn* her dainty cheſt,
'*For fear ſoft ſleep ſhould ſteal into her breſt*,
'Expreſſes in her ſong grief not to be expreſt.'

Chriſts Victorie and Triumph in Heaven and Earth over and after Death. By Giles Fletcher, 2d edit. 4to. 1632, p. 68. *R.*

[63] *Ye* jave *judgments.*] Whether *jave* be ſome ſort of coarſe cloth as well as *freeze*, or a miſtake of the preſs, muſt be uncertain to all who are unacquainted with the word. Suppoſing it the latter, I have two conjectures to offer, firſt, *ye* bays *judgments*, or *ye* ſleave *judgments*. *Sleave* is the term the ſilk-weavers uſe for the ravell'd knotty gouty parts of the ſilk, from whence Shakeſpeare has taken an extremely beautiful metaphor that has been hitherto generally miſunderſtood, and therefore

Have I ſaid *thus let be*, and *there let be*,
And *then let be*, and no man underſtand me?
Proh Deum, medius fidius; ye are all dunces!
For why? here ſtand I; here the duke comes; there are you,
Cloſe in the thicket; the duke appears, I meet him,
And unto him I utter learned things,
And many figures; he hears, and nods, and hums,
And then cries *rare!* and I go forward; at length
I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,
As once did Meleager and the boar,
Break comely out before him, like true lovers,
Caſt yourſelves in a body decently,
And ſweetly, by a figure, trace, and turn, boys!

1 *Coun.* And ſweetly we will do it, maſter Gerrold.

2 *Coun.* Draw up the company. Where's the taborer?

3 *Coun.* Why, Timothy!

Tab. Here, my mad boys; have at ye!

Ger. But I ſay where's their women?

4 *Coun.* Here's Friz and Maudlin.

2 *Coun.* And little Luce, with the white legs, and bouncing Barbary.

1 *Coun.* And freckled Nell, that never fail'd her maſter.

Ger. Where be your ribands, maids? Swim with your bodies,
And carry it ſweetly, and deliverly;
And now and then a favour, and a friſk!

Nell. Let us alone, Sir.

Ger. Where's the reſt o'th' muſic?

---

therefore diſlik'd and ev'n diſcarded from the text as ſpurious by Mr. Pope and the Oxford edition. It is in Macbeth, in the fine ſcene after the murder of the king;

'Sleep that knits up the ravell'd *ſleeve* of care.'

It ſhould have been *ſleave*. The trouble that this *ravell'd knotty ſilk* gives the knitter or weaver: And the confuſion and embarraſſment of the *ſleave* itſelf, makes it an exceeding proper emblem of the perplexities and uneaſineſs of care and trouble. See Skinner on the word. I owe the emendation in Shakeſpeare to an ingenious friend. *Seward.*

3 *Coun.*

3 *Coun.* Diſpers'd as you commanded.
Ger. Couple then,
And ſee what's wanting. Where's the Bavian?
My friend, carry your tail without offence
Or ſcandal to the ladies; and be ſure
You tumble with audacity, and manhood!
And when you bark, do it with judgment.
Bav. Yes, Sir.
Ger. *Quo uſque tandem?* Here's a woman wanting.
4 *Coun.* We may go whiſtle; all the fat's i'th' fire!
Ger. We have,
As learned authors utter, waſh'd a tile;
We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.
2 *Coun.* This is that ſcornful piece, that ſcurvy hilding,
That gave her promiſe faithfully ſhe would be here,
Cicely, the ſempſter's daughter!
The next gloves that I give her ſhall be dog's ſkin!
Nay, an ſhe fail me once—You can tell, Arcas,
She ſwore, by wine and bread, ſhe would not break.
Ger. An eel and woman,
A learned poet ſays, unleſs by th' tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.
In manners this was falſe poſition.
1 *Coun.* A fire ill take her[64]! does ſhe flinch now?
3 *Coun.* What
Shall we determine, Sir?
Ger. Nothing;
Our buſineſs is become a nullity,
Yea, and a woful, and a piteous nullity!
4 *Coun.* Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,

[64] *A* fire ill *take her.*] This may be defended, but as the expreſſion is not a very common or eligible one, and the dialogue is with a ſchoolmaſter who ſays of himſelf that,

He humbles with a ferula *the tall ones,*

I hope I only reſtore the original in reading,

A feril *take her.* *Seward.*

We believe there is no ſuch word as *feril*. May we not underſtand by FIRE *ill* a MIGHTY *ill*, a SEVERE *puniſhment*? A ſimilar uſe of *fire* adjectively is frequent.

Now

Now to be frampal[64], now to piſs o'th' nettle!
Go thy ways; I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee!

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. The George alow came from the South,
From the coaſt of Barbary-a.
And there he met with brave gallants of war,
By one, by two, by three-a.
Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants!
And whether now are you bound-a?
Oh, let me have your company
'Till I come to the Sound-a!

There was three fools, fell out about an howlet:
The one ſaid 'twas an owl,
The other he ſaid nay,
The third he ſaid it was a hawk,
And her bells were cut away.

3 *Coun.* There is a dainty mad woman, magiſter[65],
Comes i'th' nick; as mad as a March hare!
If we can get her dance, we're made again:
I warrant her, ſhe'll do the rareſt gambols!

1 *Coun.* A mad woman? We are made, boys!

Ger. And are you mad, good woman?

Daugh. I would be ſorry elſe;
Give me your hand.

Ger. Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune:
You are a fool. Tell ten: I've poz'd him. Buz!
Friend, you muſt eat no white bread; if you do,
Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?
I know you; you're a tinker: Sirrah tinker[66],

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[64] *Frampal.*] See note 30 on Wit at Several Weapons.

[65] *There's a dainty mad woman*, Mr.] As moſt, and I believe all the Countrymens ſpeeches are in verſe, I fancy *Mr.* ſtood for *Magiſter* here. The ſchoolmaſter's firſt ſpeech and the greateſt part of this ſcene was printed as proſe. But I have found it running eaſily into meaſure, which Fletcher's drollery frequently does. *Seward.*

[66] Sir, ha, *Tinker.*] Former copies.

Stop

Stop no more holes, but what you ſhould!
Ger. Dii boni!
A tinker, damſel?
Daugh. Or a conjurer:
Raiſe me a devil now, and let him play
Quipaſſa, o'th' bells and bones!
Ger. Go, take her,
And fluently perſuade her to a peace[67]:
Atque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis—
Strike up, and lead her in!
2 *Coun.* Come, laſs, let's trip it!
Daugh. I'll lead. [*Wind horns.*
3 *Coun.* Do, do.
Ger. Perſuaſively, and cunningly; away, boys!
[*Exeunt all but Gerrold.*
I hear the horns: Give me ſome meditation,
And mark your cue. Pallas inſpire me!

Enter Theſeus, Perithous, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite, and train.

Theſ. This way the ſtag took.
Ger. Stay, and edify!
Theſ. What have we here?
Per. Some country-ſport, upon my life, Sir.
Theſ. Well, Sir, go forward; we will edify.
Ladies, ſit down! we'll ſtay it.
Ger. Thou doughty duke, all hail! all hail, ſweet ladies!
Theſ. This is a cold beginning.
Ger. If you but favour, our country paſtime made is.
We are a few of thoſe collected here,
That ruder tongues diſtinguiſh villager;
And to ſay verity, and not to fable,
We are a merry rout, or elſe a rabble,
Or company, or, by a figure, chorus,
That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.

[67] *Perſuade her to* a peace.] I think we ſhould read *appeaſe*; i. e. be *quiet*, or *ſilent*. R.

And

And I, that am the rectifier of all,
By title Pedagogus, that let fall
The birch upon the breeches of the ſmall ones,
And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
Do here preſent this machine, or this frame:
And, dainty duke, whoſe doughty diſmal fame
From Dis to Dedalus, from poſt to pillar,
Is blown abroad; help me, thy poor well-willer,
And with thy twinkling eyes, look right and ſtraight
Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle weight;
Is—now comes in, which being glew'd together
Makes *morris*, and the cauſe that we came hither,
The body of our ſport of no ſmall ſtudy.
I firſt appear, tho' rude, and raw, and muddy,
To ſpeak before thy noble Grace, this tenor:
At whoſe great feet I offer up my penner.
The next, the lord of May, and lady bright,
The chambermaid, and ſervingman by night,
That ſeek out ſilent hanging: Then mine hoſt,
And his fat ſpouſe, that welcome to their coſt
The galled traveller, and with a beck'ning
Informs the tapſter to inflame the reck'ning:
Then the beaſt-eating clown, and next the fool,
The Bavian, with long tail, and eke long tool;
Cum multis aliis, that make a dance;
Say *ay*, and all ſhall preſently advance.

Theſ. Ay, ay, by any means, dear *domine!*

Per. Produce.

Ger. *Intrate filii!* Come forth, and foot it.

Enter Countrymen, &c. They dance.

Ladies, if we have been merry [68],
And have pleas'd ye with a derry,
And a derry, and a down,
Say the Schoolmaſter's no clown.
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,
And have done as good boys ſhould do,

[68] *Ladies, if we have*, &c.] We have ventured to prefix the *Schoolmaſter's* name to this ſpeech. It has always been given to *Perithous*.

Give

Give us but a tree or twain
For a Maypole, and again,
Ere another year run out,
We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

Theſ. Take twenty, *domine*.—How does my ſweetheart?

Hip. Never ſo pleas'd, Sir.

Emi. 'Twas an excellent dance;
And, for a preface, I never heard a better.

Theſ. Schoolmaſter, I thank you. One ſee 'em all rewarded!

Per. And here's ſomething to paint your pole withal.

Theſ. Now to our ſports again!

Ger. May the ſtag thou hunt'ſt ſtand long,
And thy dogs be ſwift and ſtrong!
May they kill him without letts,
And the ladies eat's dowſets!

Come, we are all made! [*Wind horns.*

Dii Deæque omnes! ye have danc'd rarely, wenches.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Palamon from the buſh.

Pal. About this hour my couſin gave his faith
To viſit me again, and with him bring
Two ſwords, and two good armours; if he fail
He's neither man, nor ſoldier. When he left me,
I did not think a week could have reſtor'd
My loſt ſtrength to me, I was grown ſo low
And creſt-fall'n with my wants: I thank thee, Arcite,
Thou'rt yet a fair foe; and I feel myſelf,
With this refreſhing, able once again
To out-dure danger. To delay it longer
Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting, like a ſwine, to fight,
And not a ſoldier: Therefore, this bleſt morning
Shall be the laſt; and that ſword he refuſes,

If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis juſtice:
So, Love and Fortune for me! Oh, good-morrow!

Enter Arcite, with armours and ſwords.

Arc. Good-morrow, Noble Kinſman!
Pal. I have put you
To too much pains, Sir.
Arc. That too much, fair couſin,
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.
Pal. Would you were ſo in all, Sir! I could wiſh you
As kind a Kinſman, as you force me find
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank you, not my blows.
Arc. I ſhall think either,
Well done, a noble recompenſe.
Pal. Then I ſhall quit you.
Arc. Defy me in theſe fair terms, and you ſhew
More than a miſtreſs to me: No more anger,
As you love any thing that's honourable!
We were not bred to talk, man; when we're arm'd,
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly ſtrongly from us!
And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
Truly pertains (without upbraidings, ſcorns,
Deſpiſings of our perſons, and ſuch poutings
Fitter for girls and ſchoolboys) will be ſeen
And quickly, yours, or mine. Wilt pleaſe you arm, Sir?
Or if you feel yourſelf not fitting yet,
And furniſh'd with your old ſtrength, I'll ſtay, couſin,
And every day diſcourſe you into health,
As I am ſpar'd: Your perſon I am friends with,
And I could wiſh I had not ſaid I lov'd her,
Tho' I had died; but loving ſuch a lady,
And juſtifying my love, I muſt not fly from't.
Pal. Arcite, thou art ſo brave an enemy,
That no man but thy couſin's fit to kill thee:
I'm well, and luſty; chuſe your arms!
Arc. Chuſe you, Sir!

Pal.

Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or doſt thou do it
To make me ſpare thee?
Arc. If you think ſo, couſin,
You are deceiv'd; for, as I am a ſoldier,
I'll not ſpare you!
Pal. That's well ſaid!
Arc. You will find it.
Pal. Then, as I am an honeſt man, and love
With all the juſtice of affection,
I'll pay thee ſoundly! This I'll take.
Arc. That's mine then;
I'll arm you firſt.
Pal. Do. Pray thee tell me, couſin,
Where got'ſt thou this good armour?
Arc. 'Tis the duke's;
And, to ſay true, I ſtole it. Do I pinch you?
Pal. No.
Arc. Is't not too heavy?
Pal. I have worn a lighter;
But I ſhall make it ſerve.
Arc. I'll buckle't cloſe.
Pal. By any means.
Arc. You care not for a grand-guard?
Pal. No, no; we'll uſe no horſes: I perceive
You would fain be at that fight.
Arc. I'm indifferent.
Pal. Faith, ſo am I. Good couſin, thruſt the buckle
Thro' far enough!
Arc. I warrant you.
Pal. My caſque now!
Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?
Pal. We ſhall be the nimbler.
Arc. But uſe your gauntlets tho': Thoſe are o'th' leaſt;
Prithee take mine, good couſin!
Pal. Thank you, Arcite!
How do I look? am I fall'n much away?
Arc. Faith, very little; Love has us'd you kindly.
Pal. I'll warrant thee, I'll ſtrike home.

Arc. Do, and ſpare not!
I'll give you cauſe, ſweet couſin.
Pal. Now to you, Sir!
Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite,
Thou wor'ſt that day the three kings fell, but lighter.
Arc. That was a very good one; and that day,
I well remember, you out-did me, couſin;
I never ſaw ſuch valour: When you charg'd
Upon the left wing of the enemy,
I ſpurr'd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horſe.
Pal. You had indeed;
A bright-bay, I remember.
Arc. Yes. But all
Was vainly labour'd in me; you out-went me,
Nor could my wiſhes reach you: Yet a little
I did by imitation.
Pal. More by virtue;
You're modeſt, couſin.
Arc. When I ſaw you charge firſt,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
Break from the troop.
Pal. But ſtill before that flew
The lightning of your valour. Stay a little!
Is not this piece too ſtraight?
Arc. No, no; 'tis well.
Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my ſword;
A bruiſe would be diſhonour.
Arc. Now I'm perfect.
Pal. Stand off then!
Arc. Take my ſword! I hold it better.
Pal. I thank you, no; keep it; your life lies on it:
Here's one, if it but hold, I aſk no more
For all my hopes. My cauſe and honour guard me!
[*They bow ſeveral ways; then advance and ſtand.*
Arc. And me, my love! Is there aught elſe to ſay?
Pal. This only, and no more: Thou art mine
aunt's ſon,
And that blood we deſire to ſhed is mutual;

In

In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My ſword
Is in my hand, and if thou killeſt me.
The gods and I forgive thee! If there be
A place prepar'd for thoſe that ſleep in honour,
I wiſh his weary ſoul that falls may win it!
Fight bravely, couſin: Give me thy noble hand!

Arc. Here, Palamon! This hand ſhall never more
Come near thee with ſuch friendſhip.

Pal. I commend thee.

Arc. If I fall, curſe me, and ſay I was a coward;
For none but ſuch dare die in theſe juſt trials[69].
Once more, farewell, my couſin!

Pal. Farewell, Arcite! [*Fight.*

[*Horns within*; *they ſtand.*

Arc. Lo, couſin, lo! our folly has undone us!

Pal. Why?

Arc. This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you;
If we be found, we're wretched! Oh, retire,
For Honour's ſake! and ſafely preſently[70]

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[69] *If I fall, curſe me, and ſay I was a coward.*
For none but ſuch dare die in theſe juſt trials.] Mr. Sympſon thinks this a ſtrange ſentiment, and indeed it muſt appear ſo, till we recollect that our ſcene lies in the land of *knight errantry* rather than in Athens: That our Authors follow Chaucer, and dreſs their heroes after the manners of his age, when trials by the ſword were thought juſt, and the conquer'd always ſuppos'd guilty and held infamous. In this light the ſentiment is proper, though it would certainly be more in character in Palamon's mouth, whoſe enthuſiaſtic zeal for the juſtice of his cauſe, would be the proper father of ſuch a ſentiment. Perhaps therefore the original might have run thus,

Pal. *I commend thee.*
If I fall, curſe me, and ſay I was a coward,
For none but ſuch dare die in theſe juſt trials.

Inſtead of returning this with the like violence, Arcite (with a look where *diſdain* and *tenderneſs* ſtruggle awhile and then ſettle to a firm reſolution) anſwers,

Once more farewell, my couſin.

But if this change of the ſpeakers takes place, it might be neceſſary to give the former ſpeech of Palamon to Arcite, and make Palamon only ſpeak the laſt line of it. It is very common to have whole ſcenes confus'd thus in their ſpeakers. *Seward.*

We cannot ſee any need of change.

[70] ——— ——— *and* ſafely *preſently*
Into your buſh again] The two adverbs, *ſafely preſently* in conjunction, are very unlike our Authors; by putting a comma between them

Into your buſh again, Sir! We ſhall find
Too many hours to die in. Gentle couſin,
If you be ſeen you periſh inſtantly,
For breaking priſon; and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt: Then all the world will ſcorn us,
And ſay we had a noble difference,
But baſe diſpoſers of it.

Pal. No, no, couſin;
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a ſecond trial!
I know your cunning, and I know your cauſe.
He that faints now, ſhame take him! Put thyſelf
Upon thy preſent guard——

Arc. You are not mad?

Pal. Or I will make th' advantage of this hour
Mine own; and what to come ſhall threaten me,
I fear leſs than my fortune. Know, weak couſin,
I love Emilia! and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all croſſes elſe!

Arc. Then come what can come,
Thou ſhalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die as diſcourſe, or ſleep: Only this fears me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life!

Pal. Look to thine own well, Arcite!

[*Fight again. Horns.*

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous, and train.

Theſ. What ignorant and mad malicious traitors
Are you, that, 'gainſt the tenor of my laws,
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave, and officers of arms?
By Caſtor, both ſhall die!

---

them they may ſuit the hurry of the ſpeaker. But it ſeems much more probable that the firſt is a miſtake, and that the true reading is,

——— ——— ——— *Oh, retire*
For Honour's ſake, and ſafety, *preſently*
Into the buſh again,——

Mr. Theobald concurred with me in this emendation. *Seward.*

But being merely conjectural, and not *neceſſary*, is not admiſſible. *Pal.*

Pal. Hold thy word, Theſeus!
We're certainly both traitors, both deſpiſers
Of thee, and of thy goodneſs: I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy priſon;
Think well what that deſerves! and this is Arcite:
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falſer ne'er ſeem'd friend: This is the man
Was begg'd and baniſh'd; this is he contemns thee,
And what thou dar'ſt do; and in this diſguiſe,
Againſt this known edict, follows thy ſiſter,
That fortunate bright ſtar, the fair Emilia
(Whoſe ſervant, if there be a right in ſeeing,
And firſt bequeathing of the ſoul to, juſtly
I am); and, which is more, dares think her his!
This treachery, like a moſt truſty lover,
I call'd him now to anſwer: If thou be'ſt,
As thou art ſpoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say, 'Fight again!' and thou ſhalt ſee me, Theſeus,
Do ſuch a juſtice, thou thyſelf wilt envy;
Then take my life! I'll wooe thee to't.
Per. Oh, Heaven,
What more than man is this!
Theſ. I've ſworn.
Arc. We ſeek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theſeus! 'Tis to me
A thing as ſoon to die, as thee to ſay it,
And no more mov'd. Where this man calls me traitor,
Let me ſay thus much: If in love be treaſon,
In ſervice of ſo excellent a beauty,
As I love moſt, and in that faith will periſh;
As I have brought my life here to confirm it;
As I have ſerv'd her trueſt, worthieſt;
As I dare kill this couſin, that denies it;
So let me be moſt traitor, and you pleaſe me.
For ſcorning thy edict, duke, aſk that lady
Why ſhe is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and if *ſhe* ſay traitor,
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.

Pal. Thou ſhalt have pity of us both, oh, Theſeus,
If unto neither thou ſhew mercy; ſtop,
As thou art juſt, thy noble ear againſt us;
As thou art valiant, for thy couſin's ſoul,
Whoſe twelve ſtrong labours crown his memory,
Let's die together, at one inſtant, duke!
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my ſoul he ſhall not have her.

Theſ. I grant your wiſh; for, to ſay true, your couſin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, Sir, your offences
Being no more than his. None here ſpeak for 'em!
For, ere the ſun ſet, both ſhall ſleep for ever.

Hip. Alas, the pity! now or never, ſiſter,
Speak, not to be denied: That face of yours
Will bear the curſes elſe of after-ages,
For theſe loſt couſins!

Emi. In my face, dear ſiſter,
I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin;
The miſadventure of their own eyes kills 'em:
Yet that I will be woman, and have pity,
My knees ſhall grow to th' ground but I'll get mercy.
Help me, dear ſiſter! in a deed ſo virtuous,
The powers of all women will be with us.
Moſt royal brother——

Hip. Sir, by our tie of marriage——

Emi. By your own ſpotleſs honour——

Hip. By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honeſt heart you gave me——

Emi. By that you would have pity in another,
By your own virtues infinite——

Hip. By valour,
By all the chaſte nights I have ever pleas'd you——

Theſ. Theſe are ſtrange conjurings!

Per. Nay, then I'll in too:
By all our friendſhip, Sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love moſt, wars, and this ſweet lady——

Emi. By that you would have trembled to deny,
A bluſhing maid——

Hip.

Hip. By your own eyes, by ſtrength,
In which you ſwore I went beyond all women,
Almoſt all men, and yet I yielded, Theſeus——
Per. To crown all this, by your moſt noble ſoul,
Which cannot want due mercy! I beg firſt.
Hip. Next, hear my prayers!
Emi. Laſt, let me entreat, Sir!
Per. For mercy!
Hip. Mercy!
Emi. Mercy on theſe princes!
Theſ. You make my faith reel: Say I felt
Compaſſion to 'em both, how would you place it?
Emi. Upon their lives; but with their baniſhments.
Theſ. You're a right woman, ſiſter; you have pity,
But want the underſtanding where to uſe it.
If you deſire their lives, invent a way
Safer than baniſhment: Can theſe two live,
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
They'll fight about you; hourly bring your honour
In public queſtion with their ſwords: Be wiſe then,
And here forget 'em! it concerns your credit,
And my oath equally: I have ſaid, they die!
Better they fall by th' law, than one another.
Bow not my honour.
Emi. Oh, my noble brother,
That oath was raſhly made, and in your anger;
Your reaſon will not hold it: If ſuch vows
Stand for expreſs will, all the world muſt periſh.
Beſide, I have another oath 'gainſt yours,
Of more authority, I'm ſure more love;
Not made in paſſion neither, but good heed.
Theſ. What is it, ſiſter?
Per. Urge it home, brave lady!
Emi. That you would ne'er deny me any thing
Fit for my modeſt ſuit, and your free granting:
I tie you to your word now; if you fail in't,
Think how you maim your honour;
(For now I'm ſet a-begging, Sir, I'm deaf

To

To all but your compaſſion!) how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name, opinion[71]!
Shall any thing that loves me periſh for me?
That were a cruel wiſdom! do men prune
The ſtraight young boughs, that bluſh with thouſand
bloſſoms,
Becauſe they may be rotten? Oh, duke Theſeus,
The goodly mothers that have groan'd for theſe,
And all the longing maids that ever lov'd,
If your vow ſtand, ſhall curſe me and my beauty,
And, in their funeral ſongs for theſe two couſins,
Deſpiſe my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me,
'Till I am nothing but the ſcorn of women:
For Heav'n's ſake ſave their lives, and baniſh 'em!

Theſ. On what conditions?

Emi. Swear 'em never more
To make me their contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they ſhall travel, ever ſtrangers
To one another.

Pal. I'll be cut a-pieces
Before I take this oath! Forget I love her?
Oh, all ye gods, deſpiſe me then! Thy baniſhment
I not miſlike, ſo we may fairly carry
Our ſwords, and cauſe along: Elſe, never trifle,
But take our lives, duke! I muſt love, and will;
And for that love, muſt and dare kill this couſin,
On any piece the earth has!

Theſ. Will you, Arcite,
Take theſe conditions?

Pal. He's a villain then!

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[71] ——— ——— *how their lives*
Might breed the ruin of my name; opinion,
Shall any thing that loves me periſh for me?] *Opinion* is often uſed by the old writers in the ſenſe of *reputation*, in which ſenſe it is here to be taken. Macbeth ſays,

'We will proceed no further in this buſineſs:
'He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
'*Golden opinions* from all ſorts of people,
'Which would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
'Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.'

Per.

Per. Theſe are men!

Arc. No, never, duke; 'tis worſe to me than begging,
To take my life ſo baſely. Tho' I think
I never ſhall enjoy her, yet I'll preſerve
The honour of affection, and die for her,
Make death a devil!

Theſ. What may be done? for now I feel compaſſion.

Per. Let it not fall again, Sir!

Theſ. Say, Emilia,
If one of them were dead, as one muſt, are you
Content to take the other to your huſband?
They cannot both enjoy you; they are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever Fame yet ſpoke of; look upon 'em,
And if you can love, end this difference!
I give conſent: Are you content too, princes?

Both. With all our ſouls.

Theſ. He that ſhe refuſes
Muſt die then.

Both. Any death thou canſt invent, duke.

Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And lovers yet unborn ſhall bleſs my aſhes.

Arc. If ſhe refuſe me, yet my grave will wed me,
And ſoldiers ſing my epitaph.

Theſ. Make choice then!

Emi. I cannot, Sir; they're both too excellent:
For me, a hair ſhall never fall of theſe men.

Hip. What will become of 'em?

Theſ. Thus I ordain it;
And, by mine honour, once again it ſtands,
Or both ſhall die!—You ſhall both to your country;
And each within this month, accompanied
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
In which I'll plant a pyramid: And whether,
Before us that are here, can force his couſin
By fair and knightly ſtrength to touch the pillar,
He ſhall enjoy her; the other loſe his head [72],

[72] ——— *The other loſe his head,*
And all his friends.] Chaucer's doom on this occaſion is only baniſhment, and our Authors altered it to render the cataſtrophe more

And all his friends: Nor ſhall he grudge to fall,
Nor think he dies with intereſt in this lady:
Will this content ye?

Pal. Yes. Here, couſin Arcite,
I'm friends again 'till that hour.

Arc. I embrace you.

Thef. Are you content, ſiſter?

Emi. Yes: I muſt, Sir;
Elſe both miſcarry.

Thef. Come, ſhake hands again then;
And take heed, as you're gentlemen, this quarrel
Sleep 'till the hour prefix'd, and hold your courſe!

Pal. We dare not fail thee, Theſeus.

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more intereſting. As to the probability of their procuring each three ſeconds upon ſuch odd terms, it may ſhock us to ſuppoſe any ſuch gallant idiots; but even ſo low as our Authors age it was reckon'd cowardiſe to refuſe any man, even a ſtranger, to be a ſecond in almoſt any duel whatever, of which there is a moſt inimitable burleſque in the Little French Lawyer. Mankind were mad after Knight-Errantry; and the reader muſt catch a little of the ſpirit himſelf, or he'll loſe a great part of the beauties of this play; he muſt kindle with the flames of military glory, think life a ſmall ſtake to hazard in ſuch a combat, and death deſirable to the conquer'd as a refuge from ſhame. While the *judicial trials* by the *duello* were part of our laws, this was really the ſpirit of our anceſtors. I have a treatiſe now before me of Mr. Selden, wrote in 1610, probably about the very time of our Authors publiſhing this play, where theſe *duello trials* are very learnedly traced, with all their forms and ceremonies from the Norman conqueſt to James the Firſt, in whoſe reign they ſtill continued part of the laws of our land, and ſeem to have been not out of faſhion; for we find by all the writers of that age, how common the private extrajudicial duel then was, and this author, after reciting the decrees of two popes againſt ſuch trials, and the thunder, as he calls it, of the Council of Trent, with a very ſerious face ſubjoins: 'To thoſe which were the obſervant 'ſonnes of the Roman church, this and the other decrees extend their 'inhibitions; but the Engliſh cuſtoms never permitted themſelves to 'be ſubjected to ſuch clergy-canons; alwaies (under parliament cor-'rection) retaining, as whatſoever they have by long uſe or allow-'ance approv'd, ſo this of the duel.'—I am told by lawyers, that this ſuperſtitious and barbarous law has never to this day met with *parliament correction*, but has by cuſtom only ſunk into obſoleteneſs. Our anceſtors in this inſtance as well as that of our calendar, moſt reſolutely avoided the example of Papiſts, even where the latter were evidently right. *Seward.*

Thef.

Theſ. Come, I'll give ye
Now uſage like to princes, and to friends.
When ye return, who wins, I'll ſettle here;
Who loſes, yet I'll weep upon his bier. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Jailor and a Friend.

Jailor. HEAR you no more? Was nothing ſaid of me
Concerning the eſcape of Palamon?
Good Sir, remember!

1 *Friend.* Nothing that I heard;
For I came home before the buſineſs
Was fully ended: Yet I might perceive,
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons; for Hippolita,
And fair-ey'd Emily, upon their knees
Begg'd with ſuch handſome pity, that the duke
Methought ſtood ſtaggering whether he ſhould follow
His raſh oath, or the ſweet compaſſion
Of thoſe two ladies; and to ſecond them,
That truly noble prince Perithous,
Half his own heart, ſet in too, that I hope
All ſhall be well: Neither heard I one queſtion
Of your name, or his 'ſcape.

Enter Second Friend.

Jailor. Pray Heav'n, it hold ſo!

2 *Friend.* Be of good comfort, man! I bring you news,
Good news.

Jailor. They're welcome.

2 *Friend.* Palamon has clear'd you,
And got your pardon, and diſcover'd how

And

And by whoſe means he 'ſcap'd, which was your Daughter's,
Whoſe pardon is procur'd too; and the priſoner
(Not to be held ungrateful to her goodneſs)
Has given a ſum of money to her marriage,
A large one, I'll aſſure you.

Jailor. You're a good man,
And ever bring good news.

1 *Friend.* How was it ended?

2 *Friend.* Why, as it ſhould be; they that never begg'd
But they prevail'd, had their ſuits fairly granted.
The priſoners have their lives.

1 *Friend.* I knew 'twould be ſo.

2 *Friend.* But there be new conditions, which you'll hear of
At better time.

Jailor. I hope they're good.

2 *Friend.* They're honourable;
How good they'll prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer.

1 *Friend.* 'Twill be known.

Wooer. Alas, Sir, where's your Daughter?

Jailor. Why do you aſk?

Wooer. Oh, Sir, when did you ſee her?

2 *Friend.* How he looks!

Jailor. This morning.

Wooer. Was ſhe well? was ſhe in health, Sir? When did ſhe ſleep?

1 *Friend.* Theſe are ſtrange queſtions.

Jailor. I do not think ſhe was very well; for, now
You make me mind her, but this very day
I aſk'd her queſtions, and ſhe anſwer'd me
So far from what ſhe was, ſo childiſhly,
So ſillily, as if ſhe were a fool,
An innocent[73]! and I was very angry.

[73] *An* innocent.] In the northern parts of this kingdom, the common appellation of *an ideot* is *an innocent* to this day. *R.*

But

But what of her, Sir?

Wooer. Nothing but my pity;
But you muſt know it, and as good by me
As by another that leſs loves her.

Jailor. Well, Sir?

1 *Friend.* Not right?

2 *Friend.* Not well?

Wooer. No, Sir; not well:
'Tis too true, ſhe is mad.

1 *Friend.* It cannot be.

Wooer. Believe, you'll find it ſo.

Jailor. I half ſuſpected
What you have told me; the gods comfort her!
Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miſcarrying on his 'ſcape,
Or both.

Wooer. 'Tis likely.

Jailor. But why all this haſte, Sir?

Wooer. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great lake that lies behind the palace [74],
From the far ſhore, thick ſet with reeds and ſedges,
As patiently I was attending ſport,
I heard a voice, a ſhrill one; and attentive
I gave my ear; when I might well perceive
'Twas one that ſung, and, by the ſmallneſs of it,
A boy or woman. I then left my angle

[74] *As I late,* &c.] This deſcription bears a ſtriking reſemblance to the following in Hamlet:

'There is a willow grows aſlant a brook,
'That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream:
'There with fantaſtic garlands did ſhe come,
'Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long purples,
'That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name,
'But our cold maids do dead mens' fingers call them:
'There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
'Clambering to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
'When down her weedy trophies and herſelf
'Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths ſpread wide,
'And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
'Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
'As one incapable of her own diſtreſs,
'Or like a creature native, and indued
'Unto that element.'

To his own ſkill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
Who made the ſound, the ruſhes and the reeds,
Had ſo encompaſs'd it: I laid me down
And liſten'd to the words ſhe ſung; for then,
Thro' a ſmall glade cut by the fiſhermen,
I ſaw it was your Daughter.

Jailor. Pray go on, Sir!

Wooer. She ſung much, but no ſenſe; only I heard her
Repeat this often: 'Palamon is gone,
'Is gone to th' wood to gather mulberries;
'I'll find him out tomorrow.'

1 *Friend.* Pretty ſoul!

Wooer. 'His ſhackles will betray him, he'll be taken;
'And what ſhall I do then? I'll bring a bevy,
'A hundred black-ey'd maids that love as I do,
'With chaplets on their heads, of daffadillies,
'With cherry lips, and cheeks of damaſk roſes,
'And all we'll dance an antick 'fore the duke,
'And beg his pardon.' Then ſhe talk'd of you, Sir;
That you muſt loſe your head tomorrow-morning,
And ſhe muſt gather flowers to bury you,
And ſee the houſe made handſome: Then ſhe ſung
Nothing but 'Willow, willow, willow[74];' and between
Ever was, 'Palamon, fair Palamon!'
And 'Palamon was a tall young man!' The place
Was knee-deep where ſhe ſat; her careleſs treſſes,
A wreath of bull-ruſh rounded[75]; about her ſtuck
Thouſand freſh-water flowers of ſeveral colours;
That methought ſhe appear'd like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt down from Heav'n! Rings ſhe made
Of ruſhes that grew by, and to 'em ſpoke
The prettieſt poſies; 'Thus our true love's tied;'
'This you may looſe, not me;' and many a one:
And then ſhe wept, and ſung again, and ſigh'd,
And with the ſame breath ſmil'd, and kiſt her hand.

74 *Willow*, &c.] See Othello. The ſong here alluded to is printed in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry. *R.*

75 *A wreak of bull-ruſh.*] Corrected in 1750.

2 *Friend.*

2 *Friend.* Alas, what pity 'tis!

Wooer. I made in to her;
She ſaw me, and ſtraight ſought the flood; I ſav'd her,
And ſet her ſafe to land; when preſently
She ſlipt away, and to the city made,
With ſuch a cry, and ſwiftneſs, that believe me
She left me far behind her: Three, or four,
I ſaw from far off croſs her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother; where ſhe ſtay'd,
And fell, ſcarce to be got away; I left them with her.

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

And hither came to tell you. Here they are!

Daugh. May you never more enjoy the light, *&c.*
Is not this a fine ſong?

Brother. Oh, a very fine one!

Daugh. I can ſing twenty more.

Brother. I think you can.

Daugh. Yes, truly can I; I can ſing the Broom,
And Bonny Robin [76]. Are not you a tailor?

Brother. Yes.

Daugh. Where's my wedding-gown!

Brother. I'll bring it tomorrow.

Daugh. Do, very early [77]; I muſt be abroad elſe,
To call the maids, and pay the minſtrels;
For I muſt loſe my maidenhead by cock-light;
'Twill never thrive elſe.

Oh, fair, oh, ſweet, *&c.* [*Sings.*

Brother. You muſt ev'n take it patiently.

Jailor. 'Tis true.

Daugh. Good e'en, good men! Pray did you ever hear

[76] *Bonny Robin.*] Ophelia, in Shakeſpeare's Hamlet, ſings part of this ſong.

[77] *Do, very* rarely.] I had put *early* into the text here before I received Mr. Sympſon's reading *rearly*, i. e. betimes in the morning. If there is ſuch a word, it is undoubtedly the true one; but as he quotes no authority, and I can find none in my Gloſſaries, I muſt let *early* remain, which Mr. Theobald has likewiſe put in his margin. *Seward.*

Of one young Palamon?

Jailor. Yes, wench, we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine young gentleman?

Jailor. 'Tis love!

Brother. By no means croſs her; ſhe is the diſtemper'd
Far worſe than now ſhe ſhews.

1 *Friend.* Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. Oh, is he ſo? You have a ſiſter?

1 *Friend.* Yes.

Daugh. But ſhe ſhall never have him, tell her ſo.
For a trick that I know: You had beſt look to her.
For if ſhe ſee him once, ſhe's gone; ſhe's done,
And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him; but I laugh at 'em,
And let 'em all alone; is't not a wiſe courſe?

1 *Friend.* Yes.

Daugh. There is at leaſt two hundred now with-child by him,
There muſt be four; yet I keep cloſe for all this,
Cloſe as a cockle; and all theſe muſt be boys,
He has the trick on't; and at ten years old
They muſt be all gelt for muſicians,
And ſing the Wars of Theſeus.

2 *Friend.* This is ſtrange.

Daugh. As ever you heard; but ſay nothing.

1 *Friend.* No.

Daugh. They come from all parts of the dukedom to him:
I'll warrant you, he had not ſo few laſt night
As twenty to diſpatch; he'll tickle't up
In two hours, if his hand be in.

Jailor. She's loſt,
Paſt all cure!

Brother. Heav'n forbid, man!

Daugh. Come hither; you're a wiſe man.

1 *Friend.* Does ſhe know him?

2 *Friend.* No; 'would ſhe did!

Daugh. You're maſter of a ſhip?

Jailor.

Jailor. Yes.
Daugh. Where's your compaſs?
Jailor. Here.
Daugh. Set it to th' North;
And now direct your courſe to th'wood, where Palamon
Lies longing for me; for the tackling
Let me alone: Come, weigh my hearts, cheerly!
All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 'tis up, the wind is fair,
Up the bowling; out with the main-ſail!
Where is your whiſtle, maſter?
Brother. Let's get her in.
Jailor. Up to the top, boy.
Brother. Where's the pilot?
1 *Friend.* Here.
Daugh. What ken'ſt thou?
2 *Friend.* A fair wood.
Daugh. Bear for it, maſter; tack about! [*Sings.*
When Cinthia with her borrow'd light, *&c.* [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Emilia with two pictures.

Emi. Yet I may bind thoſe wounds up, that muſt open
And bleed to death for my ſake elſe: I'll chuſe,
And end their ſtrife; two ſuch young handſome men
Shall never fall for me: Their weeping mothers,
Following the dead-cold aſhes of their ſons,
Shall never curſe my cruelty. Good Heav'n,
What a ſweet face has Arcite! If wiſe Nature,
With all her beſt endowments, all thoſe beauties
She ſows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtleſs
She would run mad for this man: What an eye!
Of what a fiery ſparkle, and quick ſweetneſs,
Has this young prince! here Love himſelf ſits ſmiling;
Juſt ſuch another wanton Ganimede

Set Jove afire with[77], and enforc'd the god
Snatch up the goodly boy, and ſet him by him
A ſhining conſtellation! what a brow,
Of what a ſpacious majeſty, he carries,
Arch'd like the great-ey'd Juno's, but from whence,
Smoother than Pelops' ſhoulder! Fame and honour,
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
Pointed in Heav'n, ſhould clap their wings and ſing
To all the under-world, the loves and fights
Of gods, and ſuch men near 'em. Palamon
Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull ſhadow;
He's ſwarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he'd loſt his mother[78]; a ſtill temper,
No ſtirring in him, no alacrity;
Of all this ſprightly ſharpneſs, not a ſmile.

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77 ——— *here Love himſelf ſits ſmiling,*
Juſt ſuch another wanton Ganimede,
Set Love afire with, and enforc'd the god
Snatch up the goodly boy, ——] This is certainly corrupt; every body muſt ſee that *Jove* is ſomewhere left out. But, ſays Mr. Sympſon, ſuppoſe we read,

Set Jove *afire with*———

it is ſtill not ſenſe, he therefore propoſes,

Jove *ſuch another wanton Ganimede*
Set Love *afire with,* ———

But this, I fear will hardly be thought good Engliſh. I had long ſince diſcover'd what ſtill ſeems the real miſtake, *fire* like *hour, your,* &c. is often made two ſyllables by our Authors; the actors and tranſcribers not knowing this, thought the verſe wanted a ſyllable, and probably intruded the particle *with* to ſupply it, not obſerving how much it embarras'd the conſtruction. *Love* for *Jove* ſeems a mere accidental error of the preſs. I read therefore,

Juſt ſuch another wanton Ganimede
Set Jove *afire, and enforc'd the god,* &c.

There is another way of correcting this, by the inſertion of a nominative caſe in the end of the ſecond line, as

——— *here* Love *himſelf ſits ſmiling,*
Juſt ſuch another wanton Ganimede he
Set Jove *afire with,* ———

The former ſeems far preferable. *Seward.*

78 *As if he'd loſt his mother.*] This ſeems directly oppoſite to the ſenſe intended, the effeminacy of Palamon compared with Arcite. Perhaps we ſhould read, *As h'had* NOT *loſt his mother,* i. e. the mother in his mind.

Yet

Yet theſe that we count errors, may become him:
Narciſſus was a ſad boy; but a heav'nly.
Oh, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reaſon is loſt in me!
I have no choice, and I have lied ſo lewdly
That women ought to beat me. On my knees
I aſk thy pardon, Palamon! Thou art alone,
And only beautiful; and theſe thy eyes,
Theſe the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten love, and what young maid dare croſs 'em?
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face! Oh, Love, this only
From this hour is complexion; lie there, Arcite!
Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipſy,
And this the noble body—I am ſotted,
Utterly loſt! my virgin's faith has fled me[79],
For if my brother but ev'n now had aſk'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite;
Now if my ſiſter, more for Palamon.
Stand both together! Now, come, aſk me, brother;
Alas, I know not! aſk me, now, ſweet ſiſter;
I may go look! What a mere child is fancy,
That having two fair gawds of equal ſweetneſs,
Cannot diſtinguiſh, but muſt cry for both!

Enter a Gentleman.

How now, Sir?

Gent. From the noble duke your brother,
Madam, I bring you news: The knights are come!

Emi. To end the quarrel?

Gent. Yes.

Emi. 'Would I might end firſt!
What ſins have I committed, chaſte Diana,
That my unſpotted youth muſt now be foil'd
With blood of princes? and my chaſtity
Be made the altar, where the lives of lovers
(Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers' joy) muſt be the ſacrifice
To my unhappy beauty?

79 *My* virgin *faith has fled me.*] So reads Seward.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Perithous, and attendants.

Theſ. Bring 'em in
Quickly, by any means! I long to ſee 'em.—
Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair knights: Now, my ſiſter,
You muſt love one of them.

Emi. I had rather both,
So neither for my ſake ſhould fall unkindly.

Enter Meſſenger.

Theſ. Who ſaw 'em?

Per. I a while.

Gent. And I.

Theſ. From whence come you, Sir?

Meſſ. From the knights.

Theſ. Pray ſpeak,
You that have ſeen them, what they are.

Meſſ. I will, Sir,
And truly what I think: Six braver ſpirits
Than theſe they've brought, (if we judge by the outſide)
I never ſaw, nor read of. He that ſtands
In the firſt place with Arcite, by his ſeeming
Should be a ſtout man, by his face a prince
(His very looks ſo ſay him); his complexion
Nearer a brown, than black; ſtern, and yet noble,
Which ſhews him hardy, fearleſs, proud of dangers;
The circles of his eyes ſhew far within him [80],
And as a heated lion, ſo he looks;
His hair hangs long behind him, black and ſhining

[80] *The circles of his eyes ſhew* fair *within him,*
And as a heated lion, ſo he looks.] He is deſcrib'd of a very dark-brown complexion, with raven-black hair, of a noble but withal of ſo ſtern a look, that his eyes were like thoſe of a heated lion. To every part of this deſcription the adjective *fair* is diametrically oppoſite, not only as to the colour, but to the ſternneſs and fierceneſs of his looks, *fair* conveying the idea of openneſs and mildneſs. But the corruption conſiſts only in the addition of a ſingle vowel, which being removed, the expreſſion regains its original ſtrength and propriety:

The circles of his eyes ſhew far *within him.* *Seward.*

Like

Like raven's wings; his ſhoulders broad, and ſtrong;
Arms long and round [81]; and on his thigh a ſword
Hung by a curious baldrick [82], when he frowns
To ſeal his will with; better, o' my conſcience,
Was never ſoldier's friend.
Theſ. Th'haſt well deſcrib'd him.
Per. Yet a great deal ſhort,
Methinks, of him that's firſt with Palamon.
Theſ. Pray ſpeak him, friend.
Per. I gueſs he is a prince too,
And, if it may be, greater; for his ſhow
Has all the ornament of honour in't.
He's ſomewhat bigger than the knight he ſpoke of,
But of a face far ſweeter; his complexion
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy; he has felt,
Without doubt, what he fights for, and ſo apter
To make this cauſe his own; in's face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes;
And when he's angry, then a ſettled valour
(Not tainted with extremes) runs thro' his body,
And guides his arm to brave things; fear he cannot,
He ſhews no ſuch ſoft temper; his head's yellow,
Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick twin'd, like ivy tops,
Not to undo with thunder; in his face
The livery of the warlike maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has bleſt him;
And in his rolling eyes ſits Victory,
As if ſhe ever meant to crown his valour [83];
His noſe ſtands high, a character of honour,
His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.

[81] Arm'd *long and round.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[82] *Baldrick.*] See note 49 on Beggars' Buſh.

[83] ——*ſits Victory,*
As if ſhe ever meant to correct *his valour*;] How does victory *correct* valour? The word is undoubtedly corrupt, and equally hurts both the meaſure and ſenſe. *Crown* is what the context evidently requires, and tho' it differs much in its letters from the old reading, yet it is rather a proof what great miſtakes printers ſometimes make, than an argument againſt its being admitted for the genuine text. *Seward.*

Emi. Muſt theſe men die too?
Per. When he ſpeaks, his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wiſh 'em, ſtrong and clean;
He wears a well-ſteel'd axe, the ſtaff of gold;
His age ſome five and twenty.
Meſſ. There's another,
A little man, but of a tough ſoul, ſeeming
As great as any; fairer promiſes
In ſuch a body yet I never look'd on.
Per. Oh, he that's freckle-fac'd?
Meſſ. The ſame, my lord:
Are they not ſweet ones?
Per. Yes, they're well.
Meſſ. Methinks,
Being ſo few, and well diſpos'd, they ſhew
Great, and fine art in Nature. He's white-hair'd,
Not wanton-white, but ſuch a manly colour
Next to an auburn; tough, and nimble ſet,
Which ſhews an active ſoul; his arms are brawny,
Lin'd with ſtrong ſinews; to the ſhoulder-piece
Gently they ſwell, like women new-conceiv'd,
Which ſpeaks him prone to labour, never fainting
Under the weight of arms; ſtout-hearted, ſtill,
But, when he ſtirs, a tiger; he's grey-ey'd,
Which yields compaſſion where he conquers; ſharp
To ſpy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's ſwift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round-fac'd, and when he ſmiles
He ſhews a lover, when he frowns, a ſoldier;
About his head he wears the winner's oak,
And in it ſtuck the favour of his lady;
His age, ſome ſix and thirty. In his hand
He bears a charging-ſtaff, emboſs'd with ſilver.
Theſ. Are they all thus?
Per. They're all the ſons of honour.
Theſ. Now, as I have a ſoul, I long to ſee 'em!
Lady, you ſhall ſee men fight now.
Hip. I wiſh it,

But

But not the cauſe, my lord: They would ſhew bravely
Fighting about the titles of two kingdoms [84];
'Tis pity Love ſhould be ſo tyrannous.
Oh, my ſoft-hearted ſiſter, what think you?
Weep not, till they weep blood, wench! it muſt be.
Theſ. You've ſteel'd 'em with your beauty. Honour'd friend,
To you I give the field; pray order it,
Fitting the perſons that muſt uſe it!
Per. Yes, Sir.
Theſ. Come, I'll go viſit 'em: I cannot ſtay
(Their fame has fir'd me ſo) till they appear;
Good friend, be royal!
Per. There ſhall want no bravery.
Emi. Poor wench, go weep; for whoſoever wins
Loſes a noble couſin for thy ſins. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Jailor, Wooer, and Doctor.

Doctor. Her diſtraction is more at ſome time of the moon
Than at other ſome, is it not?
Jailor. She is
Continually in a harmleſs diſtemper;
Sleeps little, altogether without appetite,
Save often drinking; dreaming of another
World, and a better; and what broken piece
Of matter ſoe'er ſhe's about, the name
Palamon lards it; that ſhe farces ev'ry

Enter Daughter.

Buſineſs withal, fits it to every queſtion.

[84] *But not the cauſe, my lord, they would ſhew*
Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms;] As two ſyllables are ſomewhere wanting in theſe lines, and the ſenſe as well as meaſure is improved by inſerting the word *fighting*, which is evidently underſtood in the conſtruction of the paſſage as hitherto printed, 'tis hoped that the genuine text is only reſtored. *Seward.*

Look,

Look, where ſhe comes! you ſhall perceive her behaviour.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden on't
Was *down-a down-a*; and penn'd by no worſe man than
Giraldo, Emilia's ſchoolmaſter: He's as
Fantaſtical too, as ever he may go upon's legs;
For in the next world will Dido ſee Palamon,
And then will ſhe be out of love with Æneas.

Doctor. What ſtuff's here? poor ſoul!

Jailor. Ev'n thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this charm, that I told you of; you muſt
Bring a piece of ſilver on the tip of your tongue,
Or no ferry: Then if it be your chance to come
Where the bleſſed ſpirits, (as there's a ſight now) we maids
That have our livers periſh'd, crack'd to pieces
With love, we ſhall come there, and do nothing
All day long but pick flowers with Proſerpine;
Then will I make Palamon a noſegay;
Then let him—mark me—then!

Doctor. How prettily ſhe's amiſs! note her a little further!

Daugh. Faith, I'll tell you; ſometime we go to barley-break,
We of the bleſs'd [85]: Alas, 'tis a ſore life
They have i'th' other place, ſuch burning, frying,
Boiling, hiſſing, howling, chatt'ring, curſing,
Oh, they have ſhrewd meaſure; take heed!
If one be mad, or hang, or drown themſelves,
Thither they go; Jupiter bleſs us! and there
Shall we be put in a caldron of lead
And uſurers' greaſe, amongſt a whole million of cut-purſes,
And there boil like a gammon of bacon
That will never be enough.

[85] *Faith I'll tell you, ſometime we go to the barly-break, we of the bleſſed; alas, 'tis a ſore life they have i' th' other place, ſuch burning, frying, boiling, hiſſing, howling, chatt'ring, curſing,* &c.] The printers

Doctor. How her brain coins!

Daugh. Lords and courtiers, that have got maids with-child,
They are in this place; they ſhall ſtand in fire
Up to the navel, and in ice up to th' heart,
And there th' offending part burns, and the deceiving part
Freezes: In troth, a very grievous puniſhment,
As one would think, for ſuch a trifle! believe me,
One would marry a leprous witch, to be rid on't,
I'll aſſure you.

Doctor. How ſhe continues this fancy!
'Tis not an engrafted madneſs, but a moſt thick
And profound melancholy.

Daugh. To hear there
A proud lady, and a proud city-wife, howl together!
I were a beaſt, an I'd call it good ſport: One
Cries, *Oh, this ſmoke!* another, *this fire!* one cries,
Oh, that ever I did it behind the arras!
And then howls; th' other curſes a ſuing fellow,
And her garden-houſe.

[*Sings.*] I will be true, my ſtars, my fate, *&c.*

[*Exit Daugh.*

Jailor. What think you of her, Sir?

Doctor. I think ſhe has a perturbed mind,
Which I cannot miniſter to.

Jailor. Alas, what then?

Doctor. Underſtand you ſhe ever affected any man,
Ere ſhe beheld Palamon?

Jailor. I was once, Sir,
In great hope ſhe had fix'd her liking on
This gentleman, my friend.

---

printers here, contrary to their uſual cuſtom, have divided the lines of this whole ſcene as if they were verſe, though it is evidently all proſe. *Seward.*

The printers having divided the lines as verſe, is a ſtrong preſumption of their having been ſo written. They often run verſe into proſe, but we remember no inſtance of the reverſe. A kind of looſe meaſure, often uſed by our Authors, was probably intended here; as ſuch we have given it, endeavouring to make out the verſe as nearly as poſſible according to the diviſion of lines in the old books.

Wooer.

Wooer. I did think ſo too;
And would account I had a great pen'worth on't,
To give half my ſtate, that both ſhe and I
At this preſent ſtood unfeignedly on the ſame terms.
Doctor. That intemperate ſurfeit of her eye hath diſtemper'd
The other ſenſes; they may return and ſettle again
To execute their preordained faculties;
But they are now in a moſt extravagant vagary.
This you muſt do: Confine her to a place where the light
May rather ſeem to ſteal in, than be permitted.
Take upon you (young Sir, her friend) the name
Of Palamon; ſay you come to eat with her,
And to commune of love; this will catch her attention,
For this her mind beats upon; other objects,
That are inſerted 'tween her mind and eye,
Become the pranks and friſkins of her madneſs;
Sing to her ſuch green ſongs of love, as ſhe
Says Palamon hath ſung in priſon; come to her,
Stuck in as ſweet flowers as the ſeaſon
Is miſtreſs of, and thereto make an addition
Of ſome other compounded odours, which
Are grateful to the ſenſe: All this
Shall become Palamon, for Palamon
Can ſing, and Palamon is ſweet,
And ev'ry good thing; deſire to eat with her,
Carve her, drink to her, and ſtill among
Intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance
Into her favour; learn what maids have been
Her companions, and play-pheers [85]; and let them
Repair to her with Palamon in their mouths,
And appear with tokens, as if they ſuggeſted for him:
It is a falſhood ſhe is in, which is
With falſhoods to be combated. This may bring her
To eat, to ſleep, and reduce what are now
Out of ſquare in her, into their former law
And regiment [86]: I have ſeen it approv'd,

[85] Play-*pheers.*] See note 95 on this play.

[86] *Regiment.*] Thus the old quarto, and right, ſignifying *government*. *Regimen* (which other copies exhibit) conveys another idea.

How

How many times I know not; but to make
The number more, I have great hope in this.
I will, between the paſſages of this project,
Come in with my appliance. Let us put it
In execution; and haſten the ſucceſs,
Which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort. [*Exe.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Theſeus, Perithous, Hippolita, and attendants.

Theſ. NOW let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers! let the temples
Burn bright with ſacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their ſwelling incenſe
To thoſe above us! Let no due be wanting!
[*Flouriſh of cornets.*
They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very pow'rs that love 'em.

Enter Palamon, Arcite, and their Knights.

Per. Sir, they enter.

Theſ. You valiant and ſtrong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow that nearneſs out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like
Before the holy altars of your helpers
(The all-fear'd gods) bow down your ſtubborn bodies!
Your ire is more than mortal; ſo your help be!
And as the gods regard ye, fight with juſtice!
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wiſhes.

Per. Honour crown the worthieſt!
[*Exeunt Theſ. and train.*

Pal. The glaſs is running now that cannot finiſh
'Till one of us expire: Think you but thus;

That

That were there aught in me which ſtrove to ſhew
Mine enemy in this buſineſs, were't one eye
Againſt another, arm oppreſs'd by arm,
I would deſtroy th' offender; coz, I would,
Tho' parcel of myſelf! then from this gather
How I ſhould tender you!

Arc. I am in labour
To puſh your name, your antient love, our kindred
Out of my memory; and i'th' ſelf-ſame place
To ſeat ſomething I would confound: So hoiſt we
The ſails, that muſt theſe veſſels port[87] ev'n where
The heav'nly Limiter pleaſes!

Pal. You ſpeak well:
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, couſin!
This I ſhall never do again.

Arc. One farewell!

Pal. Why, let it be ſo: Farewell, coz!

Arc. Farewell, Sir! [*Exe. Pal. and his Knights.*
Knights, kinſmen, lovers, yea, my ſacrifices,
True worſhippers of Mars, whoſe ſpirit in you
Expels the ſeeds of fear, and th' apprehenſion,
Which ſtill is further off it, go with me
Before the god of our profeſſion! There
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceneſs too!
Yea, the ſpeed alſo! to go on, I mean,
Elſe wiſh we to be ſnails: You know my prize
Muſt be dragg'd out of blood! force and great feat
Muſt put my garland on, where ſhe will ſtick
The queen of flow'rs; our interceſſion then
Muſt be to him that makes the camp a ceſtron
Brim'd with the blood of men; give me your aid
And bend your ſpirits towards him!— [*They kneel.*
Thou mighty one, that with thy pow'r haſt turn'd
Green Neptune into purple[88]; whoſe approach

[87] *The ſails, that muſt theſe veſſels* part.] This reading, ſo different from the Poet's meaning, is in ſeveral of the laſt editions.

[88] *Green Neptune into purple,*
Comets prewarn, whoſe havock in vaſt field, &c.] With this great deficiency of ſenſe and meaſure has this paſſage been hitherto printed.

Comets prewarn; whoſe havock in vaſt field
Unearthed ſkulls proclaim; whoſe breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foyzon[89]; who doſt pluck
With hand armipotent[90] from forth blue clouds
The maſon'd turrets; that both mak'ſt and break'ſt
The ſtony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
Young'ſt follower of thy drum[91], inſtruct this day
With military ſkill, that to thy laud
I may advance my ſtreamer, and by thee
Be ſtil'd the lord o'th' day! Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleaſure!

[Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a ſhort thunder, as the burſt of a battle, whereupon they all riſe, and bow to the altar.

Oh, great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank ſtates, thou grand decider
Of duſty and old titles, that heal'ſt with blood
The earth when it is ſick, and cur'ſt the world
O'th' pleuriſy of people; I do take
Thy ſigns auſpiciouſly, and in thy name
To my deſign march boldly. Let us go! [*Exeunt.*

---

printed. The ſenſe is eaſily reſtor'd, becauſe tho' half the ſentence is loſt, the two remaining words, *Comets prewarn*, ſufficiently point out the meaning; for that *Comets prewarn or foretel wars* is the vulgar as well as poetical creed; thus Milton,

'——— and like a comet burn'd,
'That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
'In th' arctic ſky, and from his horrid hair
'Shakes peſtilence and war.'

The *rage*, the *ravage*, the *devaſtations* of Mars will give the idea requir'd; but among theſe and many other words that would ſuit the ſenſe, only two have occurr'd that ſupply both ſenſe and meaſure, *viz. approach* and *deſtructions*, the former is certainly the beſt word, therefore bids very fair for having been the original. *Seward.*

[89] *Foyzon.*] i. e. *Abundance.* This word alſo occurs in the Tempeſt, act ii. ſc. i.

[90] *Armenypotent.*] Corrected by Seward; who obſerves that '*Armipotent* is apply'd to Mars by Chaucer in the ſame tale of Palamon 'and Arcite.'

[91] Youngeſt *follower.*] Seward reads, Young *follower.*

Enter

Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former obſervance.

Pal. Our ſtars muſt gliſter with new fire, or be
To-day extinct: Our argument is love,
Which if the goddeſs of it grant, ſhe gives
Victory too: Then blend your ſpirits with mine,
You, whoſe free nobleneſs do make my cauſe
Your perſonal hazard! To the goddeſs Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party! [*Here they kneel.*
Hail, ſovereign queen of ſecrets! who haſt power
To call the fierceſt tyrant from his rage,
To weep unto a girl [92]; that haſt the might
Ev'n with an eye-glance to choak Mars's drum,
And turn th' alarm to whiſpers; that canſt make
A cripple flouriſh with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that may'ſt force the king
To be his ſubject's vaſſal, and induce
Stale Gravity to dance; the polled bachelor [93],
(Whoſe youth, like wanton boys thro' bonfires [94],
Have ſkipt thy flame) at ſeventy thou canſt catch,
And make him, to the ſcorn of his hoarſe throat,
Abuſe young lays of love. What godlike power
Haſt thou not power upon? To Phœbus thou
Add'ſt flames, hotter than his; the heav'nly fires
Did ſcorch his mortal ſon, thine him; the huntreſs

[92] *And weep* unto *a girl.*] Mr. Theobald's margin ſays *into*, i. e. *'till he become tender as a girl.* But ſurely to become a whining lover and weep unto a girl, is an idea more proper to the context. I cannot indeed make it connect grammatically with the former part of the ſentence, without changing *and* to *to*. *Seward.*

[93] *The* pould *bachelor.*] Varied by Seward; who ſays, 'Pould is 'what we now ſpell *poll'd*, depilatus; bald-headed. Chaucer's word 'is *pilled*, as 'The Pardoner with his *Pilled* Poll.'

[94] *Whoſe youth like wanton boys thro' bonfires.*] Seward, to aſſiſt the meaſure, reads,

Whoſe freaks of *youth like wanton boys through bonfires*;

which moſt materially injures the ſenſe.

All

All moiſt and cold, ſome ſay, began to throw
Her bow away, and ſigh; take to thy grace
Me thy vow'd ſoldier! who do bear thy yoke
As 'twere a wreath of roſes, yet is heavier
Than lead itſelf, ſtings more than nettles:
I've never been foul-mouth'd againſt thy law;
Ne'er reveal'd ſecret, for I knew none, would not
Had I ken'd all that were; I never practis'd
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits; I never at great feaſts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have bluſh'd
At ſimpring Sirs that did; I have been harſh
To large confeſſors, and have hotly aſk'd 'em
If they had mothers? I had one, a woman,
And women 'twere they wrong'd. I knew a man
Of eighty winters, (this I told them) who
A laſs of fourteen brided; 'twas thy power
To put life into duſt; the aged cramp
Had ſcrew'd his ſquare foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulſions from his globy eyes
Had almoſt drawn their ſpheres, that what was life
In him ſeem'd torture; this anatomy
Had by his young fair pheer a boy[95], and I
Believ'd it was his, for ſhe ſwore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief! I am
To thoſe that prate, and have done, no companion;
To thoſe that boaſt, and have not, a defier;
To thoſe that would, and cannot, a rejoicer:
Yea, him I do not love, that tells cloſe offices
The fouleſt way, nor names concealments in
The boldeſt language[96]; ſuch a one I am,

[95] *Pheer*;] i. e. *Companion*. Coles's Dict. 1677, where it is marked as then obſolete.—The word occurs in Titus Andronicus, act iv. ſc. i. In the Silent Woman, Moroſe ſays,

'— her that I mean to chuſe for my *bed-pheer*.'

In this play, p. 92, *play-pheers* are ſpoken of.

[96] *Nor names*, &c.] This clauſe is hard; taken with the preceding and ſubſequent, all together they imply, 'He does not love the man 'who ſpeaks too groſsly of his ſucceſs in love, or does not defend ſe-'crecy in amours; the laſt of which he ever maintained.'

And vow that lover never yet made ſigh
Truer than I. Oh, then, moſt ſoft ſweet goddeſs,
Give me the victory of this queſtion, which
Is true love's merit, and bleſs me with a ſign
Of thy great pleaſure!

[*Here muſic is heard, doves are ſeen to flutter, they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.*

Oh, thou that from eleven to ninety reign'ſt
In mortal boſoms, whoſe chace is this world,
And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token! which being laid unto
Mine innocent true heart, arms in aſſurance [*They bow.*
My body to this buſineſs. Let us riſe
And bow before the goddeſs! Time comes on. [*Exe.*

[*Still muſic of records.*

Enter Emilia in white, her hair about her ſhoulders, a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair ſtuck with flowers; one before her carrying a ſilver hind, in which is conveyed incenſe and ſweet odors, which being ſet upon the altar, her maid ſtanding aloof, ſhe ſets fire to it; then they curt'ſy and kneel.

Emi. Oh, ſacred, ſhadowy, cold and conſtant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, ſolitary, white as chaſte, and pure
As wind-fann'd ſnow[97], who to thy female knights
Allow'ſt no more blood than will make a bluſh,
Which is their order's robe; I here thy prieſt
Am humbled 'fore thine altar. Oh, vouchſafe,
With that thy rare green eye[98], which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin!
And, ſacred ſilver miſtreſs, lend thine ear

[97] ——— *And pure*
As wind-fann'd ſnow.] Very ſimilar to this are a paſſage in the Double Marriage, and one in Coriolanus: The reader may find them both in vol. vii. p. 157, of this work. In Comus alſo, Milton gives a moſt nervous eulogium on Chaſtity.

[98] *With that thy rare* green *eye.*] Seward reads, '*ſheen* eye, *i. e.* extremely ſhining.' We believe the old text genuine.

(Which

(Which ne'er heard ſcurril term, into whoſe port[99]
Ne'er enter'd wanton ſound) to my petition,
Seaſon'd with holy fear! This is my laſt
Of veſtal office; I'm bride-habited,
But maiden-hearted; a huſband I have 'pointed,
But do not know him; out of two I ſhould.
Chuſe one, and pray for his ſucceſs, but I
Am guiltleſs of election of mine eyes;
Were I to loſe one, (they are equal precious)
I could doom neither; that which periſh'd ſhould
Go to't unſentenc'd: Therefore, moſt modeſt queen,
He, of the two pretenders, that beſt loves me
And has the trueſt title in't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or elſe grant
The file and quality I hold I may
Continue in thy band!

[*Here the hind vaniſhes under the altar, and in the place aſcends a roſe-tree, having one roſe upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy altar
With ſacred act advances! But one roſe?
If well inſpir'd, this battle ſhall confound
Both theſe brave knights, and I a virgin flower
Muſt grow alone unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a ſudden twang of inſtruments, and the roſe falls from the tree.*

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99 ——— *thine ear*
——— *into whoſe* port.] Mr. Theobald reads, *porch*, and quotes Hamlet:

'Into the *porches* of my ears did pour
'The leprous diſtilment.'

Mr. Theobald follows ſeveral great critics, particularly Dr. Bentley, in thinking an author's uſe of a metaphor at one time is a reaſon why he ſhould repeat the ſame, when it is again applicable; but perhaps the very reverſe is true: A good poet will always avoid tautology, if he can, and will not repeat his own or any other perſon's expreſſion, if another occurs full as good. Thus *port* in this place being full as good a word as *porch*, for the ſake of novelty would be moſt probably preferr'd to it. *Seward.*

Porch ſeems the more probable reading, and Theobald's argument appears truer than Seward's; but as *port* is ſenſe, and authorized by the old books, it ſhould not be removed from the text.

The flower is fall'n, the tree deſcends! Oh, miſtreſs,
Thou here diſchargeſt me; I ſhall be gather'd,
I think ſo; but I know not thine own will:
Unclaſp thy myſtery! I hope ſhe's pleas'd;
Her ſigns were gracious. [*They curt'ſey, and exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Doctor, Jailor, and Wooer (in habit of Palamon).

Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?

Wooer. Oh, very much: The maids that kept her company
Have half perſuaded her that I'm Palamon;
Within this half-hour ſhe came ſmiling to me,
And aſk'd me what I'd eat, and when I'd kiſs her:
I told her preſently, and kiſs'd her twice.

Doctor. 'Twas well done! twenty times had been far better;
For there the cure lies mainly.

Wooer. Then ſhe told me
She'd watch with me to-night, for well ſhe knew
What hour my fit would take me.

Doctor. Let her do ſo;
And when your fit comes, fit her home, and preſently!

Wooer. She'd have me ſing.

Doctor. You did ſo?

Wooer. No.

Doctor. 'Twas very ill done then;
You ſhould obſerve her ev'ry way.

Wooer. Alas,
I have no voice, Sir, to confirm her that way.

Doctor. That's all one, if you make a noiſe:
If ſhe entreat again, do any thing;
Lie with her, if ſhe aſk you.

Jailor. Hoa there, Doctor!

Doctor. Yes, in the way of cure.

Jailor. But firſt, by your leave,
I'th' way of honeſty!

Doctor.

Doctor. That's but a niceneſs:
Ne'er caſt your child away for honeſty;
Cure her firſt this way; then, if ſhe will be honeſt,
She has the path before her.

Jailor. Thank you, Doctor!

Doctor. Pray bring her in, and let's ſee how ſhe is.

Jailor. I will, and tell her
Her Palamon ſtays for her: But, Doctor,
Methinks you are i'th' wrong ſtill. [*Exit.*

Doctor. Go, go! You fathers are fine fools: Her honeſty?
An we ſhould give her phyſick till we find that——

Wooer. Why, do you think ſhe is not honeſt, Sir?

Doctor. How old is ſhe?

Wooer. She's eighteen.

Doctor. She may be;
But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpoſe:
Whate'er her father ſays, if you perceive
Her mood inclining that way that I ſpoke of,
Videlicet, the way of fleſh—you have me?

Wooer. Yes, very well, Sir.

Doctor. Pleaſe her appetite,
And do it home; it cures her, *ipſo facto*,
The melancholy humour that infects her.

Wooer. I am of your mind, Doctor.

Enter Jailor, Daughter, and Maid.

Doctor. You'll find it ſo. She comes; pray humour her[100]!

Jailor. Come; your love Palamon ſtays for you, child;
And has done this long hour, to viſit you.

Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience;
He's a kind gentleman, and I'm much bound to him.
Did you ne'er ſee the horſe he gave me?

Jailor. Yes.

Daugh. How do you like him?

Jailor. He's a very fair one.

100 *Pray honour her.*] Amended in 1750.

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Daugh. You never ſaw him dance?
Jailor. No.
Daugh. I have often;
He dances very finely, very comely;
And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him!
He turns you like a top.
Jailor. That's fine indeed.
Daugh. He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour.
And that will founder the beſt hobby-horſe
(If I have any ſkill) in all the pariſh;
And gallops to the tune [101] of Light o' love [102]:
What think you of this horſe?
Jailor. Having theſe virtues,
I think he might be brought to play at tennis.
Daugh. Alas, that's nothing.
Jailor. Can he write and read too?
Daugh. A very fair hand; and caſts himſelf th' accounts
Of all his hay and provender; that hoſtler
Muſt riſe betime that cozens him. You know
The cheſnut mare the duke has?
Jailor. Very well.
Daugh. She's horribly in love with him, poor beaſt;
But he is like his maſter, coy and ſcornful.
Jailor. What dowry has ſhe?
Daugh. Some two hundred bottles [103]
And twenty ſtrike of oats: But he'll ne'er have her;
He liſps in's neighing, able to entice
A miller's mare; he'll be the death of her.
Doctor. What ſtuff ſhe utters!
Jailor. Make curt'ſy; here your love comes!
Wooer. Pretty ſoul,
How do you? That's a fine maid! there's a curt'ſy!
Daugh. Yours to command, i'th' way of honeſty.
How far is't now to th' end o'th' world, my maſters

[101] *Gallops to the* turne.] Corrected by Theobald and Sewar

[102] *Light o' love.*] This appears to have been a very popular and is frequently mentioned by our Authors and their contempo

[103] *Bottles;*] *i. e.* Bottles of hay; ſome ſpell it *pottles.* Sewa

Do

Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.
Daugh. Will you go with me?
Wooer. What ſhall we do there, wench?
Daugh. Why, play at ſtool-ball:
What is there elſe to do?
Wooer. I am content,
If we ſhall keep our wedding there.
Daugh. 'Tis true;
For there I will aſſure you we ſhall find
Some blind prieſt for the purpoſe, that will venture
To marry us, for here they're nice and fooliſh;
Beſides, my father muſt be hang'd tomorrow,
And that would be a blot i'th' buſineſs.
Are not you Palamon?
Wooer. Do not you know me?
Daugh. Yes; but you care not for me: I have nothing
But this poor petticoat, and two coarſe ſmocks.
Wooer. That's all one; I will have you.
Daugh. Will you ſurely?
Wooer. Yes; by this fair hand, will I.
Daugh. We'll to-bed then.
Wooer. Ev'n when you will.
Daugh. Oh, Sir, you'd fain be nibbling[104].
Wooer. Why do you rub my kiſs off?
Daugh. 'Tis a ſweet one,
And will perfume me finely 'gainſt the wedding.
Is not this your couſin Arcite?
Doctor. Yes, ſweetheart;
And I am glad my couſin Palamon
Has made ſo fair a choice.
Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?
Doctor. Yes, without doubt.
Daugh. Do you think ſo too?
Jailor. Yes.
Daugh. We ſhall have many children.—Lord, how you're grown!

[104] Daugh. *Oh, Sir, you'd fain be nibling.*] Seward ſays, 'This 'ſeems evidently to belong to the Father, who cannot eaſily conſent 'to the remedy propos'd by the Doctor;' but we think it doubtful.

My Palamon I hope will grow too finely,
Now he's at liberty: Alas, poor chicken,
He was kept down with hard meat, and ill lodging,
But I will kiſs him up again.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. What do you here?
You'll loſe the nobleſt fight that e'er was ſeen.
Jailor. Are they i'th' field?
Meſſ. They are:
You bear a charge there too.
Jailor. I'll away ſtraight.
I muſt ev'n leave you here.
Doctor. Nay, we'll go with you;
I will not loſe the fight.
Jailor. How did you like her?
Doctor. I'll warrant you within theſe three or four days
I'll make her right again. You muſt not from her,
But ſtill preſerve her in this way.
Wooer. I will.
Doctor. Let's get her in.
Wooer. Come, ſweet, we'll go to dinner;
And then we'll play at cards.
Daugh. And ſhall we kiſs too?
Wooer. A hundred times.
Daugh. And twenty?
Wooer. Ay, and twenty.
Daugh. And then we'll ſleep together?
Doctor. Take her offer.
Wooer. Yes, marry will we.
Daugh. But you ſhall not hurt me.
Wooer. I will not, ſweet.
Daugh. If you do, love, I'll cry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous, and attendants.

Emi. I'll no ſtep further.
Per. Will you loſe this ſight?

Emi. I had rather ſee a wren hawk at a fly,
Than this deciſion: Ev'ry blow that falls
Threats a brave life; each ſtroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and ſounds more like
A bell, than blade: I will ſtay here:
It is enough, my hearing ſhall be puniſh'd
With what ſhall happen, ('gainſt the which there is
No deafing) but to hear, not taint mine eye
With dread ſights it may ſhun.

Per. Sir, my good lord,
Your ſiſter will no further.

Theſ. Oh, ſhe muſt:
She ſhall ſee deeds of honour in their kind[105],
Which ſometime ſhew well-pencil'd: Nature now
Shall make and act the ſtory, the belief
Both ſeal'd with eye and ear. You muſt be preſent;
You are the victor's meed, the price and garland
To crown the queſtion's title.

Emi. Pardon me;
If I were there, I'd wink.

Theſ. You muſt be there;
This trial is as 'twere i'th' night, and you
The only ſtar to ſhine.

Emi. I am extinct;
There is but envy in that light, which ſhews
The one the other. Darkneſs, which ever was
The dam of Horror, who does ſtand accurs'd
Of many mortal millions, may ev'n now,
By caſting her black mantle over both
That neither could find other, get herſelf
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off whereto ſhe's guilty.

---

[105] *She ſhall ſee deeds of honour in their kind,*
Which ſometime *ſhew well pencill'd.*] Deeds of honour are not only *ſometimes* but at all times *well pencill'd, i. e.* worthy to be engrav'd on the memory, *ſometime* therefore is probably a corrupt reading, and *time ſhall* as probably the true one, as it gives the ſenſe requir'd by the context. *Seward.*

The old text is right, and the logical diſtinction between *ſometimes* and *all times* ridiculous. The ſenſe is clear, without any reaſon to ſuſpect corruption, or demand alteration.

Hip.

Hip. You muſt go.
Emi. In faith, I will not.
Theſ. Why, the knights muſt kindle
Their valour at your eye: Know, of this war
You are the treaſure, and muſt needs be by
To give the ſervice pay.
Emi. Sir, pardon me;
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itſelf.
Theſ. Well, well then, at your pleaſure!
Thoſe that remain with you could wiſh their office
To any of their enemies.
Hip. Farewell, ſiſter!
I'm like to know your huſband 'fore yourſelf,
By ſome ſmall ſtart of time: He whom the gods
Do of the two know beſt, I pray them he
Be made your lot!
[*Exeunt Theſeus, Hippolita, Perithous, &c.*
Emi. Arcite is gently viſag'd; yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a ſharp weapon
In a ſoft ſheath; Mercy, and manly courage,
Are bedfellows in his viſage. Palamon
Has a moſt menacing aſpect; his brow
Is grav'd, and ſeems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet ſometimes 'tis not ſo, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
Becomes him nobly; ſo does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's ſadneſs is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if Mirth did make him ſad,
And Sadneſs, merry; thoſe darker humours that
Stick miſbecomingly on others [106], on him
Live in fair dwelling.
[*Cornets. Trumpets ſound as to a charge.*

[106] ——— *thoſe darker humours that*
Stick miſ-becomingly on others, on them
Live in fair dwelling.] Arcite does not appear to have any of the melancholy or darker humours; theſe therefore ſeem only applicable to Palamon, and make it probable that we ſhould read *on him*, inſtead of *on them*. *Seward.*

Hark,

Hark, how yon ſpurs [107] to ſpirit do incite
The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me;
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite, to
The ſpoiling of his figure. Oh, what pity
Enough for ſuch a chance! If I were by,
I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes
Toward my ſeat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence [108],
Which crav'd that very time; it is much better
[*Cornets. Cry within*, A Palamon!
I am not there; oh, better never born
Than miniſter to ſuch harm!—What is the chance?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The cry's a Palamon.

---

[107] *Hark, how yon ſpurs.*] We have not, for ſeveral plays paſt, amuſed our Readers with an account of the amendments which the Editors of 1750 *pretend* to have made, in order to enhance the idea of their own ingenuity: We have not, however, diſcontinued that information for want of matter (there has all along been abundance!) but for fear of its becoming troubleſome. After ſo long a receſs, it may not be diſagreeable to reſume the character of Detectors, and reveal the Falſhoods told of the play now before us.

In the paſſage quoted at the head of this note, they pretend to have altered *your* to *yon*; p. 46, l. 12, *feat* to *feet*; p. 49, l. 28, A jewel to O jewel; p. 53, l. 7, *on't* to *out*, though Davenant, as well as our old quarto, reads *out*; p. 78, l. laſt, *and* innocent to *an* innocent; p. 95, l. 4, *woken* to *with*; p. 96, l. 19, *ſtate* to *ſtale*; p. 97, l. 24, *ſphere* to *pheer*; and p. 103, l. laſt, to have added the word *grown*.—Every one of theſe paſſages ſtands right in the firſt quarto, which their own notes prove they were poſſeſſed of.

[108] *Omit* a ward, *or forfeit an* offence.] Mr. Sympſon would read *defence*, but *ward* and *defence* is the ſame thing. *Offence* is the reverſe to *ward*, as weapons of offence and defence. To forfeit an offence therefore, is to miſs the opportunity of ſtriking ſome advantageous blow, that might give the victory. The weapon uſed in the legal duello in England was only a batoon or truncheon, and this was deſign'd by the Authors to be underſtood of the preſent combat. It is extremely beautiful to have this duel perform'd behind the ſcenes, yet within hearing. All battles on the ſtage make, as Shakeſpeare ſays, but *brawls ridiculous*. Here is a method of concealing all the awkwardneſs of ſuch combats, and keeping the attention of the audience upon the full ſtretch. It was an art well known to the Greek tragedians, as in the famous inſtance of Clytemneſtra's murder, who is heard to deprecate her ſon's vengeance behind the ſcenes, and Electra upon the ſtage continues to irritate it. *Seward.*

Emi.

Emi. Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely:
He look'd all grace and ſucceſs, and he is
Doubtleſs the prim'ſt of men. I prithee run,
And tell me how it goes.

[*Shout, and cornets; cry,* A Palamon!

Serv. Still Palamon.

Emi. Run and enquire. Poor ſervant, thou haſt loſt!
Upon my right ſide ſtill I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left: Why ſo, I know not;
I had no end in't [108]; Chance would have it ſo.

[*Another cry and ſhout within, and cornets.*

On the ſiniſter ſide the heart lies; Palamon
Had the beſt-boding chance. This burſt of clamour
Is ſure the end o' th' combat.

Enter Servant.

Serv. They ſaid that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o' th' pyramid, that the cry
Was general a Palamon; but anon,
Th' aſſiſtants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tilters at this inſtant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emi. Were they metamorphos'd
Both into one—Oh, why? there were no woman
Worth ſo compos'd a man! Their ſingle ſhare,
Their nobleneſs peculiar to them [109], gives
The prejudice of diſparity, value's ſhortneſs,

[*Cornets. Cry within,* Arcite, Arcite!

To any lady breathing.—More exulting?
Palamon ſtill?

Serv. Nay, now the ſound is Arcite.

Emi. I prithee lay attention to the cry;

[*Cornets. A great ſhout, and cry,* Arcite, victory!

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[108] *I had no end in't; elſe chance would have it ſo.*] Former editions. Mr. Sympſon would read *leſs, i. e.* unleſs: And that too with my firſt conjecture. But more probably the particle *elſe* may be a mere interpolation, for the ſenſe and meaſure are better without it. *Seward.*

[109] *Their nobleneſs, &c.*] This line is now firſt reſtored from the old quarto. The conſequent deficiency of ſenſe greatly diſtreſſes Seward

Set

Set both thine ears to th' buſineſs.

Serv. The cry is
Arcite, and victory! Hark! Arcite, victory!
The combat's conſummation is proclaim'd
By the wind-inſtruments.

Emi. Half-ſights ſaw
That Arcite was no babe: God's 'lid, his richneſs
And coſtlineſs of ſpirit look'd thro' him! it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters,
That drift winds force to raging. I did think
Good Palamon would miſcarry; yet I knew not
Why I did think ſo: Our reaſons are not prophets,
When oft our fancies are. They're coming off:
Alas, poor Palamon! [*Cornets.*

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Perithous, Arcite as victor, attendants, &c.

Theſ. Lo, where our ſiſter is in expectation,
Yet quaking, and unſettled. Faireſt Emilia,
The gods, by their divine arbitrament,
Have given you this knight: He is a good one
As ever ſtruck at head. Give me your hands!
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay!

Arc. Emilia,
To buy you I have loſt what's deareſt to me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchaſe cheaply,
As I do rate your value.

Theſ. Oh, lov'd ſiſter,
He ſpeaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did ſpur a noble ſteed: Surely the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, leſt his race
Should ſhew i' th' world too godlike! His behaviour
So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was
To him a ſow of lead: If I could praiſe
Each part of him to th' all I've ſpoke, your Arcite
Did not loſe by't; for he that was thus good,
Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard

Two

Two emulous Philomels [110] beat the ear o'th' night
With their contentious throats, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the firſt,
And by and by out-breaſted [111], that the ſenſe
Could not be judge between 'em: So it far'd
Good ſpace between theſe Kinſmen; 'till Heav'ns did
Make hardly one the winner. Wear the garland
With joy that you have won! For the ſubdu'd,
Give them our preſent juſtice, ſince I know
Their lives but pinch 'em; let it here be done.
The ſcene's not for our ſeeing: Go we hence,
Right joyful, with ſome ſorrow! Arm your prize [112],
I know you will not loſe her. Hippolita,
I ſee one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver. [*Flouriſh.*

Emi. Is this winning?
Oh, all you heav'nly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have ſaid it muſt be ſo,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miſerable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I ſhould, and would die too.

Hip. Infinite pity,
That four ſuch eyes ſhould be ſo fix'd on one,
That two muſt needs be blind for't!

Theſ. So it is. [*Exeunt.*

[110] *Two emulous Philomels.*] I cannot paſs by this ſimile without begging the reader to give a due attention to it, as it may rank with the moſt beautiful deſcriptions of the nightingale that are met with in Virgil and Milton. It is alſo totally different from all the attitudes of this angel of night that thoſe poets, who were ſo enamour'd of her ſong, have ever painted her in. It may be further obſerv'd that thoſe ſimilies ſtrike the moſt, which, in their own natures, ſeem totally averſe to their archetype, but are join'd to it in perfect union by the art of the poet. What, at firſt ſight, could be more unlike than the fury of a combat to the ſinging of nightingales? Yet how charmingly are they marry'd together? They who are converſant in Homer, Virgil, Spencer, Milton, &c. will be able to recollect many inſtances of the like nature. *Seward.*

[111] *Out*-breaſted.] See not 28 on the Pilgrim.

[112] Arm *your prize*;] i. e. Take the lady, whom you have won, by the hand.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Palamon and his Knights pinion'd, Jailor, Executioner, and Guard.

Pal. There's many a man alive that hath out-liv'd
The love o'th' people; yea, i'th' ſelf-ſame ſtate
Stands many a father with his child: Some comfort
We have by ſo conſidering; we expire,
And not without mens' pity; to live ſtill,
Have their good wiſhes; we prevent
The loathſome miſery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers; we come tow'rds the gods
Young, and unwarp'd [113], not halting under crimes
Many and ſtale; that ſure ſhall pleaſe the gods
Sooner than ſuch, to give us nectar with 'em,
For we are more clear ſpirits. My dear kinſmen,
Whoſe lives (for this poor comfort) are laid down,
You've ſold 'em too, too cheap.

1 *Knight.* What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whoſe title is as momentary
As to us death is certain; a grain of honour

[113] *Young and* unwapper'd.] *i. e.* ſays Mr. Sympſon, young and *unfrighten'd*. He quotes no authority, nor can I find one in my Dictionaries. Mr. Theobald concurs with me in reading *unwarp'd*, which, ſuppoſing the former word to be true Engliſh and to give the idea mentioned, rather better agrees with the ſenſe, and much better with the meaſure of the context. Thus Valerio, in A Wife for a Month, ſays in the like circumſtances,

To die a young man is to be an angel;
Our yet good parts put wings unto our ſouls.

And again,

As it [*age*] *encreaſes, ſo vexations,*
Griefs of the mind, pains of the feeble body,
Rheums, coughs, catarrs; we're but our living coffins.
Beſides, the fair ſoul's old too, it grows covetous,
And we are earth again.—— See the whole ſcene, act ii.

P. S. I find in the Gloſſary to Urry's Chaucer, *wapid* and *awhapid*, daunted, aſtoniſhed. This is probably the ſame word that Mr. Sympſon may have ſomewhere found ſpelt *wapper'd*. *Seward.*

They

They not o'er-weigh us.

2 *Knight.* Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tott'ring Fortune,
Who at her certain'ſt reels!

3 *Knight.* Come; who begins?

Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this banquet, ſhall
Taſte to you all. Ah-ha, my friend, my friend!
Your gentle Daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll ſee't done now for ever. Pray how does ſhe?
I heard ſhe was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me ſome ſorrow.

Jailor. Sir, ſhe's well reſtor'd,
And to be married ſhortly.

Pal. By my ſhort life,
I am moſt glad on't! 'tis the lateſt thing
I ſhall be glad of; prithee tell her ſo:
Commend me to her, and to piece her portion
Tender her this.

1 *Knight.* Nay, let's be offerers all!

2 *Knight.* Is it a maid?

Pal. Verily, I think ſo;
A right good creature, more to me deſerving
Than I can quit or ſpeak of!

All Knights. Commend us to her. [*Give their purſes.*

Jailor. The gods requite you all,
And make her thankful!

Pal. Adieu! and let my life be now as ſhort
As my leave-taking. [*Lies on the block.*

1 *Knight.* Lead, courageous couſin!

2 *Knight.* We'll follow cheerfully.

[*A great noiſe within, crying,* Run, ſave, hold!

Enter in haſte a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Hold, hold! oh, hold, hold, hold!

Enter Perithous in haſte.

Per. Hold, hoa! it is a curſed haſte you made,
If you have done ſo quickly.—Noble Palamon,
The gods will ſhew their glory in a life

That thou art yet to lead.

Pal. Can that be, when
Venus I've ſaid is falſe? How do things fare?

Per. Ariſe, great Sir, and give the tidings ear
That are moſt dearly ſweet and bitter [114]!

Pal. What
Hath wak'd us from our dream?

Per. Lift then! Your couſin,
Mounted upon a ſteed that Emily
Did firſt beſtow on him, a black one, owing
Not a hair-worth of white, which ſome will ſay
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodneſs with this note; which ſuperſtition
Here finds allowance: On this horſe is Arcite,
Trotting the ſtones of Athens, which the calkins [115]
Did rather tell than trample; for the horſe
Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his rider
To put pride in him: As he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to th' muſic
His own hoofs made (for, as they ſay, from iron
Came muſic's origin) what envious flint,

[114] *That are moſt* early *ſweet and bitter.*] Mr. Sympſon and I agree in rejecting *early* as a corruption, but he reads *rarely ſweet*, and I *dearly*. The adverb *dearly* in the ſenſe of *exceedingly* or *extremely*, ſeems particularly beautiful when expreſſive of any of the tender paſſions, whether of joy or ſorrow, and after I had inſerted it in my notes, I found in the laſt ſpeech of this Play a confirmation of it:

——— *for whom* ———
But one hour ſince, I was as dearly ſorry,
As glad of Arcite: ——

The repeated uſe of the ſame adverb, in the ſame ſenſe, is not an inſtance of that tautology ſpoke of in the laſt note of the firſt ſcene of this Play, for a metaphor repeated differs much from ſimple words. Words, when they occur twice, muſt generally have the ſame ideas fixed to them; but metaphors always containing double ideas, with a ſimilitude between them, or, as has been frequently obſerv'd, being ſhort ſimilies, they ſhould be as ſeldom repeated as poſſible; as the ſame ſimile ſhould not be uſed twice. *Seward.*

Dearly is, we think, right: But poor Seward is a little gravelled with his own doctrine of tautology.

[115] *Calkins;*] i. e. *Hoofs*, we ſuppoſe, from the Latin *calx.* —— There are ſome hard and odd paſſages, mixed with much poetical expreſſion, in this deſcription.

Cold as old Saturn, and like him poſſeſs'd
With fire malevolent, darted a ſpark,
Or what fierce ſulphur elſe, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horſe, hot as fire,
Took toy at this, and fell to what diſorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets ſchool-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
At the ſharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; ſeeks all foul means
Of boiſterous and rough jadry, to dis-ſeat
His lord that kept it bravely: When nought ſerv'd,
When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor diff'ring plunges
Dis-root his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs on end he ſtands,
That Arcite's legs being higher than his head,
Seem'd with ſtrange art to hang: His victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head; and preſently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poize
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living,
But ſuch a veſſel 'tis that floats but for
The ſurge that next approaches: He much deſires
To have ſome ſpeech with you. Lo, he appears!

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite in a chair.

Pal. Oh, miſerable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty!—Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy laſt words! I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand;
Farewell! I've told my laſt hour. I was falſe [116],

[116] *I was falſe.*] I believe the reader will not be eaſily convinc'd, that Arcite had been falſe. But our Authors ſeem to have been ſo poſſeſs'd of the ſtory from Chaucer, that they even forgot that they had inſerted an eſſential part of it, the oath between the Two Kinſ-

men

Yet never treacherous: Forgive me, couſin!
One kiſs from fair Emilia! 'Tis done:
Take her. I die! [*Dies.*
Pal. Thy brave ſoul ſeek Elyſium!
Emi. I'll cloſe thine eyes, prince; bleſſed ſouls be with thee!
Thou art a right good man; and while I live
This day I give to tears.
Pal. And I to honour.
Theſ. In this place firſt you fought; even very here
I ſunder'd you: Acknowledge to the gods
Our thanks that you are living.
His part is play'd, and, tho' it were too ſhort,
He did it well: Your day is lengthen'd, and
The bliſsful dew of Heaven does arroſe you [117];
The powerful Venus well hath grac'd her altar,
And given you your love; our maſter Mars
Has vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention: So the deities
Have ſhew'd due juſtice. Bear this hence!
Pal. Oh, couſin,
That we ſhould things deſire, which do coſt us
The loſs of our deſire! that nought could buy
Dear love, but loſs of dear love!
Theſ. Never Fortune
Did play a ſubtler game: The conquer'd triumphs,
The victor has the loſs; yet in the paſſage
The gods have been moſt equal. Palamon,

men never to rival, but always to aſſiſt each other in love. This, as was before obſerv'd, would juſtify Palamon's anger and render him the more amiable character. *Seward.*

The characters of Palamon and Arcite are finely diſcriminated. Palamon is certainly the aggrieved party; yet there is a gallantry in Arcite that redeems his falſhood; and a paſſion in Palamon that renders him ſtill more amiable and intereſting from the very infirmity of his temper.—Either Seward, or his Printer, have made a miſtake here; for our Authors *have* NOT *inſerted* the oath.

117 *Arouze you*;] i. e. *Water, ſprinkle*; bedew from the French, *arroſer*. *Seward.*

It ſhould then be ſpelt *arroſe: Arouſe* is an Engliſh word of very different import.

Your Kinſman hath confeſs'd the right o' th' lady
Did lie in you; for you firſt ſaw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he reſtor'd her,
As your ſtol'n jewel, and deſir'd your ſpirit
To ſend him hence forgiven: The gods my juſtice
Take from my hand, and they themſelves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off;
And call your lovers [118] from the ſtage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends! A day or two
Let us look ſadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite! in whoſe end
The viſages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
And ſmile with Palamon; for whom an hour,
But one hour ſince, I was as dearly ſorry,
As glad of Arcite; and am now as glad,
As for him ſorry. Oh, you heav'nly charmers [119],
What things you make of us! For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are ſorry ſtill;
Are children in ſome kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with You leave diſpute
That are above our queſtion! Let's go off,
And bear us like the time! [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

[118] *Your* LOVERS;] *i. e.* The knights who aſſiſted you.

[119] *Heav'nly charmers.*] *i. e.* Enchanters, ruling us at their will, whoſe operations are beyond our power to conceive, till we ſee the effects of them. *Seward.*

So in Othello, act iii. ſcene iv.

'——That handkerchief
'Did an Ægyptian to my mother give:
'She was *a charmer*, and could almoſt read
'The thoughts of people.' *R.*

EPILOGUE.

I WOULD now aſk ye how ye like the play;
But, as it is with ſchoolboys cannot ſay,
I'm cruel fearful! Pray yet ſtay a while,
And let me look upon ye! No man ſmile?
Then it goes hard, I ſee: He that has
Lov'd a young handſome wench then, ſhew his face!
'Tis ſtrange if none be here; and if he will
Againſt his conſcience, let him hiſs, and kill
Our market! 'Tis in vain, I ſee, to ſtay ye;
Have at the worſt can come, then! Now what ſay ye?
And yet miſtake me not: I am not bold;
We've no ſuch cauſe. If the Tale we have told
(For 'tis no other) any way content ye,
(For to that honeſt purpoſe it was meant ye)
We have our end; and ye ſhall have ere long
I dare ſay many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us: We, and all our might,
Reſt at your ſervice. Gentlemen, good night!

[*Flouriſh.*

THIS whole Play, Mr. Seward obſerves, 'abounds with ſuch 'ſublimity of ſentiment and diction, that were the beauties to be 'mark'd with aſteriſms, after Mr. Pope and Mr. Warburton's man-'ner, ſcarce a page would be left uncover'd with them.'

The capital defect in the Piece is hinted at in theſe words of the Epilogue,

——— *If the* TALE *we have told*
(For 'tis NO OTHER)——

It is indeed rather a *Tale* than a *Drama*, particularly towards the concluſion, which has perhaps ſo long prevented its repreſentation on the ſtage; where ſome ſcenes of it would produce a great effect, tho' there are in this Dramatick Tale many excellent paſſages, more calculated to pleaſe the reader than ſpectator. The mixture of Gothick with antient manners was the common vice of the writers of the age in which it was wrote. It is, however, a moſt noble Play, replete with animated diſcourſe, and ſublime touches of poetry.

THE Two Noble Kinſmen, on the authority of the *title-page to the firſt edition*, has been looked on *as the production of* Shakeſpeare and Fletcher; *but not being able to find any ſatisfactory proof (nor indeed preſumptive, except that it contains many paſſages not unworthy of him)* that the former was joint Author of it, we acknowledge we doubt the tradition of his being at all concerned in the piece. Little ſtreſs can be laid on the title-page in queſtion (the only ſhadow of authority), which bears evident marks of the craft of a publiſher, and was not printed till nine years after the death of Fletcher, and ſixteen after Shakeſpeare's. Seward, however takes it for granted to be the production of the Poets to whom it has been attributed; of which he does not mention a doubt, but ſays,

I. 'It will be an entertainment to the curious to diſtinguiſh 'the hand of Shakeſpeare from that of Fletcher. The only 'external evidence that I ever heard of, is a tradition of the 'playhouſe, that the firſt act only was wrote by Shake-'ſpeare, and this Mr. Warburton ſays in his Preface to that 'Author. If it is true it does great honour to Fletcher, for 'though there are many excellent things in that act, it is 'in every reſpect much inferior to the four others. Had it 'fallen within Mr. Warburton's province to have examin'd 'the internal evidence, I know no man ſo capable of ſtriking 'light out of obſcurity. I ſhall lay before the Reader the 'reaſons which make me doubt the authenticity of this tra-'dition, and ſhall endeavour to prove that either Shakeſpeare 'had a very great hand in all the acts of this play, particu-'larly in the whole charming character of the Jailor's 'Daughter, or elſe that Fletcher more cloſely imitated him 'in this than in any other part of his works.'

II. The priſon ſcene between Palamon and Arcite 'is, ſays Seward, 'more worthy of Shakeſpeare than any long one 'in the firſt act. It is in Shakeſpeare's SECOND-BEST man-'ner, or in Fletcher's BEST, and theſe are not eaſily diſtin-'guiſhable. If the Reader will conſult the firſt ſcene of the 'two brothers with their ſuppoſed father coming out of the 'cave in Cymbeline, and the deſcription of the Spartan 'hounds by Theſeus in Midſummer-Night's Dream, he will 'find a great ſimilitude of ſentiment, ſtile and ſpirit: Add

'to

'to theſe the following lines in Richard II. Mowbray being 'baniſh'd thus complains of his want of foreign languages;

" Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
" Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips,
" And dull unfeeling barren Ignorance
" Muſt be the jailor to attend on me.'

'All but the ſecond of theſe are noble lines, though ſo 'great a man as Mr. Pope diſcarded them from the text. 'The end of Arcite's former ſpeech (which Milton very 'cloſely follows, bewailing his blindneſs, in his Hymn to 'Light) and the lines referr'd to in the emendation above, 'have the ſublimity of theſe lines of Mowbray without the 'quaintneſs of thought that diſgraces one of them, not-'withſtanding its ſimilitude to the ἐρκος ὀδοντων of Homer. 'Theſe reaſons may induce one to place this ſcene to Shake-'ſpeare.' Here, however, ariſe DOUBTS: 'On the other 'hand, the ſimile of a wild boar in chaſe to the Parthian 'archer (who by a bold poetic liberty is called the Parthian 'quiver), the briſtles and darts ſticking on his back to the 'arrows on the archer's ſhoulder, and the frequent and furious 'turnings of the boar to the Parthian's turning to ſhoot as 'he flies. This noble ſimile is a favourite of Fletcher's, and 'he uſes it in another play that ſeems to have been wrote 'before this. And I believe it no where occurs in Shake-'ſpeare. As to the anachroniſm of making Parthian archers 'talk'd of in Theſeus's time, it is an impropriety that both 'Shakeſpeare and Fletcher are equally guilty of.'

III. Speaking of the Jailor's Daughter, 'The Aurora 'of Guido has not more ſtrokes of the ſame hand which 'drew his Bacchus and Ariadne, than the ſweet deſcription 'of this pretty maiden's love-diſtraction has to the like diſ-'traction of Ophelia in Hamlet: That of Ophelia ending 'in her death, is like the Ariadne more moving, but the 'images here, like thoſe in Aurora, are more numerous, 'and equally exquiſite in grace and beauty. May we not 'then pronounce, that either this is Shakeſpeare's, or that 'Fletcher has here equall'd him in his very BEST manner?'

IV. In p. 115, the Reader will find Mr. Seward propoſe a mode of juſtification for Palamon's anger; after which he adds, 'This ſeems the whole that is wanting (which 'might be added in three lines) to render this play equal to 'Cymbeline, Meaſure for Meaſure, Twelfth-Night, As You 'Like it, and all the plays of the SECOND CLASS of Shake-'ſpeare; and to The Maid's Tragedy, The Falſe One, The

'Bloody Brother, A King and No King, Philaſter, The 'Double Marriage, and the reſt of the FIRST-RATE plays of 'Beaumont and Fletcher.'

V. The deſcription of female friendſhip, p. 21, *& ſeq.* he ſays, 'was probably Shakeſpeare's, and in his SECOND, if 'not in his very BEST manner, which will evidently appear 'by its preference, which it may juſtly claim to the like de-'ſcription in Midſummer-Night's Dream, act iii. ſcene viii.

"We, Hermia, like two artificial gods
"Created with our needles both one flower,
"Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion;
"Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
"As if our hands, our ſides, voices and minds
"Had been incorporate; ſo we grew together.
"Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
"But yet an union in partition,
"Two lovely berries molded on one ſtem;
"Or with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart,
"Two of the firſt, like coats in heraldry,
"Due but to one, and crowned with one creſt."

VI. Relative to the madneſs of the Jailor's Daughter, 'There are, ſays Seward, ſuch characteriſing ſtrokes, and 'ſuch ſtrong features of both Ophelia and Lear in their 'phrenſies, that one cannot but believe that the ſame 'pencil drew them all.'

VII. We will now mention a DOUBT or two more. 'If the 'Reader will pleaſe to conſult the ſoliloquy of Richard II. 'in priſon, he will find ſeveral ſtrokes much reſembling 'ſome in this ſcene, [the priſon ſcene between Palamon and Arcite] 'and whilſt he compares them may be apt to aſcribe 'them both to the ſame hand; but the following lines out 'of Fletcher's Lovers' Progreſs may again ſtagger our opi-'nion and make us as apt to aſcribe the whole ſcene to Flet-'cher. Lidian, a young lover in a fit of deſpair, turns 'hermit, and thus deſcribes the happineſs of ſolitude;

"——These wild fields are my gardens;
"The cryſtal rivers they afford their waters,
"And grudge not their ſweet ſtreams to quench afflic-
tions,
"The hollow rocks their beds, which tho' they're hard
"(The emblems of a doting lover's fortune)
"Yet they are quiet, and the weary ſlumbers
"The eyes catch there, ſofter than beds of down;
"The birds my bell to call me to devotions;
"My book the ſtory of my wand'ring life,

"In

" In which I find more hours due to Repentance
" Than Time hath told me yet.'

' See the whole dialogue, act iv. ſcene iii.'

VIII. Again, ' What was ſaid of the difficulty of judging ' whether Shakeſpeare or Fletcher had the greateſt hand in ' the ſcene of the Two Kinſmen in priſon, is applicable to ' this, [the temple ſcene] and indeed to all the ſcenes in ' which they appear. Fletcher frequently writes as well, ' and Shakeſpeare perhaps alone of all our dramatick poets ' can be ſaid ever to have wrote better.'

IX. Again, ' This Schoolmaſter and his fellow-comedians ' ſeem very like the farcical clowns in Midſummer-Night's ' Dream, and other plays of Shakeſpeare; yet it ſeems probable ' that Fletcher had the greateſt ſhare of this, as the quotation ' from Tully's Oration againſt Catiline, and all the Latiniſms ' of the Schoolmaſter ſeem wrote by one who was more ' ready in Latin quotations than Shakeſpeare; who, not- ' withſtanding all the pains which learned men have taken ' to prove the contrary, ſeems to have had no more Latin ' than falls to the ſhare of a very young ſchool-boy, the ' Grammar and a little of Ovid. At the ſame time, I allow ' him an excellent ſcholar in Engliſh, French, and Italian, ' which comprehend a vaſt extent of literature.'

X. Shakeſpeare's ſuppoſed want of erudition, Mr. Seward conſiders as an argument for ſome other particular parts being attributed to Fletcher: Thus, after obſerving that the method of concealing combats was an art well known to the Greek tragedians, he ſays, ' I don't remember either in Shakeſpeare ' or Fletcher any inſtance of this kind before this combat. ' As Fletcher was a ſcholar, and Shakeſpeare not one in ' Greek, the former was probably the Author here.'

XI. Again, ſpeaking of Theſeus's addreſs to the Firſt Queen, wherein he mentions Juno's mantle, Seward ſays, ' As there ' is more diſplay of learning in this ſpeech than is uſually ' ſeen in Shakeſpeare's, may we not probably ſuppoſe this ' ſcene to have been Fletcher's, contrary to the receiv'd opinion.'

XII. The modeſty of the expreſſion, ' Weak as we are,' in the Prologue, makes Seward think it ' probable, that the ' play was acted before the death of Shakeſpeare, and that ' it was wrote in conjunction as much as thoſe which Beau- ' mont joined in.' And the modeſty of promiſing, in the Epilogue, ' many a better play,' ſays he, ' ſtrengthens the ' probability of the two great Authors having nearly an equal ' ſhare of the play. Had Fletcher finiſhed a work of Shake- ' ſpeare's, he would probably have ſpoke in a different ſtile.'

I. Seward

I. Seward is rather unfortunate in his beginning; for Warburton does not even mention The Two Noble Kinſmen in the Preface.—Pope ſpeaks of it in his Preface, in the following manner: ‘ ——— if that Play be his, as there goes ‘ a tradition it was, (and indeed it has little reſemblance of ‘ Fletcher, and more of our Author than ſome of thoſe ‘ which have been received as genuine):’ An aſſertion which that great man would not have made had he ever read Fletcher with attention.—Mr. Steevens ranks this Play in the ſame liſt with Locrine, London Prodigal, Sir John Oldcaſtle, and the other plays aſcribed to Shakeſpeare by Catalogues and Editions whoſe authority has not been ſufficient to gain the ſeveral pieces there mentioned a place among the Dramas at preſent received as Shakeſpeare's, except the poſthumous title-page of 1634, there is indeed no kind of authority.

II. III. IV. Seward is very fond of the idea of Fletcher's BEST manner reſembling Shakeſpeare's SECOND-BEST, but we cannot help thinking it childiſh to account the poetry of thoſe ſcenes which he cites, Shakeſpeare's SECOND-BEST. Whether they were his work or Fletcher's, they are moſt excellent; and might have been produced by either, or by Beaumont. That Shakeſpeare is, taken altogether, ſuperior to our Authors, is certain; but there often occur paſſages in their plays far beyond the promiſe of the ſubject, and equal to the pen of any writer antient or modern; as may be evinced by numberleſs paſſages in Philaſter, the Maid's Tragedy, King and No King, Bonduca, Wife for a Month, Cupid's Revenge, &c. &c. &c. notwithſtanding what is above quoted from the Preface of that great man, Mr. Pope.

V. In our opinion, there is more eaſe, ſpirit, and nature, in the deſcription in the Midſummer-Night's Dream, than in that of the Two Noble Kinſmen. However, if it be otherwiſe, Fletcher has confeſſedly ſo much poetical merit, that to attribute his moſt exquiſite beauties to Shakeſpeare, is doing him an injury. And in this injury we are ſorry to find Dr. Farmer has taken part, who, ſpeaking of Emilia's fine compariſon of a maid to a roſe, which he highly praiſes, ſays, ‘ I have no doubt thoſe lines were written by Shake-‘ ſpeare.’ And becauſe the ſpeech of Theſeus, p. 25, is particularly beautiful, Seward thinks that it ‘ looks extremely ‘ like the hand of Shakeſpeare.’

VI. Though there is much poetical fancy in the phrenſy of the Jailor's Daughter, we cannot with Mr. Seward think

it

it equal to the *natural* madneſs painted by Shakeſpeare. Like the aſſumed diſtraction of Hamlet and Edgar,

'Tho' this be madneſs, yet there's method in't;'

more *apparent* method than in the drawing of Ophelia and Lear.

VII. VIII. IX. Nothing need be ſaid of the DOUBTS.

X. XI. What is here ſaid, tending to invalidate Shakeſpeare's claim, is apart from the argument; but we may, however, juſt remark, that there are many ſpeeches in Shakeſpeare as much abounding with learned alluſions as any part of Theſeus's addreſs.

XII. That the Play was 'wrote in conjunction,' we will readily ſuppoſe; but no kind of information can be derived from either Prologue or Epilogue *who* the aſſociate was.

We have now gone through all that Mr. Seward has ſaid on the ſubject; wherein we cannot find one plauſible argument for aſcribing to Shakeſpeare any part of the Two Noble Kinſmen; which certainly abounds with the peculiar beauties and defects that diſtinguiſh the reſt of this Collection, and ſhould, in our opinion, (if a joint work) be attributed to the ſame Authors. There are too, many particular paſſages and expreſſions in this Play, which bear a ſtriking ſimilarity to others wrote between them: Of this ſort are TRACE, *and turn, boys!* p. 60: On the ſame mob-occaſion, the ſame expreſſion occurs in Philaſter. In that play too, the Prince talks of diſcourſing from *a pyramid, to all the under-world*: So here, p. 84, Emilia ſays, in one of the moſt beautiful paſſages of the Play,

'————Fame and Honour,
'Methinks, from hence, as from *a promontory*
'Pointed in Heav'n, ſhould clap their wings, and ſing
'*To all the under-world*————.'

And various others might be quoted. Writers often unknowingly copy themſelves, as well as other Authors; and tho' it might here be anſwer'd, that Fletcher is allowed to have wrote in both, and the ſimilar paſſages may be his; yet Beaumont (who had a great ſhare in Philaſter) is *as likely* to have produced them *in both* as his Aſſociate. And (what is rather remarkable) it will appear to any attentive Reader, that the chief ſimilarities are to pieces in which Beaumont is univerſally allowed to have been connected, not where his aſſiſtance is doubted.—Had Shakeſpeare been conſidered as one of the joint Authors, is it not natural to ſuppoſe, that a play of ſo much excellence would have found a place in the Collection of his Dramas publiſhed by Hemings and Condell?

but

but they have neither admitted the piece, nor taken the leaſt notice of Shakeſpeare's being at all concerned in it. We muſt not, indeed, reſt too much upon this, as it is certain they omitted Troilus and Creſſida, a play, however, of much leſs eminence: On the whole, we think that there ought to be more authority than an uncertain tradition, to take the credit of this Play from Beaumont and Fletcher, the joint Authors of ſo many other excellent dramas, written very much in the ſtile and ſpirit of the Play before us. Place Shakeſpeare's name before ſeveral other of theſe Dramas, how many criticks, like Seward, would labour to aſcertain the particular paſſages that came from his hand!

THIERRY AND THEODORET.

Strike, Sir, strike!
And if in my poor death fair France may merit,
Give me a thousand blows! be killing me
A thousand days!

Act IV.

M. Atkocker del. *J. Collyer sculp.*

Published as the Act directs, by T. Sherlock, Bow Street, April 11, 1778.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

THIERRY AND THEODORET.

The firſt edition of this Play was printed in quarto, 1621, *without the name of either Author. The edition of* 1648, *aſcribes it to Fletcher; and that of* 1649, *to both writers. Dr. Hyde, in the Bodleian Catalogue, aſſigns it to Ben Jonſon, without any authority whatever. It was formerly performed frequently, but of late years has been entirely laid aſide.*

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Thierry, }
Theodoret, } *brothers, kings of France and Auſtracia.*

Martell, *a ſoldier, friend to Theodoret.*

Protaldye, *gallant to Brunhalt.*

Bawdber, }
Lecure, } *two pandars.*

De Vitry, *a diſbanded officer.*

Revellers.

Courtiers.

Huntſmen.

WOMEN.

Brunhalt, *mother to Thierry and Theodoret.*

Ordella, *the king of Arragon's daughter, married to Thierry.*

Memberge, *Theodoret's daughter.*

Ladies.

SCENE, FRANCE

THE

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

THIERRY AND THEODORET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Theodoret, Brunhalt, and Bawdber.

Brunhalt. TAX me with theſe hot taintures[1]?

Theod. You're too ſudden;
I do but gently tell you what becomes you,
And what may bend your honour! how theſe courſes,
Of looſe and lazy pleaſures, not ſuſpected,
But done and known; your mind that grants no limit,
And all your actions follow, which looſe people,
That ſee but thro' a miſt of circumſtance,
Dare term ambitious; all your ways hide ſores

[1] *Tax me with theſe hot* tainters?] Theobald would read, *hot* TAINTS. The oldeſt quarto exhibits *tainturs*; we therefore prefer *taintures*; and though we do not remember meeting with the word, it is more expreſſive of the ſenſe of *taints* (here required) than *tainters*.

Opening

Opening in the end to nothing but ulcers[2].
Your inſtruments like theſe may call the world,
And with a fearful clamor, to examine
Why, and to what we govern. From example,
If not for Virtue's ſake, you may be honeſt:
There have been great ones, good ones, and 'tis neceſſary,
Becauſe you are yourſelf, and by yourſelf,
A ſelf-piece from the touch of power and juſtice,
You ſhould command yourſelf. You may imagine
(Which cozens all the world, but chiefly women)
The name of greatneſs glorifies your actions;
And ſtrong power, like a pent-houſe, promiſes
To ſhade you from opinion: Take heed, mother!
And let us all take heed! theſe moſt abuſe us:
The ſins we do people behold thro' optics,
Which ſhew them ten times more than common vices,
And often multiply them: Then what juſtice
Dare we inflict upon the weak offenders,
When we are thieves ourſelves?

Brun. This is Martell,
Studied and penn'd unto you; whoſe baſe perſon,
I charge you by the love you owe a mother,
And as you hope for bleſſings from her prayers,
Neither to give belief to, nor allowance!
Next, I tell you, Sir, you from whom obedience
Is ſo far fled that you dare tax a mother,
Nay, further, brand her honour with your ſlanders,
And break into the treaſures of her credit,

[2] *Opening in the end to nothing but ulcers.*] The ancient Engliſh poets were certainly not ſufficiently cautious of properly accenting their verſes, inſomuch that it may be doubted whether they thought the rule of accenting the even ſyllables (*viz.* the ſecond, fourth, ſixth, eighth and tenth) a neceſſary part of our meaſure. This line has the accent upon all the odd ſyllables, and, thó' the thought is poetry, it is not verſe at all. Our Authors indeed in general have ſuch good ears, and this is ſo eaſily made right meaſure, that it may probably be a corruption, and the original have run

To nothing opening in the end but ulcers.

See the rule above more fully explain'd, with the exception it admits, in a note in the firſt ſcene of Wit Without Money. *Seward.*

Your

Your eaſineſs is abuſed, your faith freighted.
With lies, malicious lies; your merchant Miſchief;
He that ne'er knew more trade than tales, and tumbling
Suſpicions into honeſt hearts: What you or he,
Or all the world dare lay upon my worth,
This for your poor opinions! I am ſhe,
And ſo will bear myſelf, whoſe truth and whiteneſs
Shall ever ſtand as far from theſe detections
As you from duty. Get you better ſervants,
People of honeſt actions, without ends,
And whip theſe knaves away! they eat your favours,
And turn 'em unto poiſons. My known credit,
Whom all the courts o' this ſide Nile have envied,
And happy ſhe could cite me[3], brought in queſtion,
Now in my hours of age and reverence,
When rather ſuperſtition ſhould be render'd?
And by a ruſh that one day's warmth
Hath ſhot up to this ſwelling? Give me juſtice,
Which is his life!

Theod. This is an impudence;
And he muſt tell you, that 'till now, mother,
Brought you a ſon's obedience, and now breaks it
Above the ſufferance of a ſon.

Baw. Bleſs us!
For I do now begin to feel myſelf
Tucking into a halter[4], and the ladder
Turning from me, one pulling at my legs too.

Theod. Theſe truths are no man's tales, but all mens' troubles;
They are, tho' your ſtrange greatneſs would out-ſtare 'em:
Witneſs the daily libels, almoſt ballads,

[3] *And happy ſhe could cite me.*] Corrected in 1750.

[4] ——— *feel myſelf*
Turning into a halter, *and the ladder*
Turning from me.] *Turning into a halter*, is no very natural expreſſion. The common word of being *tuck'd in a halter* ſeems probably the true reading. *Seward.*

In every place almoſt, in every province[5],
Are made upon your luſt; tavern diſcourſes;
Crowds cram'd with whiſpers; nay, the holy temples
Are not without your curſes. Now you would bluſh;
But your black tainted blood dare not appear,
For fear I ſhould fright that too.

Brun. Oh, ye gods!

Theod. Do not abuſe their names! they ſee your actions:
And your conceal'd ſins, tho' you work like moles,
Lie level to their juſtice.

Brun. Art thou a ſon?

Theod. The more my ſhame is of ſo bad a
And more your wretchedneſs you let me
But, woman, (for a mother's name hath le
Since you have left your honour) mend theſe ins,
And build again that broken fame; and fairly,
(Your moſt intemperate fires have burnt) and quickly,
Within theſe ten days, take a monaſtery,
A moſt ſtrict houſe; a houſe where none may whiſper,
Where no more light is known but what may make you
Believe there is a day; where no hope dwells,
Nor comfort but in tears——

Brun. Oh, miſery!

Theod. And there to cold repentance, and ſtarv'd penance,
Tie your ſucceeding days: Or curſe me, Heaven,
If all your gilded knaves, brokers, and bedders,
Even he you built from nothing, ſtrong Protaldye,
Be not made ambling geldings! all your maids,
If that name do not ſhame 'em, fed with ſpunges

[5] *In every place, almoſt in every province.*] *Every place* being much more minutely particular than *every province*, the *almoſt* ſeems improperly plac'd here. It is not very material but rather more correct to read,

In every place almoſt of *every province*,

i. e. In every corner of every province of our kingdom. *Seward.*

We apprehend the error to be merely in the punctuation, and the Poet to have meant, 'in *almoſt every* place, *in* every province at leaſt.'

To

To ſuck away their rankneſs! and yourſelf
Only to empty pictures and dead arras
Offer your old deſires!
Brun. I will not curſe you,
Nor lay a prophecy upon your pride,
Tho' Heav'n might grant me both; unthankful, no!
I nouriſh'd you; 'twas I, poor I, groan'd for you;
'Twas I felt what you ſuffer'd; I lamented
When ſickneſs or ſad hours held back your ſweetneſs;
'Twas I pay'd for your ſleeps[6]; I watch'd your wakings;
My daily cares and fears that rid, play'd, walk'd,
Diſcours'd, diſcover'd, fed and faſhion'd you
To what you are; and am I thus rewarded?
Theod. But that I know theſe tears, I could dote on 'em,
And kneel to catch 'em as they fall, then knit 'em
Into an armlet, ever to be honour'd:
But, woman, they are dangerous drops, deceitful,
Full of the weeper, anger and ill nature.
Brun. In my laſt hours deſpis'd?
Theod. That text ſhould tell
How ugly it becomes you to err thus:
Your flames are ſpent, nothing but ſmoke maintains you;
And thoſe your favour and your bounty ſuffers[7],
Lie not with you, they do but lay luſt on you,
And then embrace you as they caught a palſy;
Your power they may love, and like Spaniſh jennets
Commit with ſuch a guſt——
Baw. I would take whipping,

---

[6] *'Twas I pay'd for your ſleeps.*] To watch another while he's ſleeping cannot ſimply be ſaid to *pay* for his ſleep; a metaphor of that nature would require a further explanation, as, I pay'd for your ſleep at the price of my own watchings. As nothing of that nature appears, it is moſt probable that it is the meer omiſſion of a letter, it is therefore reſtored, *pray'd.* *Seward.*

[7] *—your favour and your bounty* ſuffers.] Seward conjectured we ſhould read *foſters*; and Sympſon *ſuccours*; but *ſuffers*, in the ſenſe of *permits*, is intelligible.

And pay a fine now! [*Exit.*

Theod. But were you once disgrac'd,
Or fall'n in wealth, like leaves they would fly from you,
And become browse for every beast. You will'd me
To stock myself with better friends, and servants;
With what face dare you see me, or any mankind,
That keep a race of such unheard-of relics,
Bawds, lechers, leeches, female fornications,
And children in their rudiments to vices,
Old men to shew examples, and (lest Art
Should lose herself in act) to call back Custom?
Leave these, and live like Niobe! I told you how;
And when your eyes have dropt away remembrance
Of what you were, I am your son: Perform it! [*Exit.*

Brun. Am I a woman, and no more power in me
To tie this tiger up? a soul to no end?
Have I got shame, and lost my will? Brunhalt,
From this accursed hour forget thou bor'st him,
Or any part of thy blood gave him living!
Let him be to thee an antipathy,
A thing thy nature sweats at, and turns backward;
Throw all the mischiefs on him that thyself,
Or women worse than thou art, have invented,
And kill him drunk, or doubtful!

Enter Bawdber, Protaldye, and Lecure.

Baw. Such a sweat
I never was in yet! clipt of my minstrels,
My toys to prick up wenches withal? uphold me;
It runs like snow-balls thro' me!

Brun. Now, my varlets,
My slaves, my running thoughts, my executions!

Baw. Lord, how she looks!

Brun. Hell take ye all!

Baw. We shall be gelt.

Brun. Your mistress,
Your old and honour'd mistress, you tir'd curtals,
Suffers for your base sins! I must be cloister'd,
Mew'd up to make me virtuous: Who can help this?

Now

Now you ſtand ſtill, like ſtatues! Come, Protaldye!
One kiſs before I periſh, kiſs me ſtrongly!
Another, and a third!
Lec. I fear not gelding,
As long as ſhe holds this way.
Brun. The young courſer,
That unlick'd lump of mine, will win thy miſtreſs[8]:
Muſt I be chaſte, Protaldye?
Prot. Thus, and thus, lady!
Brun. It ſhall be ſo: Let him ſeek fools for veſtals!
Here is my cloiſter.
Lec. But what ſafety, madam,
Find you in ſtaying here?
Brun. Th'haſt hit my meaning:
I will to Thierry, ſon of my bleſſings,
And there complain me, tell my tale ſo ſubtilly,
That the cold ſtones ſhall ſweat, and ſtatues mourn;
And thou ſhalt weep, Protaldye, in my witneſs;
And theſe forſwear.
Baw. Yes; any thing but gelding!
I am not yet in quiet, noble lady:
Let it be done to-night, for without doubt
Tomorrow we are capons!
Brun. Sleep ſhall not ſeize me,
Nor any food befriend me but thy kiſſes,
Ere I forſake this deſart. I live honeſt?
He may as well bid dead men walk! I humbled,
Or bent below my power? let night-dogs tear me,
And goblins ride me in my ſleep to jelly,
Ere I forſake my ſphere!
Lec. This place you will.
Brun. What's that to you, or any,

[8] *Will* win *thy miſtreſs.*] The word *win* does not ſeem very expreſſive, tho' as it bears ſome affinity to the *courſer* in the former line, I ſhall not change it, but ſuppoſe it may mean, win her from her evil courſes. Were a change neceſſary, we might uſe *chain*, *confine* (cutting of *w* in *will*) or *ginn*, perhaps the beſt word of all, and the neareſt to the old reading, for the two firſt editions read *ewinne.* *Seward.*

Perhaps we ſhould read, *wean.*

Ye droſs[9], ye powder'd pigſbones, rhubarb cliſters!
Muſt you know my deſigns? a college of you
The proverb makes but fools.

Prot. But, noble lady——

Brun. You are a ſaucy aſs too! Off I will not,
If you but anger me, 'till a ſow-gelder
Have cut you all like colts: Hold me, and kiſs me!
For I am too much troubled. Make up my treaſure,
And get me horſes private; come, about it! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Theodoret, Martell, &c.

Theod. Tho' I aſſure myſelf, Martell, your counſel
Had no end but allegiance and my honour,
Yet I am jealous, I have paſs'd the bounds
Of a ſon's duty: For, ſuppoſe her worſe
Than your report, not by bare circumſtance
But evident proof confirm'd, has given her out[10];
Yet ſince all weakneſſes in a kingdom are
No more to be ſeverely puniſh'd, than
The faults of kings are, by the Thunderer,
As oft as they offend, to be reveng'd;
If not for piety, yet for policy,
Since ſome are of neceſſity to be ſpar'd,
I might, and now I wiſh I had not look'd
With ſuch ſtrict eyes into her follies.

Mart. Sir,
A duty well diſcharg'd is never follow'd
By ſad repentance; nor did your highneſs ever
Make payment of the debt you ow'd her, better

---

[9] *Ye droſs.*] Not finding *droſs* in any gloſſary, I am forc'd to treat it as corrupt, and ſuppoſe *droſs* or *dolt* to have been the original. *Seward.*

[10] *Than* you *report, not* by *bare circumſtance*
But evident proof confirm'd, has given her out.] The grammar ſeems deficient here, but it is eaſily cur'd two ways, the moſt probable I ſhall inſert, but it might be,
Than you report, not that *bare circumſtance.* *Seward.*

Than

Than in your late reproofs, not of her, but
Thoſe crimes that made her worthy of reproof.
The moſt remarkable point in which kings differ
From private men, is that they not alone
Stand bound to be in themſelves innocent,
But that all ſuch as are allied to them
In nearneſs, or dependence, by their care
Should be free from ſuſpicion of all crime:
And you have reap'd a double benefit
From this laſt great act: Firſt, in the reſtraint
Of her loſt pleaſures [11] you remove th' example
From others of the like licentiouſneſs;
Then when 'tis known that your ſeverity
Extended to your mother, who dares hope for
The leaſt indulgence or connivance in
The eaſieſt ſlips that may prove dangerous
To you, or to the kingdom?

Theod. I muſt grant
Your reaſons good, Martell, if, as ſhe is
My mother, ſhe had been my ſubject, or
That only here ſhe could make challenge to
A place of being: But I know her temper,
And fear (if ſuch a word become a king)
That in diſcovering her, I have let looſe
A tigreſs, whoſe rage being ſhut up in darkneſs,
Was grievous only to herſelf; which, brought
Into the view of light, her cruelty,
Provok'd by her own ſhame, will turn on him
That fooliſhly preſum'd to let her ſee
The loath'd ſhape of her own deformity.

Mart. Beaſts of that nature, when rebellious threats
Begin to appear only in their eyes,
Or any motion that may give ſuſpicion
Of the leaſt violence, ſhould be chained up;

[11] *Of her* loſt *pleaſures.*] *Loſt* might poſſibly be interpreted, *abandon'd*, loſt to all goodneſs. But as *looſe* ſeems the natural word, it was probably the true one. *Seward.*

Loſt will certainly admit of Seward's firſt interpretation: It ſeems therefore arbitrary to change the text.

Their fangs and teeth, and all their means of hurt,
Par'd off, and knock'd out; and ſo made unable
To do ill, they would ſoon begin to loath it.
I'll apply nothing; but had your Grace done,
Or would do yet, what your leſs-forward zeal
In words did only threaten, far leſs danger
Would grow from acting it on her, than may
Perhaps have being from her apprehenſion
Of what may once be practis'd: For, believe it,
Who, confident of his own power, preſumes
To ſpend threats on an enemy, that hath means
To ſhun the worſt they can effect, gives armour
To keep off his own ſtrength; nay, more, diſarms
Himſelf, and lies unguarded 'gainſt all harms
Or doubt or malice may produce.

Theod. 'Tis true:
And ſuch a deſperate cure I would have us'd,
If the intemperate patient had not been
So near me as a mother; but to her,
And from me, gentle ungnents only were
To be applied: And as phyſicians,
When they are ſick of fevers, eat themſelves
Such viands as by their directions are
Forbid to others, tho' alike diſeas'd;
So ſhe, conſidering what ſhe is, may challenge
Thoſe cordials to reſtore her, by her birth
And privilege, which at no ſuit muſt be
Granted to others.

Mart. May your pious care
Effect but what it aim'd at! I am ſilent.

Enter De Vitry.

Theod. What laugh'd you at, Sir?

Vitry. I have ſome occaſion,
I ſhould not elſe; and the ſame cauſe perhaps
That makes me do ſo, may beget in you
A contrary effect.

Theod. Why, what's the matter?

Vitry. I ſee, and joy to ſee, that ſometimes poor men

(And

(And moſt of ſuch are good) ſtand more indebted
For means to breathe to ſuch as are held vicious,
Than thoſe that wear, like hypocrites, on their foreheads
Th' ambitious titles of juſt men and virtuous.
Mart. Speak to the purpoſe!
Vitry. Who would e'er have thought
The good old queen, your highneſs' reverend mother,
Into whoſe houſe (which was an academe,
In which all principles of luſt were practis'd)
No ſoldier might preſume to ſet his foot;
At whoſe moſt bleſſed interceſſion
All offices in the ſtate were charitably
Conferr'd on pandars, o'er-worn chamber-wreſtlers,
And ſuch phyſicians as knew how to kill
With ſafety, under the pretence of ſaving,
And ſuch-like children of a monſtrous peace;
That ſhe, I ſay, ſhould at the length provide
That men of war, and honeſt younger brothers,
That would not owe their feeding to their codpiece,
Should be eſteem'd of more than moths [12] or drones,
Or idle vagabonds.
Theod. I am glad to hear it;
Prithee what courſe takes ſhe to do this?
Vitry. One
That cannot fail: She and her virtuous train,
Wi' her jewels, and all that was worthy the carrying,
The laſt night left the court; and, as 'tis more
Than ſaid, for 'tis confirm'd by ſuch as met her,
She's fled unto your brother.
Theod. How!
Vitry. Nay, ſtorm not;
For if that wicked tongue of hers hath not
Forgot its pace, and Thierry be a prince
Of ſuch a fiery temper as report
Has given him out for, you ſhall have cauſe to uſe
Such poor men as myſelf; and thank us too
For coming to you, and without petitions:

[12] *More than* mothers *or drones*] Corrected in 1750.

Pray

Pray Heav'n reward the good old woman for't!
Mart. I foreſaw this.
Theod. I hear a tempeſt coming,
That ſings mine and my kingdom's ruin. Haſte,
And cauſe a troop of horſe to fetch her back!
Yet ſtay! why ſhould I uſe means to bring in
A plague that of herſelf hath left me? Muſter
Our ſoldiers up! we'll ſtand upon our guard;
For we ſhall be attempted.—Yet forbear!
The inequality of our powers will yield me
Nothing but loſs in their defeature: Something
Muſt be done, and done ſuddenly. Save your labour!
In this I'll uſe no counſel but mine own:
That courſe, tho' dangerous, is beſt. Command
Our daughter be in readineſs to attend us!
Martell, your company! and, honeſt Vitry,
Thou wilt along with me?
Vitry. Yes, any where;
To be worſe than I'm here, is paſt my fear.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Thierry, Brunhalt, Bawdber, and Lecure.

Thi. YOU are here in a ſanctuary; and that viper
(Who, ſince he hath forgot to be a ſon,
I much diſdain to think of as a brother)
Had better, in deſpite of all the gods,
To have raz'd their temples, and ſpurn'd down their altars,
Than in his impious abuſe of you,
To have call'd on my juſt anger.
Brun. Princely ſon,
And in this worthy of a nearer name;
I have, in the relation of my wrongs,

Been

Been modeſt, and no word my tongue deliver'd
To expreſs my inſupportable injuries,
But gave my heart a wound: Nor has my grief
'Being from what I ſuffer'[13]; but that he,
Degenerate as he is, ſhould be the actor
Of my extremes, and force me to divide
The fires of brotherly affection[14],
Which ſhould make but one flame.

Thi. That part of his,
As it deſerves, ſhall burn no more, if or
The tears of orphans, widows, or all ſuch
As dare acknowledge him to be their lord,
Join'd to your wrongs, with his heart-blood have power
To put it out: And you, and theſe your ſervants,
Who in our favours ſhall find cauſe to know,
In that they left not you, how dear we hold them,
Shall give Theodoret to underſtand
His ignorance of the prizeleſs jewel which
He did poſſeſs in you, mother, in you;
Of which I am more proud to be the owner[15],
Than if th' abſolute rule of all the world
Were offer'd to this hand. Once more, you're welcome!
Which with all ceremony due to greatneſs
I would make known; but that our juſt revenge
Admits not of delay. Your hand, lord-general!

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[13] ——*Nor has my grief,*
Being *from what I ſuffer.*] The comma at *grief* ſhould be out, for it confounds the meaning; which is, that 'her grief does not 'take its *being* merely from her ſufferings, but, *&c.*' It is not at firſt obvious that the word *being* is here uſed as a ſubſtantive, and the comma leads the Reader further aſtray.

[14] ——— *to divide*
The fires of brotherly *affection.*] Mr. Theobald has very juſtly put in the margin, Eteocles and Polynices. The metaphor is a noble alluſion to the remarkable poetic fiction of the flames of their funeral pyre, dividing and flying aſunder. *Seward.*

[15] *To be the* donor.] *Owner* ſeem'd at firſt ſight ſelf-evidently the true reading both to Mr. Sympſon and myſelf. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Protaldye, with ſoldiers.

Brun. Your favour and his merit, I may ſay,
Have made him ſuch; but I am jealous how
Your ſubjects will receive it.
Thi. How! my ſubjects?
What do you make of me? Oh, Heav'n! my ſubjects?
How baſe ſhould I eſteem the name of prince,
If that poor duſt were any thing before
The whirlwind of my abſolute command!
Let 'em be happy, and reſt ſo contented,
They pay the tribute of their hearts and knees
To ſuch a prince, that not alone has power
To keep his own, but to encreaſe it; that,
Altho' he hath a body may add to
The fam'd night-labour of ſtrong Hercules,
Yet is the maſter of a continence
That ſo can temper it, that I forbear
Their daughters, and their wives; whoſe hands, tho' ſtrong,
As yet have never drawn by unjuſt mean
Their proper wealth into my treaſury!—
But I grow glorious—and let them beware
That, in their leaſt repining at my pleaſures,
They change not a mild prince (for, if provok'd,
I dare and will be ſo) into a tyrant!
Brun. You ſee there's hope that we ſhall rule again,
And your fall'n fortunes riſe.
Baw. I hope your highneſs
Is pleas'd that I ſhould ſtill hold my place with you;
For I have been ſo long us'd to provide you
Freſh bits of fleſh ſince mine grew ſtale, that ſurely
If caſhier'd now, I ſhall prove a bad caterer
In the fiſh-market of cold Chaſtity.
Lec. For me, I am your own; nor, ſince I firſt
Knew what it was to ſerve you, have remember'd
I had a ſoul, but ſuch an one whoſe eſſence

Depended

Depended wholly on your highneſs' pleaſure;
And therefore, madam——
Brun. Reſt aſſur'd you are
Such inſtruments we muſt not loſe!
Lec. Baw. Our ſervice!
Thi. You've view'd them then? what's your opinion of them?
In this dull time of peace, we have prepar'd 'em
Apt for the war; ha?
Prot. Sir, they have limbs
That promiſe ſtrength ſufficient, and rich armours,
The ſoldier's beſt-lov'd wealth: More, it appears
They have been drill'd, nay, very prettily drill'd;
For many of them can diſcharge their muſquets
Without the danger of throwing off their heads,
Or being offenſive to the ſtanders-by,
By ſweating too much backwards: Nay, I find
They know the right and left-hand file, and may,
With ſome impulſion, no doubt be brought
To paſs the *A*, *B*, *C*, of war, and come
Unto the horn-book.
Thi. Well, that care is yours;
And ſee that you effect it!
Prot. I am ſlow
To promiſe much; but if within ten days,
By precepts and examples, not drawn from
Worm-eaten precedents, of the Roman wars,
But from mine own, I make them not tranſcend
All that e'er yet bore arms, let it be ſaid
Protaldye brags, which would be unto me
As hateful as to be eſteem'd a coward!
For, Sir, few captains know the way to win him,
And make the ſoldier valiant. You ſhall ſee me [16]
Lie with them in their trenches, talk, and drink,
And be together drunk; and, what ſeems ſtranger,
We'll ſometimes wench together, which, once practis'd,
And with ſome other care and hidden arts [17],

[16] *You ſhall ſeeme.*] Former editions. Corrected by all. *Seward.*

[17] *And with ſome other* care *and hidden* acts.] Mr. Sympſon concurr'd with me in reading *arts* for *acts*, but there ſeems another corruption

They being all made mine, I'll breathe into them
Such fearleſs reſolution and ſuch fervor,
That, tho' I brought them to beſiege a fort
Whoſe walls were ſteeple-high, and cannon-proof,
Not to be undermin'd, they ſhould fly up
Like ſwallows; and, the parapet once won,
For proof of their obedience, if I will'd them,
They ſhould leap down again; and what is more,
By ſome directions they ſhould have from me,
Not break their necks.

Thi. This is above belief.

Brun. Sir, on my knowledge, tho' he hath ſpoke much,
He's able to do more.

Lec. She means on her.

Brun. And howſoever in his thankfulneſs,
For ſome few favours done him by myſelf,
He left Auſtracia; not Theodoret,
Tho' he was chiefly aim'd at, could have laid,
With all his dukedom's power, that ſhame upon him,
Which in his barbarous malice to my honour,
He ſwore with threats t' effect.

Thi. I cannot but
Believe you, madam.—Thou art one degree
Grown nearer to my heart, and I am proud
To have in thee ſo glorious a plant
Tranſported hither: In thy conduct, we
Go on aſſur'd of conqueſt; our remove
Shall be with the next ſun.

Enter Theodoret, Memberge, Martell, and De Vitry.

Lec. Amazement leave me!
'Tis he.

Bawd. We are again undone!

Prot. Our guilt

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ruption in the line; *care*, 'tis true, is ſenſe, but *rare* is ſo much better ſuited to the ridiculous brags of Protaldye, that I have but little doubt of its being the true reading. *Seward.*

This is plauſible; but the old reading, being ſenſe, ſhould ſtand.

Hath

Hath no aſſurance nor defence.
Bawd. If now
Your ever-ready wit fail to protect us,
We ſhall be all diſcover'd.
Brun. Be not ſo
In your amazement and your fooliſh fears!
I am prepar'd for't.
Theod. How! not one poor welcome,
In anſwer of ſo long a journey made
Only to ſee you, brother?
Thi. I have ſtood
Silent thus long, and am yet unreſolv'd
Whether to entertain thee on my ſword,
As fits a parricide of a mother's honour;
Or whether, being a prince, I yet ſtand bound
(Tho' thou art here condemn'd) to give thee hearing,
Before I execute. What fooliſh hope,
(Nay, pray you forbear) or deſperate madneſs rather,
(Unleſs thou com'ſt aſſur'd, I ſtand in debt
As far to all impiety as thyſelf)
Has made thee bring thy neck unto the axe?
Since looking only here, it cannot but
Draw freſh blood from thy fear'd-up conſcience,
To make thee ſenſible of that horror, which
They ever bear about them, that like Nero—
Like, ſaid I? thou art worſe; ſince thou dar'ſt ſtrive
In her defame to murder thine alive.
Theod. That ſhe that long ſince had the boldneſs to
Be a bad woman, (tho' I wiſh ſome other
Should ſo report her) could not want the cunning,
Since they go hand in hand, to lay fair colours
On her black crimes, I was reſolv'd before;
Nor make I doubt but that ſhe hath impoiſon'd
Your good opinion of me, and ſo far
Incens'd your rage againſt me, that too late
I come to plead my innocence.
Brun. To excuſe
Thy impious ſcandals rather!
Prot. Rather forc'd with fear

To

To be compell'd to come.

Thi. Forbear!

Theod. This moves not me; and yet, had I not been
Tranſported on my own integrity,
I neither am ſo odious to my ſubjects,
Nor yet ſo barren of defence, but that
By force I could have juſtified my guilt,
Had I been faulty: *But ſince Innocence*
Is to itſelf an hundred thouſand guards,
And that there is no ſon, but tho' he owe
That name to an ill mother, but ſtands bound
Rather to take away with his own danger
From th' number of her faults, than for his own
Security, to add unto them: This,
This hath made me to prevent th' expence
Of blood on both ſides; the injuries, the rapes,
(Pages, that ever wait upon the war)
The account of all which, ſince you are the cauſe,
Believe it, would have been requir'd from you;
Rather I ſay to offer up my daughter,
Who living only could revenge my death,
With my heart-blood a ſacrifice to your anger,
Than that you ſhould draw on your head more curſes
Than yet you have deſerv'd.

Thi. I do begin
To feel an alteration in my nature,
And, in his full-ſail'd confidence, a ſhower
Of gentle rain, that falling on the fire
Of my hot rage hath quench'd it. Ha! I would
Once more ſpeak roughly to him, and I will;
Yet there is ſomething whiſpers to me, that
I have ſaid too much: How is my heart divided
Between the duty of a ſon, and love
Due to a brother! Yet I am ſway'd here,
And muſt aſk of you, how 'tis poſſible
You can affect me, that have learn'd to hate
Where you ſhould pay all love?

Theod. Which, join'd with duty,
Upon my knees I ſhould be proud to tender,

Had

Had ſhe not us'd herſelf ſo many ſwords
To cut thoſe bonds that tied me to it:
Thi. Fy,
No more of that!
Theod. Alas, it is a theme
I take no pleaſure to diſcourſe of: 'Would
It could as ſoon be buried to the world,
As it ſhould die to me! nay more, I wiſh
(Next to my part of Heav'n) that ſhe would ſpend
The laſt part of her life ſo here, that all
Indifferent judges might condemn me for
A moſt malicious ſlanderer, nay, text it
Upon my forehead [18]. If you hate me, mother;
Put me to ſuch a ſhame; pray you do! Believe it;
There is no glory that may fall upon me,
Can equal the delight I ſhould receive
In that diſgrace; provided the repeal
Of your long-baniſh'd virtues, and good name,
Uſher'd me to it.
Thi. See, ſhe ſhews herſelf
An eaſy mother, which her tears confirm!
Theod. 'Tis a good ſign; the comfortableſt rain
I ever ſaw.
Thi. Embrace!—Why, this is well:
May never more but love in you, and duty
On your part, riſe between you!
Baw. Do you hear, lord-general?
Does not your new-ſtamp'd honour on the ſudden
Begin to grow ſick?
Prot. Yes; I find it fit,
That, putting off my armour, I ſhould think of
Some honeſt hoſpital to retire to.
Baw. Sure,

[18] *Nay, texde it*
Upon my forehead] So quartos; folio, *texte*; and Seward, *text*. We ſhould ſurely read *text*, in the ſenſe of *write, mark*. To *text*, as it is technically underſtood, is to write in that kind of hand which lawyers diſtinguiſh by the name of a *text*-hand, and which is uſed in thoſe writings intended to laſt a long time: To *text*, therefore, means to make a deep and laſting impreſſion. *P.*

Altho' I am a bawd, yet being a lord,
They cannot whip me for't: What's your opinion?
Lec. The beadle will reſolve you, for I cannot:
There's ſomething that more near concerns myſelf
That calls upon me.
Mart. Note but yonder ſcarabes [19],
That liv'd upon the dung of her baſe pleaſures;
How from the fear that ſhe may yet prove honeſt
Hang down their wicked heads!
Vitry. What's that to me?
Tho' they and all the polecats of the court,
Were truſs'd together, I perceive not how
It can advantage me a cardecue,
To help to keep me honeſt. [*Aborn.*

Enter a Poſt.

Thi. How! from whence?
Poſt. Theſe letters will reſolve your Grace.
Thi. What ſpeak they?— [*Reads.*
How all things meet to make me this day happy!
See, mother, brother, to your reconcilement
Another bleſſing, almoſt equal to it,
Is coming tow'rds me! my contracted wife
Ordella, daughter of wiſe Datarick,
The king of Arragon, is on our confines:
Then, to arrive at ſuch a time, when you
Are happily here to honour with your preſence
Our long-deferr'd, but much-wiſh'd nuptial,
Falls out above expreſſion! Heav'n be pleas'd
That I may uſe theſe bleſſings pour'd on me
With moderation!
Brun. Hell and furies aid me,
That I may have power to avert the plagues,
That preſs upon me!
Thi. Two days' journey, ſay'ſt thou?
We will ſet forth to meet her. In the mean time,
See all things be prepar'd to entertain her:
Nay, let me have your companies! there's a foreſt

[19] *Scrabs.*] See note 49 on Elder Brother.

In

In the midway ſhall yield us hunting ſport,
To eaſe our travel! I'll not have a brow
But ſhall wear mirth upon it; therefore clear them!
We'll waſh away all ſorrow in glad feaſts;
And th' war we meant to men, we'll make on beaſts.

[*Exeunt omnes præter Brun. Baw. Prot. Lec.*

Brun. Oh, that I had the magick to transform you
Into the ſhape of ſuch, that your own hounds
Might tear you piece-meal! Are you ſo ſtupid?
No word of comfort? Have I fed your mouths[20]
From my exceſs of moiſture, with ſuch coſt,
And can you yield no other retribution,
But to devour your maker? pandar, ſponge,
Impoiſoner, all grown barren?

Prot. You yourſelf,
That are our mover, and for whom alone
We live, have fail'd yourſelf, in giving way
To th' reconcilement of your ſons.

Lec. Which if
You had prevented, or would teach us how
They might again be ſever'd, we could eaſily
Remove all other hind'rances that ſtop
The paſſage of your pleaſures.

Baw. And for me,
If I fail in my office to provide you
Freſh delicates, hang me!

Brun. Oh, you are dull, and find not
The cauſe of my vexation; their reconcilement
Is a mock caſtle built upon the ſand
By children, which, when I am pleas'd to o'erthrow,
I can with eaſe ſpurn down.

Lec. If ſo, from whence
Grows your affliction?

Brun. My grief comes along
With the new queen, in whoſe grace all my power
Muſt ſuffer ſhipwreck: For me now,

[20] *Have I fed your* mothers] This is the ſecond time that *mothers* has been intruded into the text. *Mouths* is here pretty evidently the true word, and appear'd ſo to all three. *Seward.*

That hitherto have kept the firſt, to know
A ſecond place, or yield the leaſt precedence
To any other, 's death! to have my ſleeps
Leſs enquir'd after, or my riſing up
Saluted with leſs reverence, or my gates
Empty of ſuitors, or the king's great favours
To paſs thro' any hand but mine, or he
Himſelf to be directed by another,
Would be to me—Do you underſtand me yet?
No means to prevent this?

Prot. Fame gives her out
To be a woman of a chaſtity
Not to be wrought upon; and therefore, madam,
For me, tho' I have pleas'd you, to attempt her
Were to no purpoſe.

Brun. Tuſh, ſome other way!

Baw. Faith, I know none elſe; all my bringing-up
Aim'd at no other learning.

Lec. Give me leave!
If my art fail me not, I have thought on
A ſpeeding project.

Brun. What is't? but effect it,
And thou ſhalt be my Æſculapius;
Thy image ſhall be ſet up in pure gold,
To which I will fall down, and worſhip it.

Lec. The lady is fair?

Brun. Exceeding fair.

Lec. And young?

Brun. Some fifteen at the moſt.

Lec. And loves the king with equal ardour?

Brun. More; ſhe dotes on him.

Lec. Well then; what think you if I make a drink,
Which, given unto him on the bridal-night,
Shall for five days ſo rob his faculties
Of all ability to pay that duty
Which new-made wives expect, that ſhe ſhall ſwear
She is not match'd to a man?

Prot. 'Twere rare!

Lec. And then,

If ſhe have any part of woman in her,
She'll or fly out, or at leaſt give occaſion
Of ſuch a breach which ne'er can be made up;
Since he that to all elſe did never fail
Of as much as could be perform'd by man,
Proves only ice to her.
Brun. 'Tis excellent!
Baw. The phyſician
Helps ever at a dead lift: A fine calling,
That can both raiſe and take down: Out upon thee!
Brun. For this one ſervice, I am ever thine!
Prepare't; I'll give it him myſelf. For you, Protaldye,
By this kiſs, and our promis'd ſport at night,
I do conjure you to bear up, not minding
The oppoſition of Theodoret,
Or any of his followers: Whatſoe'er
You are, yet appear valiant, and make good
Th' opinion that is had of you! For myſelf,
In the new queen's remove being made ſecure,
Fear not, I'll make the future building ſure. [*Exeunt.*

Wind horns. Enter Theodoret and Thierry.

Theod. This ſtag ſtood well, and cunningly.
Thi. My horſe,
I'm ſure, has found it, for his ſides are blooded
From flank to ſhoulder. Where's the troop?

Enter Martell.

Theod. Paſs'd homeward,
Weary and tir'd as we are. Now, Martell;
Have you remember'd what we thought of?
Mart. Yes, Sir; I've ſingled him[21]; and if there be

[21] *Yes, Sir, I* have ſnigled *him.*] As *ſnigle* was a word new to me, I conjectur'd *ſingled him, i. e.* I know where to find him alone; and find that Mr. Theobald had propos'd the ſame conjecture: But upon looking into Skinner, I find *ſnigle* a fiſherman's term, which he explains by *ſcindere*; I ſuppoſe therefore it means *cutting up, diſſecting*; but then this could not *have* been the caſe, the diſſection was to come; and it ſeems neceſſary that the future tenſe ſhould be reſtor'd, *I'll ſnigle him.* *Seward.*

This conjecture is not without ingenuity; but *ſingle* appears to be genuine, as we afterwards find that Protaldye is *ſingled*, or *left alone.*

Any deſert in's blood, beſide the itch,
Or manly heat, but what decoctions,
Leeches, and culliſes have cram'd into him,
Your lordſhip ſhall know perfect.
Thi. What is that?
May not I know too?
Theod. Yes, Sir; to that end
We caſt the project.
Thi. What is't?
Mart. A deſign, Sir[22],
Upon the gilded flag your Grace's favour
Has ſtuck up for a general; and to inform you
(For this hour he ſhall paſs the teſt) what valour,
Staid judgment, ſoul, or ſafe diſcretion,
Your mother's wandring eyes, and your obedience,
Have flung upon us; to aſſure your knowledge,
He can be, dare be, ſhall be, muſt be nothing
(Load him with piles of honours, ſet him off
With all the cunning foils that may deceive us!)
But a poor, cold, unſpirited, unmanner'd,
Unhoneſt, unaffected, undone fool,
And moſt unheard-of coward; a mere lump,
Made to load beds withal, and, like a night-mare,
Ride ladies that forget to ſay their prayers;
One that dares only be diſeaſed, and in debt;
Whoſe body mews more plaiſters every month[23],
Than women do old faces!
Thi. No more! I know him;
I now repent my error: Take your time,
And try him home, ever thus far reſerv'd,
You tie your anger up!
Mart. I loſt it elſe, Sir.
Thi. Bring me his ſword fair-taken without violence,
(For that will beſt declare him)——
Theod. That's the thing.
Thi. And my beſt horſe is thine.

[22] *A* deſire, *Sir.*] We all three concurr'd [illegible] changing the word *deſign*. *Seward.*

[23] *Whoſe body* mews *more plaiſters.*] *Mews*; i. e. *ſhe* in falconry.

Mart.

Mart. Your Grace's ſervant! [*Exit.*

Theod. You'll hunt no more, Sir?

Thi. Not to-day; the weather
Is grown too warm; beſides, the dogs are ſpent:
We'll take a cooler morning. Let's to horſe,
And halloo in the troop! [*Exeunt. Wind horns.*

Enter Two Huntſmen.

1 *Huntſ.* Ay, marry, Twainer,
This woman gives indeed; theſe are the angels
That are the keepers' ſaints!

2 *Huntſ.* I like a woman
That handles the deer's dowſets with diſcretion,
And pays us by proportion.

1 *Huntſ.* 'Tis no treaſon
To think this good old lady has a ſtump yet
That may require a coral.

2 *Huntſ.* And the bells too;

Enter Protaldye.

Sh'has loſt a friend of me elſe. But here's the clerk:
No more, for fear o'th' bell-ropes!

Prot. How now, keepers?
Saw you the king?

1 *Huntſ.* Yes, Sir; he's newly mounted,
And, as we take't, ridden home.

Prot. Farewell then! [*Exeunt keepers.*

Enter Martell.

Mart. My honour'd lord, fortune has made me happy
To meet with ſuch a man of men to ſide me.

Prot. How, Sir? I know you not,
Nor what your fortune means.

Mart. Few words ſhall ſerve:
I am betray'd, Sir; innocent and honeſt,
Malice and violence are both againſt me,
Baſely and foully laid for; for my life, Sir!
Danger is now about me, now in my throat, Sir.

Prot. Where, Sir?

Mart. Nay, I fear not;
And let it now pour down in ſtorms upon me,
I've met a noble guard.
Prot. Your meaning, Sir?
For I have preſent buſineſs.
Mart. Oh, my lord,
Your honour cannot leave a gentleman,
At leaſt a fair deſign of this brave nature,
To which your worth is wedded, your profeſſion
Hatch'd in, and made one piece, in ſuch a peril.
There are but ſix, my lord.
Prot. What ſix?
Mart. Six villains;
Sworn, and in pay to kill me.
Prot. Six?
Mart. Alas, Sir,
What can ſix do, or ſix ſcore, now you're preſent?
Your name will blow 'em off: Say they have ſhot too,
Who dare preſent a piece; your valour's proof, Sir.
Prot. No, I'll aſſure you, Sir, nor my diſcretion,
Againſt a multitude. 'Tis true, I dare fight
Enough, and well enough, and long enough;
But wiſdom, Sir, and weight of what is on me,
(In which I am no more mine own, nor your's, Sir,
Nor, as I take it, any ſingle danger,
But what concerns my place) tells me directly,
Beſide my perſon, my fair reputation,
If I thruſt into crowds, and ſeek occaſions,
Suffers opinion. Six? why, Hercules
Avoided two, man: Yet, not to give example,
But only for your preſent danger's ſake, Sir,
Were there but four, Sir, I car'd not if I kill'd them;
They'll ſerve to ſet my ſword.
Mart. There are but four, Sir;
I did miſtake them: But four ſuch as Europe,
Excepting your great valour——
Prot. Well conſider'd!
I will not meddle with 'em; four, in honour,
Are equal with four ſcore: Beſides, they're prop-

Only directed by their fury.
Mart. So much nobler
Shall be your way of juſtice.
Prot. That I find not.
Mart. You will not leave me thus?
Prot. I would not leave you; but, look you, Sir,
Men of my place and buſineſs muſt not
Be queſtion'd thus.
Mart. You cannot paſs, Sir,
Now they have ſeen me with you, without danger:
They are here, Sir, within hearing. Take but two!
Prot. Let the law take 'em! take a tree, Sir—
I'll take my horſe—that you may keep with ſafety,
If they have brought no hand-ſaws. Within this hour
I'll ſend you reſcue, and a toil to take 'em.
Mart. You ſhall not go ſo poorly. Stay! but one, Sir!
Prot. I have been ſo hamper'd with theſe reſcues,
So hew'd and tortur'd, that the truth is, Sir,
I've mainly vow'd againſt 'em: Yet, for your ſake,
If, as you ſay, there be but one, I'll ſtay
And ſee fair play o' both ſides.
Mart. There is no
More, Sir, and, as I doubt, a baſe one too.
Prot. Fy on him! Go lug him out by th' ears!
Mart. Yes,
This is he, Sir; the baſeſt in the kingdom.
Prot. Do you know me?
Mart. Yes, for a general-fool,
A knave, a coward, an upſtart ſtallion bawd,
Beaſt, barking puppy, that dares not bite.
Prot. The beſt man beſt knows patience.
Mart. Yes,
This way, Sir; now draw your ſword, and right you,
[*Kicks him.*
Or render it to me; for one you ſhall do!
Prot. If wearing it may do you any honour,
I ſhall be glad to grace you; there it is, Sir!
Mart. Now get you home, and tell your lady miſtreſs,

Sh'has

Sh' has ſhot up a ſweet muſhroom! quit your pla[illegible]
And ſay you are counſell'd well; thou wilt be beat
By thine own lancepriſadoes[24], (when they know
That tuns of oil of roſes will not cure thee:
Go, get you to your foining work at court,
And learn to ſweat again, and eat dry mutton!
An armour like a froſt will ſearch your bones
And make you roar, you rogue! Not a reply,
For if you do, your ears go off!

Prot. Still patience! [*Exeunt.*

Loud muſick. A banquet ſet out.

Enter Thierry, Ordella, Brunhalt, Theodoret, Lecure, Bawdber, &c.

Thi. It is your place; and tho' in all things elſe
You may and ever ſhall command me, yet
In this I'll be obey'd.

Ord. Sir, the conſent
That made me yours, ſhall never teach me to
Repent I am ſo: Yet be you but pleas'd
To give me leave to ſay ſo much; the honour
You offer me were better given to her,
To whom you owe the power of giving.

Thi. Mother,
You hear this, and rejoice in ſuch a bleſſing
That pays to you ſo large a ſhare of duty.
But, fy! no more! for as you hold a place
Nearer my heart than ſhe, you muſt ſit neareſt
To all thoſe graces that are in the power
Of majeſty to beſtow.

Brun. Which I'll provide
Shall be ſhort-liv'd. Lecure!

Lec. I have it ready.

Brun. 'Tis well; wait on our cup.

Lec. You honour me.

Thi. We're dull;
No object to provoke mirth?

Theod. Martell,

[24] *Lancepriſadoes*] See note 1 on Rollo.

If you remember, Sir, will grace your feaſt
With ſomething that will yield matter of mirth,
Fit for no common view.
Thi. Touching Protaldye?
Theod. You have it.
Brun. What of him? I fear his baſeneſs, [*Aſide.*
In ſpite of all the titles that my favours
Have cloth'd him with[25], will make diſcovery
Of what is yet conceal'd.

Enter Martell.

Theod. Look, Sir; he has it!
Nay, we ſhall have peace, when ſo great a ſoldier
As the renown'd Protaldye will give up
His ſword, rather than uſe it.
Brun. 'Twas thy plot,
Which I will turn on thine own head! [*Aſide.*
Thi. Pray you ſpeak;
How won you him to part from't?
Mart. Won him, Sir?
He would have yielded it upon his knees,
Before he would have hazarded the exchange
Of a fillip of the forehead: Had you will'd me,
I durſt have undertook he ſhould have ſent you
His noſe, provided that the loſs of it
Might have ſav'd the reſt of his face. He is, Sir,
The moſt unutterable coward that e'er Nature
Bleſs'd with hard ſhoulders; which were only given him
To th' ruin of baſtinadoes.
Thi. Poſſible?
Theod. Obſerve but how ſhe frets!
Mart. Why, believe it,
But that I know the ſhame of this diſgrace
Will make the beaſt to live with ſuch, and never
Preſume to come more among men; I'll hazard
My life upon it, that a boy of twelve
Should ſcourge him hither like a pariſh-top,

[25] *Have cloth'd him*, which *will make diſcovery.*] Former editions. Mr. Sympſon concurr'd in the correction. *Seward.*

And

And make him dance before you.

Brun. Slave, thou lieſt!
Thou dar'ſt as well ſpeak treaſon in the hearing
Of thoſe that have the power to puniſh it,
As the leaſt ſyllable of this before him;
But 'tis thy hate to me.

Mart. Nay, pray you, madam;
I have no ears to hear you, tho' a foot
To let you underſtand what he is.

Brun. Villain——

Theod. You are too violent.

Enter Protaldye.

Prot. The worſt that can come
Is blanketing; for beating, and ſuch virtues,
I have been long acquainted with,

Mart. Oh, ſtrange!

Baw. Behold the man you talk of!

Brun. Give me leave!
Or free thyſelf—think in what place you are—
From the foul imputation that is laid
Upon thy valour—be bold; I'll protect you—
Or here I vow—deny it or ſwear it—
Theſe honours which thou wear'ſt unworthily—
Which be but impudent enough, and keep them—
Shall be torn from thee, with thy eyes.

Prot. I have it.—
My valour? is there any here, beneath
The ſtile of king, dares queſtion it?

Thi. This is rare!

Prot. Which of my actions, which have ſtill been noble,
Has render'd me ſuſpected?

Thi. Nay, Martell,
You muſt not fall off.

Mart. Oh, Sir, fear it not:
D'you know this ſword?

Prot. Yes.

Mart. 'Pray you on what terms
Did you part with it?

Prot.

Prot. Part with it, ſay you?
Mart. So.,
Thi. Nay, ſtudy not an anſwer; confeſs freely!
Prot. Oh, I remember't now: At the ſtag's fall,
As we to-day were hunting, a poor fellow,
(And, now I view you better, I may ſay
Much of your pitch) this ſilly wretch I ſpoke of,
With his petition falling at my feet,
(Which much againſt my will he kiſs'd) deſir'd,
That as a ſpecial means for his preferment
I would vouchſafe to let him uſe my ſword,
To cut off the ſtag's head.
Brun. Will you hear that?
Baw. This lie bears a ſimilitude of truth.
Prot. I, ever courteous (a great weakneſs in me),
Granted his humble ſuit.
Mart. Oh, impudence!
Thi. This change is excellent.
Mart. A word with you:
Deny it not! I was that man diſguis'd;
You know my temper, and, as you reſpect
A daily cudgeling for one whole year,
Without a ſecond pulling by the ears,
Or tweaks by th' noſe, or the moſt precious balm
You us'd of patience, (patience, do you mark me?)
Confeſs before theſe kings with what baſe fear
Thou didſt deliver it.
Prot. Oh, I ſhall burſt!
And if I have not inſtant liberty
To tear this fellow limb by limb, the wrong
Will break my heart, altho' Herculean,
And ſomewhat bigger! There's my gage! pray you here
Let me redeem my credit!
Thi. Ha, ha! Forbear!
Mart. Pray you let me take it up; and if I do not,
Againſt all odds of armour and of weapons,
With this make him confeſs it on his knees,
Cut off my head.
Prot. No, that's my office.

Baw.

Baw. Fy!
You take the hangman's place?
Ord. Nay, good my lord,
Let me atone this difference! do not ſuffer
Our bridal night to be the centaurs' feaſt.
You are a knight, and bound by oath to grant
All juſt ſuits unto ladies: For my ſake,
Forget your ſuppos'd wrong!
Prot. Well, let him thank you!
For your ſake, he ſhall live, perhaps a day;
And, may be, on ſubmiſſion, longer.
Theod. Nay,
Martell, you muſt be patient.
Mart. I am yours;
And this ſlave ſhall be once more mine.
Thi. Sit all!
One health, and ſo to bed! for I too long
Defer my choiceſt delicates.
Brun. Which, if poiſon
Have any power, thou ſhalt, like Tantalus,
Behold and never taſte. Be careful!
Lec. Fear not!
Brun. Tho' it be rare in our ſex, yet for once
I will begin a health.
Thi. Let it come freely!
Brun. Lecure, the cup! Here, to the ſon we hope
This night ſhall be an embrion!
Thi. You have nam'd
A bleſſing that I moſt deſir'd; I pledge you:
Give me a larger cup; that is too little
Unto ſo great a good [26].
Brun. Nay, then you wrong me;
Follow as I began!
Thi. Well, as you pleaſe.
Brun. Is't done?
Lec. Unto your wiſh, I warrant you;
For this night I durſt truſt him with my mother.

[26] *Unto ſo great a* God.] Amended in 1750.

Thi.

Thi. So, 'tis gone round: Lights!
Brun. Pray you uſe my ſervice.
Ord. 'Tis that which I ſhall ever owe you, madam,
And muſt have none from you: Pray you pardon me!
Thi. Good reſt to all!
Theod. And to you pleaſant labour!
Martell, your company! Madam, good night!
[*Exe. all but Brun. Prot. Lec. and Baw.*
Brun. Nay, you have cauſe to bluſh; but I will hide it,
And, what's more, I forgive you. Is't not pity,
That thou that art the firſt to enter combat
With any woman, and what's more, o'ercome her,
In which ſhe is beſt pleas'd, ſhould be ſo fearful
To meet a man?
Prot. Why, would you have me loſe
That blood that's dedicated to your ſervice,
In any other quarrel?
Brun. No; reſerve it!
As I will ſtudy to preſerve thy credit.
You, ſirrah, be't your care to find out one
That's poor, tho' valiant, that at any rate
Will, to redeem my ſervant's reputation,
Receive a public baffling.
Baw. 'Would your highneſs
Were pleas'd to inform me better of your purpoſe!
Brun. Why one, Sir, that would thus be box'd or kick'd;
D'you apprehend me now?
Baw. I feel you, madam.
The man that ſhall receive this from my lord,
Shall have a thouſand crowns?
Prot. He ſhall.
Baw. Beſides,
His day of baſtinadoing paſt o'er,
He ſhall not loſe your grace nor your good favour?
Brun. That ſhall make way to it.
Baw. It muſt be a man
Of credit in the court, that is to be
The foil unto your valour?

Prot.

Prot. True, it ſhould.
Baw. And if he have place there, 'tis not the worſe?
Brun. 'Tis much the better.
Baw. If he be a lord,
'Twill be the greater grace?
Brun. Thou'rt in the right.
Baw. Why then, behold that valiant man and lover,
That for your ſake will take a cudgeling:
For be aſſur'd, when it is ſpread abroad
That you have dealt with me, they'll give you out
For one of the nine worthies.
Brun. Out, you pandar!
Why, to beat thee is only exerciſe
For ſuch as do affect it: Loſe not time
In vain replies, but do it! Come, my ſolace,
Let us to bed! and our deſires once quench'd,
We'll there determine of Theodoret's death,
For he's the engine us'd to ruin us.
Yet one word more; Lecure, art thou aſſur'd
The potion will work?
Lec. My life upon it!
Brun. Come, my Protaldye[27], thou then glut me with
Thoſe beſt delights of man, that are denied,
To her that does expect them, being a bride! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Thierry and Ordella, as from bed.

Thi. SURE I have drunk the blood of elephants[28],
The tears of mandrakes, and the marble dew,
Mix'd in my draught, have quench'd my natural heat,

[27] *Come my* Protaldye, *then glut me with.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[28] *The blood of elephants.*] Both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympſon obſerved that this property of elephants blood is mentioned by Pliny. *Seward.*

And

And left no ſpark of fire, but in mine eyes,
With which I may behold my miſeries:
Ye wretched flames which play upon my ſight,
Turn inward! make me all one piece [29], tho' earth!
My tears ſhall overwhelm you elſe too.

Ord. What moves my lord to this ſtrange ſadneſs?
If any late-diſcerned want in me
Give cauſe to your repentance, care and duty
Shall find a painful way to Recompenſe.

Thi. Are you yet frozen, veins? feel you a breath,
Whoſe temperate heat [30] would make the North ſtar reel,
Her icy pillars thaw'd, and do you not melt?
Draw nearer! yet nearer,
That from thy barren kiſs thou may'ſt confeſs
I have not heat enough to make a bluſh!

Ord. Speak nearer to my underſtanding, like a huſband!

Thi. How ſhould he ſpeak the language of a huſband,
Who wants the tongue and organs of his voice?

Ord. It is a phraſe will part with the ſame eaſe
From you, with that you now deliver.

Thi. Bind not his ears up with ſo dull a charm,
Who hath no other ſenſe left open! why ſhould thy words
Find more reſtraint than thy free-ſpeaking actions,
Thy cloſe embraces, and thy midnight ſighs,
The ſilent orators to flow deſire?

Ord. Strive not to win content from ignorance [31],
Which muſt be loſt in knowledge! Heav'n can witneſs,

[29] *Make me all one piece*, though *earth*.] We cannot clearly comprehend why Thierry's being compoſed of *earth*, ſhould prevent his being *all one piece*.

[30] *Whoſe* temperate *heat*, &c.] *Temperate* ſeems an oddly-choſen word in this place, when he is talking of a heat to overcome the influence of the North ſtar.

[31] *Strive not*, &c.] This ſpeech is rather obſcurely expreſſed, but ſignifies, 'Strive not to rob my ignorance of that content, which 'knowledge would deſtroy. All my wiſhes were to read ſatisfaction 'in your countenance. Add not therefore, &c.'

My furtheſt hope of good reach'd at your pleaſure,
Which ſeeing alone may in your look be read:
Add not a doubtful comment to a text,
That in itſelf is direct and eaſy.
Thi. Oh, thou haſt drunk the juice of hemlock juice,
Or did upbraided Nature make this pair,
To ſhew ſhe had not quite forgot her firſt
Juſtly-prais'd workmanſhip, the firſt chaſte couple
Before the want of joy taught guilty ſight
A way, thro' ſhame and ſorrow, to delight?
Say, may we mix, as in their innocence,
When turtles kiſs'd to confirm happineſs,
Not to beget it?
Ord. I know no bar.
Thi. Should I believe thee, yet thy pulſe beats, woman,
And ſays the name of *wife* did promiſe thee
The bleſt reward of duty to thy mother;
Who gave ſo often witneſs of her joy,
When ſhe did boaſt thy likeneſs to her huſband.
Ord. 'Tis true, that to bring forth a ſecond to yourſelf
Was only worthy of my virgin loſs;
And ſhould I prize you leſs unpattern'd, Sir,
Than being exemplified? Is't not more honour
To be poſſeſſor of unequall'd virtue,
Than what is parallel'd? Give me belief;
The name of mother knows no way of good,
More than the end in me: Who weds for luſt
Is oft a widow; when I married you,
I loſt the name of maid to gain a title
Above the wiſh of change, which that part can
Only maintain, is ſtill the ſame in man,
His virtue and his calm ſociety;
Which no grey hairs can threaten to diſſolve,
Nor wrinkles bury.
Thi. Confine thyſelf to ſilence, leſt thou take
That part of reaſon from me, is only left
To give perſuaſion to me I'm a man!
Or ſay, th' haſt never ſeen the rivers haſte

With

With gladſome ſpeed, to meet the am'rous ſea.
Ord. We're but to praiſe the coolneſs of their ſtreams.
Thi. Nor view'd the kids, taught by their luſtful fires,
Purſue each other thro' the wanton lawns,
And lik'd the ſport.
Ord. As it made way unto their envied reſt,
With weary knots binding their harmleſs eyes.
Thi. Nor do you know the reaſon why the dove,
One of the pair your hands wont hourly feed,
So often clipt and kiſs'd her happy mate?
Ord. Unleſs it were to welcome his wiſh'd ſight,
Whoſe abſence only gave her Mourning voice.
Thi. And you could, dove-like, to a ſingle object
Bind your looſe ſpirits? to one? nay, ſuch a one
Whom only eyes and ears muſt flatter good,
Your ſurer ſenſe made uſeleſs? nay, myſelf[32],
As in my all of good, already known?
Ord. Let proof plead for me! let me be mew'd up
Where never eye may reach me, but your own!
And when I ſhall repent, but in my looks; if ſigh—
Thi. Or ſhed a tear that's warm?
Ord. But in your ſadneſs.
Thi. Or when you hear the birds call for their mates,
Aſk if it be St. Valentine, their coupling day?
Ord. If any thing may make a thought ſuſpected
Of knowing any happineſs but you,
Divorce me, by the title of Moſt Falſehood!
Thi. Oh, who would know a wife,
That might have ſuch a friend? Poſterity,
Henceforth loſe the name of bleſſing, and leave
Th' earth uninhabited to people Heav'n[33]!

Enter Theodoret, Brunhalt, Martell, and Protaldye.

Mart. All happineſs to Thierry and Ordella!

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[32] *And myſelf, nay.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[33] *And leave the earth* inhabited *to people Heav'n.*] A virgin ſtate reſembles that of the angels, and may be a good means to pave the way to it, but it would not leave the earth *inhabited*, but the reverſe, I therefore read, *uninhabited*. *Seward.*

Thi. 'Tis a deſire but borrow'd from me; my happineſs
Shall be the period of all good mens' wiſhes,
Which friends, nay, dying fathers ſhall bequeath,
And in my one give all! Is there a duty
Belongs to any power of mine, or love
To any virtue I have right to? Here, place it here,
Ordella's name ſhall only bear command,
Rule, title, ſovereignty.

Brun. What paſſion ſways my ſon?

Thi. Oh, mother, ſhe has doubled every good
The travail of your blood made poſſible
To my glad being!

Prot. He ſhould have done
Little unto her, he is ſo light-hearted.

Thi. My brother, friends, if honour unto ſhame,
If wealth to want, enlarge the preſent ſenſe,
My joys are unbounded: Inſtead of queſtion,
Let it be envy not to bring a preſent
To the high offering of our mirth! banquets and maſques[34]

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[34] *Brother, friends, if honour unto ſhame,*
If wealth to want enlarge the preſent ſenſe,
My joys are *unbounded, inſtead of* queſtion
Let it be envy, not bring a preſent
To the high offering of our mirth, banquets, and maſques.] In this very mangled ſtate with regard to meaſure and ſenſe has this paſſage paſs'd thro' all the editions: In the firſt place what is
—— *inſtead of* queſtion?
In the next place
Let it be envy? ——
Are banquets and maſques the preſents that were to be offer'd by his friends and courtiers? I hope the changes which have appear'd neceſſary, will be thought by the reader to have been probably the original text. I read,
My *brother, friends, if honour unto ſhame,*
If wealth to want enlarge the preſent ſenſe,
My joy's unbounded; 'ſtead of queſtioning,
Let it be envy not to *bring a preſent*
To the high offering of our mirth; banquets and maſques, &c.
Seward.

The word *my* in the firſt line, and *to* in the fourth, are rightly inſerted; but *queſtion* ſhould not be changed to *queſtioning*, the old reading

Keep waking our delights, mocking night's malice,
Whoſe dark brow would fright pleaſure from us!
our court
Be but one ſtage of revels, and each eye
The ſcene where our content moves!
Theod. There ſhall want
Nothing to expreſs our ſhares in your delight, Sir.
Mart. 'Till now I ne'er repented the eſtate
Of widower.
Thi. Muſic, why art thou ſo
Slow-voic'd? it ſtays thy preſence, my Ordella;
This chamber is a ſphere too narrow for
Thy all-moving virtue. Make way, free way, I ſay!
Who muſt alone her ſex's want ſupply,
Had need to have a room both large and high.
Mart. This paſſion's above utterance!
Theod. Nay, credulity! [*Exe. all but Thi. and Brun.*
Brun. Why, ſon, what mean you? are you a man?
Thi. No, mother, I'm no man:
Were I a man, how could I be thus happy?
Brun. How can a wife be author of this joy then?
Thi. That being no man, I'm married to no woman:
The beſt of men in full ability
Can only hope to ſatisfy a wife;
And, for that hope ridiculous, I in my want,
(And ſuch defective poverty, that to her bed
From my firſt cradle brought no ſtrength but thought)
Have met a temperance beyond her's that rock'd me,
Neceſſity being her bar; where this
Is ſo much ſenſeleſs of my depriv'd fire,
She knows it not a loſs by her deſire.

reading being perfectly intelligible.—There is often a ſtrange uncouthneſs in the ſtile of this play, which obſcures the ſentiment: In this ſpeech,

—— if honour unto ſhame,
If wealth to want enlarge the preſent ſenſe,
My joys are unbounded.

The meaning of *honour unto* SHAME, and *wealth to* WANT, is not obvious: It is, we apprehend, 'if *honour and wealth*, COMPARED 'with ſhame and want, are grateful to the ſenſe, then my joys are 'boundleſs.'

Brun. It is beyond my admiration!
Thi. Beyond your ſex's faith!
The unripe virgins of our age, to hear't,
Will dream themſelves to women, and convert
Th' example to a miracle.
Brun. Alas, 'tis your defect moves my amazement;
But what ill can be ſeparate from ambition?
Cruel Theodoret!
Thi. What of my brother?
Brun. That to his name your barrenneſs yields rule:
Who, loving the effect, would not be ſtrange
In favouring the cauſe: Look on the profit,
And Gain will quickly point the miſchief out.
Thi. The name of father, to what I poſſeſs,
Is ſhame and care.
Brun. Were we begot to ſingle happineſs,
I grant you; but from ſuch a wife, ſuch virtue,
To get an heir, what hermit would not find
Deſerving argument to break his vow,
Even in his age of chaſtity?
Thi. You teach a deaf man language.
Brun. The cauſe found out, the malady may ceaſe.
Have you heard of one Leforte?
Thi. A learn'd aſtronomer, a great magician,
Who lives hard-by retir'd.
Brun. Repair to him, with the juſt hour and place
Of your nativity: Fools are amaz'd at fate;
Griefs, but conceal'd, are never deſperate.
Thi. You've timely waken'd me; nor ſhall I ſleep
Without the ſatisfaction of his art. [*Exit.*

Enter Lecure.

Brun. Wiſdom prepares you to't. Lecure, met happily!
Lec. The ground anſwers your purpoſe, the conveyance
Being ſecure and eaſy, falling juſt
Behind the ſtate ſet for Theodoret.

Brun.

Brun. 'Tis well: Your truſt invites you to a ſecond charge;
You know Leforte's cell?
Lec. Who conſtellated your fair birth.
Brun. Enough; I ſee thou know'ſt him; where is Bawdber;
Lec. I left him careful of the project caſt
To raiſe Protaldye's credit.
Brun. A ſore that muſt be plaiſter'd; in whoſe wound
Others ſhall find their graves think themſelves ſound.
Your ear and quickeſt apprehenſion! [*Exit.*

Enter Bawdber and a Servant.

Baw. This man of war will advance?
Lec. His hour's upon the ſtroke.
Baw. Wind him back, as you favour my ears!
I love no noiſe in my head; my brains
Have hitherto been employ'd in ſilent buſineſſes.

Enter De Vitry.

Lec. The gentleman's within your reach, Sir. [*Ex.*
Baw. Give ground,
Whilſt I drill my wits to the encounter.
De Vitry, I take it?
Vitry. All that's left of him.
Baw. Is there another parcel of you? If
It be at pawn, I will gladly redeem it,
To make you wholly mine.
Vitry. You ſeek too hard
A pennyworth.
Baw. You do ill[35] to keep
Such diſtance; your parts have been long known to me,
Howſoever you pleaſe to forget acquaintance.
Vitry. I muſt confeſs, I have been ſubject to
Lewd company.
Baw. Thanks for your good remembrance!
You've been a ſoldier, De Vitry, and borne arms.
Vitry. A couple of unprofitable ones, that

[35] *You* to *ill*] Corrected by Seward.

Have only ſerv'd to get me a ſtomach to
My dinner.
Baw. Much good may it do you, Sir.
Vitry. You ſhould
Have heard me ſay I'd din'd firſt: I have built
On an unwholſome ground, rais'd up a houſe
Before I knew a tenant, march'd to meet weariness
Fought to find want and hunger.
Baw. 'Tis time you
Put up your ſword, and run away for meat, Sir:
Nay, if I had not withdrawn ere now,
I might have kept the faſt with you: But ſince
The way to thrive is never late, what is
The neareſt courſe to profit, think you?
Vitry. It may be
Your worſhip will ſay bawdry.
Baw. True ſenſe, bawdry.
Vitry. Why, is there five kinds of 'em? I ne'er knew
But one.
Baw. I'll ſhew you a new way
Of proſtitution: Fall back! further yet!
Further! There's fifty crowns; do but as much to
Protaldye, the queen's favourite, they are doubled.
Vitry. But thus much?
Baw. Give him but an affront as
He comes to th' preſence, and i' his drawing make way,
Like a true bawd t' his valour, the ſum's thy own;
If ye take a ſcratch in the arm or ſo, every drop
Of blood weighs down a ducat.
Vitry. After that rate,
I and my friends would beggar the kingdom.
Sir, you have made me bluſh to ſee my want,
Whoſe cure is ſuch a cheap and eaſy purchaſe:
This is male-bawdry, belike?

Enter Protaldye, a Lady, and Revellers.

Baw. See!
You ſhall not be long earning your wages;
Your work's before your eyes.

Vitry. Leave it to my
Handling; I'll fall upon it inſtantly.
Baw. What opinion [36] will the managing
Of this affair bring to my wiſdom! my invention
Tickles with apprehenſion on't!
Prot. Theſe are
The joys of marriage, lady; whoſe ſights are
Able to diſſolve virginity. Speak freely!
Do you not envy the bride's felicity?
Lady. How ſhould I, being partner of't?
Prot. What you
Enjoy is but the banquet's view; the taſte
Stands from your palate: If he impart by day
So much of his content, think what night gave?
Vitry. Will you have a reliſh of wit, lady?
Baw. This is the man.
Lady. If it be not dear, Sir.
Vitry. If you affect cheapneſs,
How can you prize this ſullied ware ſo much?
Mine's freſh, my own, not retail'd.
Prot. You are ſaucy, ſirrah!
Vitry. The fitter to be in
The diſh with ſuch dry ſtockfiſh as you are.
How! ſtrike?
Baw. Remember the condition, as
You look for payment!
Vitry. That box was left out
O'th' bargain.
Prot. Help, help, help!
Baw. Plague of
The ſcrivener's running hand! what a blow's this to
My reputation!

Enter Thierry, Theodoret, Brunhalt, Ordella, Memberge, and Martell.

Thi. What villain dares this outrage?
Vitry. Hear me, Sir!

[36] *Opinion;*] i. e. *Reputation.* See note 71 on the Two Noble Kinſmen.

This

This creature hir'd me, wi' fifty crowns in hand,
To let Protaldye have the better of me
At ſingle rapier on a made quarrel: He,
Miſtaking th' weapon, lays me over the chaps
With his club-fiſt, for which I was bold to teach him
The art of memory.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Theod. Your general, mother, will diſplay himſelf,
'Spite of our peace, I ſee.

Thi. Forbear theſe civil jars: Fy, Protaldye!
So open in your projects? Avoid our preſence, ſirrah!

Vitry. Willingly. If you have any more
Wages to earn, you ſee I can take pains.

Theod. There's ſomewhat for thy labour,
More than was promis'd. Ha, ha, ha!

Baw. Where could I wiſh myſelf now? in the Iſle of Dogs,
So I might eſcape ſcratching; for I ſee
By her cats' eyes I ſhall be claw'd fearfully.

Thi. We'll hear no more on't; muſic drown all ſadneſs! [*Soft muſic.*
Command the Revellers in. At what a rate I do
Purchaſe my mother's abſence, to give my ſpleen
Full liberty!

Brun. Speak not a thought's delay; it names thy ruin.

Prot. I had thought my life had borne more value with you.

Brun. Thy loſs carries mine with't; let that ſecure thee!
The vault is ready, and the door conveys to't
Falls juſt behind his chair; the blow once given,
Thou art unſeen.

Prot. I cannot feel more than I fear, I'm ſure.

Brun. Be gone, and let them laugh their own deſtruction! [*Prot. withdraws.*

Thi. You'll add unto her rage.

Theod. 'Sfoot, I ſhall burſt,
Unleſs I vent myſelf: Ha, ha, ha!

Brun. Me, Sir?
You never could have found a time t'invite
More willingneſs in my diſpoſe to pleaſure.
Memb. 'Would you would pleaſe to make ſome other choice!
Rev. 'Tis a diſgrace would dwell upon me, lady,
Should you refuſe.
Memb. Your reaſon conquers.—My grandmother's looks
Have turn'd all air to earth in me; they ſit
Upon my heart like night-charms, black and heavy.
Thi. You're too much libertine. [*They dance.*
Theod. The fortune of the fool perſuades my laughter
More than his cowardiſe: Was ever rat
Ta'en by the tail thus? ha, ha, ha!
Thi. Forbear, I ſay!
Prot. No eye looks this way: I will wink and ſtrike,
Leſt I betray myſelf. [*Behind the ſtate, ſtabs Theod.*
Theod. Ha! did you not ſee one near me?
Thi. How! near you? why do you look ſo pale, brother?
Treaſon, treaſon!
Memb. Oh, my preſage! Father!
Ord. Brother!
Mart. Prince, noble prince!
Thi. Make the gates ſure! ſearch into every angle
And corner of the court; oh, my ſhame!—Mother,
Your ſon is ſlain! Theodoret, noble Theodoret,
Here in my arms, too weak a ſanctuary
'Gainſt treachery and murder! Say, is the traitor taken?
1 *Guard.* No man hath paſt the chamber, on my life, Sir.
Thi. Set preſent fire unto the place, that all unſeen
May periſh in this miſchief! who moves ſlow to't
Shall add unto the flame.
Brun. What mean you? give me your private hearing.
Thi. Perſuaſion is a partner in the crime:

I will

I will renounce my claim unto a mother,
If you make offer on't.
Brun. Ere a torch can take flame,
I will produce the author of the fact.
Thi. Withdraw! But, for your lights——
Memb. Oh, my too-true ſuſpicion!
[*Exeunt Mart. and Memb.*
Thi. Speak! where's the engine to this horrid act?
Brun. Here you do behold her; upon whom make good
Your cauſeleſs rage! The deed was done
By my incitement, and not yet repented.
Thi. Whither did Nature ſtart, when you conceiv'd
A birth ſo unlike woman? Say, what part
Did not conſent to make a ſon of him,
Reſerv'd itſelf within you to his ruin?
Brun. Ha, ha! a ſon of mine? do not diſſever
Thy father's duſt, ſhaking his quiet urn,
To which thy breath would ſend ſo foul an iſſue.
My ſon? thy brother?
Thi. Was not Theodoret my brother?
Or is thy tongue confederate with thy heart,
To ſpeak and do only things monſtrous?
Brun. Hear me, and thou ſhalt make thine own belief:
Thy ſtill-with-ſorrow-mention'd father liv'd
Three careful years, in hope of wiſhed heirs,
When I conceiv'd, being from his jealous fear
Enjoin'd to quiet home: One fatal day,
Tranſported with my pleaſure to the chaſe,
I forc'd command, and in purſuit of game
Fell from my horſe, loſt both my child and hopes.
Deſpair, which only in his love ſaw life
Worthy of being, from a gard'ner's arms
Snatch'd this unlucky brat, and call'd it mine;
When the next year repaid my loſs with thee,
But in thy wrongs preſerv'd my miſery;
Which, that I might diminiſh, tho' not end,

My ſighs and wet eyes, from thy father's will,
Bequeath this largeſt part of his dominions
Of France, unto thee, and only left Auſtracia
Unto that changeling; whoſe life affords
Too much of ill 'gainſt me to prove my words,
And call him ſtranger.

Thi. Come, do not weep! I muſt, nay do believe you;
And, in my father's ſatisfaction, count it
Merit, not wrong, or loſs.

Brun. You do but flatter;
There's anger yet flames in your eyes.

Thi. See, I will quench it, and confeſs that you
Have ſuffer'd double travail for me.

Brun. You will not fire the houſe then?

Thi. Rather reward the author who gave cauſe
Of knowing ſuch a ſecret; my oath and duty
Shall be aſſurance on't.

Brun. Protaldye, riſe,
Good faithful ſervant! Heaven knows
How hardly he was drawn to this attempt.

Enter Protaldye.

Thi. Protaldye? He had a gard'ner's fate, I'll ſwear,
Fell by thy hand[37]?
Sir, we do owe unto you for this ſervice.

Brun. Why look'ſt thou ſo dejected?

Enter Martell.

Prot. I want a little
Shift, lady; nothing elſe.

Mart. The fires are ready;
Pleaſe it your Grace withdraw, whilſt we perform
Your pleaſure.

[37] Fell *by thy hand.*] So oldeſt quarto; ſubſequent editions, TELL *by thy hand:* To rectify this, Seward propoſes the following (which he calls a *very probable*) conjecture: 'I ſuppoſe the tranſcriber to 'have accidentally contracted *To fall* into *tall*, and this making no 'ſenſe, the firſt printers, by way of correction read *tell*, which ſeem'd 'to make ſomething that approach'd to a meaning.'

Thi.

Thi. Reſerve them for the body: Since
He had the fate to live and die a prince,
He ſhall not loſe the title in his funeral. [*Exit.*
Mart. His fate to live a prince? Thou old Impiety,
Made up by luſt and miſchief! Take up the body.
[*Exeunt with the body of Theodoret.*

Enter Lecure and a Servant.

Lec. Doſt think Leforte's ſure enough?
Serv. As bonds
Can make him: I have turn'd his eyes to th' Eaſt,
And left him gaping after the morning-ſtar.
His head is a mere aſtrolobe; his eyes
Stand for the poles, the gag in his mouth being
The coachman, his five teeth have the neareſt reſemblance
To Charles's Wain——
Lec. Thou haſt caſt a figure
Which ſhall raiſe thee: Direct my hair a little;
And in my likeneſs to him read a fortune
Suiting thy largeſt hopes.
Serv. You are ſo far 'bove likeneſs, you're the ſame;
If you love mirth, perſuade him from himſelf.
It is but an aſtronomer out of the way,
And lying will bear the better place for't.
Lec. I
Have profitabler uſe in hand: Haſte to
The queen, and tell her how you left me chang'd!
[*Exit Serv.*
Who would not ſerve this virtuous active queen?
She that loves miſchief 'bove the man that does it,
And him above her pleaſure; yet knows no Heaven elſe.

Enter Thierry.

Thi. How well this loneneſs ſuits the art I ſt
Diſcovering ſecret and ſucceeding fate,
Knowl

Knowledge that puts all lower happineſs on,
With a remiſs and careleſs hand!—
Fair peace unto your meditations, father!
Lec. The ſame to you you bring, Sir!
Thi. Drawn by your much-fam'd ſkill, I come to know
Whether the man who owes this character[39]
Shall e'er have iſſue.
Lec. A reſolution falling with moſt eaſe
Of any doubt you could have nam'd! He is a prince
Whoſe fortune you enquire.
Thi. He's nobly born.
Lec. He had a dukedom lately fall'n unto him,
By one, call'd brother, who has left a daughter.
Thi. The queſtion is of heirs, not lands.
Lec. Heirs? yes;
He ſhall have heirs.
Thi. Begotten of his body?
Why look'ſt thou pale?
Thou canſt not ſuffer in his want.
Lec. Nor thou;
I neither can nor will give further knowledge
To thee.
Thi. Thou muſt! I am the man myſelf,
Thy ſovereign; who muſt owe unto thy wiſdom
In the concealing of my barren ſhame.
Lec. Your Grace doth wrong your ſtars: If this be yours,
You may have children.
Thi. Speak it again!
Lec. You may have fruitful iſſue.
Thi. By whom? when? how?
Lec. It was the fatal means firſt ſtruck my blood

[39] *Who* owes *this character.*] *i. e.* who owns, a word often mentioned before as common to all the old Engliſh writers; as in the old editions of the Bible, *The man who* oweth *this girdle.* The character is the calculation of his nativity, which his mother adviſ'd him to lay before Leforte. The word *reſolution*, in Lecure's anſwer to this, ſignifies the ſame with *ſolution.* *Seward.*

With

With the cold hand of Wonder, when I read it
Printed upon your birth.

Thi. Can there be any way unſmooth, has end
So fair and good?

Lec. We that behold the ſad aſpects of Heav'n[40],
Leading ſenſe-blinded men, feel grief enough
To know, tho' not to ſpeak their miſeries.

Thi. Sorrow muſt loſe a name[41], where mine finds life!
If not in thee, at leaſt eaſe pain with ſpeed,
Which muſt know no cure elſe.

Lec. Then thus:
The firſt of females which your eye ſhall meet
Before the ſun next riſe, coming from out
The temple of Diana, being ſlain, you live
Father of many ſons. [*Exit.*

Thi. Call'ſt thou this ſadneſs? can I beget a ſon
Deſerving leſs, than to give recompenſe

---

[40] *We that behold the ſad aſpects of Heav'n,*
Leading ſenſe blinded, men feel grief enough
To know, tho' not to ſpeak their miſeries.] The change of a comma, and the inſertion of a hyphen, are neceſſary to the cure of this paſſage. Lecure is pretending great compaſſion, and ſays that we that are learned in the ſad aſpects of Heaven, which lead men ſenſe-blinded to their fate, have grief enough to know and not to declare the miſeries of men. *Seward.*

[41] *Sorrow muſt loſe a name, where mine finds life;*
If not in thee, at leaſt eaſe pain with ſpeed.] This ſeems obſcure, the firſt is a very poetic ſentiment,

Sorrow muſt loſe a name, ———

i. e. Loſe its being where mine, *i. e.* my *name* finds life; by my gaining heirs to it. Then he anſwers what Lecure had before ſaid of his grief in the foreknowledge of the means of gaining him heirs; if, ſays he, you cannot eaſe your own grief, at leaſt eaſe mine. The relative *my* inſerted, gives this ſenſe, and it being common in our Poets to cut off the initial or final vowel of one word, when the following or former begins or ends with another vowel. The inſertion will not alter the meaſure, the *a* in *at* being here cut off. *Seward.*

Seward reads,

If not in thee, 't *leaſt eaſe* my *pain,* &c.

The inſertion is needleſs; and the eliſion, like many hundred others, ridiculous. The paſſage ſeems to be corrupt. The firſt lin[illegible] think, ingeniouſly and juſtly interpreted; but the two next convey the meaning Seward has aſſigned to them.

Unto ſo poor'a loſs? Whate'er thou art,
Reſt peaceable, bleſs'd creature, born to be
Mother of princes, whoſe grave ſhall be more fruitful
Than others' marriage-beds! Methinks his art
Should give her form and happy figure to me;
I long to ſee my happineſs: He's gone!
As I remember, he nam'd my brother's daughter;
Were it my mother, 'twere a gainful death
Could give Ordella's virtue living breath! [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Thierry and Martell.

Mart. YOUR Grace is early ſtirring.

Thi. How can he ſleep,
Whoſe happineſs is laid up in an hour,
He knows comes ſtealing toward him? Oh, Martell!
Is't poſſible the longing bride, whoſe wiſhes
Out-run her fears, can, on that day[42] ſhe's married,
Conſume in ſlumbers? or his arms ruſt in eaſe,
That hears the charge, and ſees the honour'd purchaſe
Ready to gild his valour? Mine is more,
A power above theſe paſſions; this day France
(France, that in want of iſſue withers with us,
And like an aged river runs his head
Into forgotten ways) again I ranſom,
And his fair courſe turn right: This day Thierry,
The ſon of France[43], whoſe manly powers like priſoners
Have been tied up, and fetter'd, by one death

[42] *Can on that day*, &c] Seward rejects the word *on*.

[43] ——— *This day Thierry,*
The ſon *of France, whoſe manly powers like priſoners*
Have been tied up ——] That this is good ſenſe is allow'd, but that the *ſun of France* is much more poetical, I believe will be equally allow'd. How long the *ſun* has been the emblem of the French King, I have no book by me that will tell us. It was the emblem which Louis the Fourteenth moſt delighted in, if it was of older date in the arms of France, it would be a confirmation of the emendation here,

Gives life to thouſand ages; this day beauty
The envy of the world, the pleaſure, glory,
Content above the world, deſire beyond it,
Are made mine own, and uſeful!

Mart. Happy woman
That dies to do theſe things!

Thi. But ten times happier
That lives to do the greater! Oh, Martell,
The gods have heard me now; and thoſe that ſcorn'd me,
Mothers of many children, and bleſs'd fathers,
That ſee their iſſues like the ſtars unnumber'd,
Their comforts more than them, ſhall in my praiſes
Now teach their infants ſongs; and tell their ages
From ſuch a ſon of mine, or ſuch a queen,
That chaſte Ordella brings me. Bleſſed marriage,
The chain that links two holy loves together!
And, in the marriage, more than bleſs'd Ordella,

---

and ſtill more ſo, of the exquiſite beauty of the following paſſage of Shakeſpeare in Harry the Fifth, the French King deſcribing the battle of Creſſy,

'When Creſſy battle fatally was ſtruck;
'And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
'Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales:
'While that his mountain-ſire on mountain ſtanding,
'Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun,
'Saw his heroic ſeed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
'Mangle the work of Nature——'

Were a painter to give us this battle in colours, what a noble image might he take from hence? The king of more than human ſtature, and enlarg'd beyond the ſtrict rules of perſpective, aloft on a hill, with the *ſun* in his zenith darting all his glory round his head. Shakeſpeare expreſſes this in words that exceed all colours, *mountain* when made an adjective is ſomething beyond the epithet *great*, *vaſt*, *immenſe*. I ſhould not have mentioned this but to ſhew the fallibility of criticiſm, ſince the greateſt of the critics on Shakeſpeare for *mountain-ſire* reads *mounting ſire*, and rejects the line

'Up in the air, crown'd with the golden ſun,'

as the nonſenſical inſertion of ſome player. As to the change, I propoſe of *ſon* to *ſun*, I ſhall not inſert it in the text, as the former, though not ſo poetical, may perhaps be thought full as proper, now he is talking of a ſon to ſucceed him. *Seward.*

We have no doubt but the text is genuine; yet there is an amuſing conceitedneſs in Seward's note, which has induced us to retain it.

Th

That comes ſo near the ſacrament itſelf,
The prieſts doubt whether purer!
Mart. Sir, you're loſt!
Thi. I prithee let me be ſo!
Mart. The day wears;
And thoſe that have been offering early prayers,
Are now retiring homeward.
Thi. Stand, and mark then!
Mart. Is it the firſt muſt ſuffer?
Thi. The firſt woman.
Mart. What hand ſhall do it, Sir?
Thi. This hand, Martell;
For who leſs dare preſume to give the gods
An incenſe of this offering?
Mart. 'Would I were ſhe!
For ſuch a way to die, and ſuch a bleſſing,
Can never crown my parting. [*Two men paſs over.*
Thi. What are thoſe?
Mart. Men, men, Sir, men.
Thi. The plagues of men light on 'em!
They croſs my hopes like hares. Who's that?
[*A prieſt paſſes over.*
Mart. A prieſt, Sir.
Thi. Would he were gelt!
Mart. May not theſe raſcals ſerve, Sir,
Well hang'd and quarter'd?
Thi. No.
Mart. Here comes a woman.

Enter Ordella veil'd.

Thi. Stand, and behold her then!
Mart. I think, a fair one.
Thi. Move not, whilſt I prepare her: May her peace,
(Like his whoſe innocence the gods are pleas'd with,
And, offering at their altars, gives his ſoul
Far purer than thoſe fires) pull Heav'n upon her!
You holy powers, no human ſpot dwell in her!
No love of any thing, but you and goodneſs,
Tie her to earth! Fear be a ſtranger to her;

And all weak blood's affections, but thy hope,
Let her bequeath to women! Hear me, Heav'n!
Give her a ſpirit maſculine, and noble,
Fit for yourſelves to aſk, and me to offer!
Oh, let her meet my blow, dote on her death;
And as a wanton vine bows to the pruner,
That, by his cutting off more may encreaſe,
So let her fall to raiſe me fruit!—Hail, woman;
The happieſt, and the beſt, (if thy dull will
Do not abuſe thy fortune) France e'er found yet!
Ord. She's more than dull, Sir, leſs, and worſe than woman,
That may inherit ſuch an infinite
As you propound, a greatneſs ſo near goodneſs,
And brings a will to rob her.
Thi. Tell me this then;
Was there e'er woman yet, or may be found,
That for fair fame, unſpotted memory,
For Virtue's ſake, and only for itſelf-ſake,
Has, or dare make a ſtory?
Ord. Many dead, Sir;
Living, I think, as many.
Thi. Say, the kingdom
May from a woman's will receive a bleſſing,
The king and kingdom, not a private ſafety,
A general bleſſing, lady?
Ord. A general curſe
Light on her heart, denies it!
Thi. Full of honour!
And ſuch examples as the former ages
Were but dim ſhadows of, and empty figures?
Ord. You ſtrangely ſtir me, Sir; and were my weakneſs
In any other fleſh but modeſt woman's,
You ſhould not aſk more queſtions: May I do it?
Thi. You may; and, which is more, you muſt.
Ord. I joy in't,
Above a moderate gladneſs! Sir, you promiſe
It ſhall be honeſt?

Thi.

Thi. As ever Time diſcover'd.
Ord. Let it be what it may then, what it dare,
I have a mind will hazard it.
Thi. But, hark you;
What may that woman merit, makes this bleſſing?
Ord. Only her duty, Sir.
Thi. 'Tis terrible!
Ord. 'Tis ſo much the more noble.
Thi. 'Tis full of fearful ſhadows!
Ord. So is ſleep, Sir,
Or any thing that's merely ours, and mortal;
We were begotten gods elſe: But thoſe fears,
Feeling but once the fires of nobler thoughts,
Fly, like the ſhapes of clouds we form, to nothing.
Thi. Suppoſe it death!
Ord. I do.
Thi. And endleſs parting
With all we can call ours, with all our ſweetneſs,
With youth, ſtrength, pleaſure, people, time, nay reaſon!
For in the ſilent grave, no converſation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counſel, nothing's heard[44],
Nor nothing is, but all oblivion,
Duſt and an endleſs darkneſs: And dare you, woman,
Deſire this place?
Ord. 'Tis of all ſleeps the ſweeteſt:
Children begin it to us, ſtrong men ſeek it,
And kings from height of all their painted glories
Fall, like ſpent exhalations, to this centre:
And thoſe are fools that fear it, or imagine
A few unhandſome pleaſures, or life's profits,
Can recompenſe this place; and mad that ſtay it,
'Till age blow out their lights, or rotten humours
Bring them diſpers'd to th' earth.
Thi. Then you can ſuffer?
Ord. As willingly as ſay it.
Thi. Martell, a wonder!

44 —— *nothing's* hard.] Amended in 1750.

Here is a woman that dares die.—Yet, tell me,
Are you a wife?

Ord. I am, Sir.

Thi. And have children?—
She ſighs, and weeps!

Ord. Oh, none, Sir.

Thi. Dare you venture,
For a poor barren praiſe you ne'er ſhall hear,
To part with theſe ſweet hopes?

Ord. With all but Heaven,
And yet die full of children: He that reads me
When I am aſhes, is my ſon in wiſhes;
And thoſe chaſte dames that keep my memory,
Singing my yearly requiems, are my daughters.

Thi. Then there is nothing wanting but my knowledge,
And what I muſt do, lady.

Ord. You are the king, Sir,
And what you do I'll ſuffer; and that bleſſing
That you deſire, the gods ſhower on the kingdom!

Thi. Thus much before I ſtrike then; for I muſt kill you,
The gods have will'd it ſo: Thou'rt made the bleſſing[45]
Muſt make France young again, and me a man.
Keep up your ſtrength ſtill nobly!

Ord. Fear me not.

Thi. And meet Death like a meaſure!

Ord. I am ſtedfaſt.

Thi. Thou ſhalt be ſainted, woman; and thy tomb
Cut out in cryſtal, pure and good as thou art;
And on it ſhall be graven every age[46];

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[45] They're *made the bleſſing.*] Amended in 1750.

[46] *And on it ſhall be graven, every age,*
Succeeding peers of France that riſe by thy fall;
Tell thou ly'ſt there like old and fruitful Nature.] I flatter myſelf, that I have fully cured this paſſage, by making a colon inſtead of a comma at the end of the ſecond line, and changing *tell* to *till.* The image is this, 'On thy tomb ſhall be engrav'd from age to age the 'ſucceeding kings of France, as acknowledging their being all de-'riv'd from thee, 'till thou ly'ſt there like Nature, the fruitful mother 'of

Succeeding peers of France that riſe by thy fall,
Tell thou lieſt there like old and fruitful Nature.
Dar'ſt thou behold thy happineſs?

Ord. I dare, Sir.

Thi. Ha! [*Pulls off her veil, lets fall his ſword.*

Mart. Oh, Sir, you muſt not do it.

Thi. No, I dare not!
There is an angel keeps that paradiſe,
A fiery angel, friend. Oh, virtue, virtue,
Ever and endleſs virtue!

Ord. Strike, Sir, ſtrike!
And if in my poor death fair France may merit,
Give me a thouſand blows! be killing me
A thouſand days!

Thi. Firſt, let the earth be barren,
And man no more remember'd! Riſe, Ordella,
The neareſt to thy Maker, and the pureſt
That ever dull fleſh ſhew'd us!—Oh, my heart-ſtrings!
[*Exit.*

Mart. I ſee you full of wonder; therefore, nobleſt,
And trueſt amongſt women, I will tell you
The end of this ſtrange accident.

Ord. Amazement
Has ſo much won upon my heart[47], that truly
I feel myſelf unfit to hear: Oh, Sir,
My lord has ſlighted me!

'of all things.' The image is full as noble as the famous ſimile of Virgil of the city of Rome to Berecynthia the mother of the gods;

Illa inclyta Roma
Felix prole virûm. Qualis Berecynthia mater,
Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per Urbes,
Læta Deûm partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes Cælicolas, omnes ſupera alta tenentes. *Seward.*

The old text (with no variation, but a ſtronger point, a ſemicolon, at the end of the firſt line) is much preferable: The ſenſe then is plain and eaſy: 'Every age ſhall be graven on thy tomb; and the 'ſucceeding French princes ſhall *tell*, having riſen from thy fall, 'that thou lieſt there like fruitful Nature.' The obſcurity proceeds from the omiſſion of the ſecond *ſhall*.

47 *Has ſo much wo.e upon my heart.*] *Wove* is a ſtrange expreſſion here, and much leſs in the manner of our Poets, than the word ſubſtituted.

Mart. Oh, no, ſweet lady.
Ord. Robb'd me of ſuch a glory, by his pity
And moſt unprovident reſpect——
Mart. Dear lady,
It was not meant to you.
Ord. Elſe where the day is,
And hours diſtinguiſh time, time runs to ages,
And ages end the world, I had been ſpoken!
Mart. I'll tell you what it was, if but your patience
Will give me hearing.
Ord. If I have tranſgreſs'd,
Forgive me, Sir!
Mart. Your noble lord was counſell'd
(Grieving the barrenneſs between you both,
And all the kingdom with him[48]) to ſeek out
A man that knew the ſecrets of the gods:
He went, found ſuch an one, and had this anſwer;
That if he would have iſſue, on this morning,
(For this hour was prefix'd him) he ſhould kill
The firſt he met, being female, from the temple,
And then he ſhould have children: The miſtake
Is now too perfect, lady.
Ord. Still 'tis I, Sir;
For may this work be done by common women?
Durſt any but myſelf, that knew the bleſſing,
And felt the benefit, aſſume this dying?
In any other, 'thad been loſt and nothing,
A curſe and not a bleſſing: I was figur'd;
And ſhall a little fondneſs bar my purchaſe?
Mart. Where ſhould he then ſeek children?
Ord. Where they are;
In wombs ordain'd for iſſues; in thoſe beauties

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[48] *And all the* kingdom *with him.*] Was all the *kingdom* counſell'd to ſeek out an aſtrologer? This ſeems the conſtruction of the words as they now ſtand: I read,

And all the kingdom's *with him,*

i. e. all the *kingdom*'s barrenneſs in his. *Seward.*

Seward miſconceived this paſſage: *Kingdom* refers to *grieving*, not to *counſelled.*

That

That bleſs a marriage-bed [49], and make it procreant
With kiſſes that conceive, and fruitful pleaſures:
Mine, like a grave, buries thoſe loyal hopes,
And too a grave it covets.

Mart. You are too good,
Too excellent, too honeſt! Rob not us,
And thoſe that ſhall hereafter ſeek example,
Of ſuch ineſtimable worth in woman [50],
Your lord of ſuch obedience, all of honour!
In coveting a cruelty is not yours,
Will ſhort of your wiſdom, make not Error
A tombſtone of your virtues, whoſe fair life
Deſerves a conſtellation! Your lord dare not,
He cannot, ought not, muſt not run this hazard;
He makes a ſeparation Nature ſhakes at,
The gods deny, and everlaſting Juſtice
Shrinks back, and ſheaths her ſword at.

Ord. All's but talk, Sir!
I find to what I am reſerv'd, and needful:
And tho' my lord's compaſſion makes me poor,
And leaves me in my beſt uſe [51], yet a ſtrength
Above mine own, or his dull fondneſs, finds me:
The gods have given it to me [52]. [*Draws a knife.*

Mart. Self-deſtruction?
Now all good angels bleſs thee! oh, ſweet lady!
You are abus'd; this is a way to ſhame you,
And with you all that know you, all that love you;

---

[49] *That bleſs a marriage-bed, and make it* proceed
With kiſſes that conceive.] The variation in the text is by Seward. The conjecture is happy, and very poſſibly reſtores the original word. We might read *breed*; but Seward's text is more elegant.

[50] *Of ſuch ineſtimable* worthies *in woman.*] Former editions. The original might have been either *worths* or *worth*. *Seward.*

[51] *And leaves me in my beſt uſe.*] i. e. Neglects putting me to the uſe I am moſt fit for, the beſt uſe I can be employed in.

[52] ——— *yet a ſtrength*
Above mine own, or his dull fondneſs finds me:
The gods have given it *to me.*] This reading may be conſtru'd into ſenſe, but the change of a colon to a comma, and the omiſſion of the relative *it* makes it much more eaſy. *Seward.*

Surely, theſe variations greatly injured the text.

To

To ruin all you build! Would you be famous?
Is that your end?
Ord. I would be what I ſhould be.
Mart. Live and confirm the gods then! live and be loaden
With more than olives bear[53], or fruitful autumn!
This way you kill your merit, kill your cauſe,
And him you would raiſe life to: Where or how
Got you theſe bloody thoughts? what devil durſt
Look on that angel face, and tempt? do you know
What 'tis to die thus? how you ſtrike the ſtars,
And all good things above us? do you feel
What follows a ſelf-blood? whither you venture,
And to what puniſhment? Excellent lady,
Be not thus cozen'd! do not fool yourſelf!
The prieſt was never his own ſacrifice,
But he that thought his hell here.
Ord. I am counſell'd.
Mart. And I am glad on't; lie, I know you dare not.
Ord. I never have done yet.
Mart. Pray take my comfort!
Was this a ſoul to loſe? two more ſuch women
Would ſave their ſex. See, ſhe repents and prays!
Oh, hear her, hear her! if there be a faith
Able to reach your mercies, ſhe hath ſent it.
Ord. Now, good Martell, confirm me!
Mart. I will, lady,
And every hour adviſe you; for I doubt
Whether this plot be Heav'n's, or Hell's your mother!
And I will find it, if it be in mankind
To ſearch the centre of it: In the mean time,
I'll give you out for dead, and by yourſelf,
And ſhew the inſtrument; ſo ſhall I find
A joy that will betray her.
Ord. Do what's fitteſt;
And I will follow you.
Mart. Then ever live,
Both able to engroſs all love, and give! [*Exeunt.*

[53] *With more than* olives bear.] So firſt quarto. Seward reads, *olive bears.*

Enter

Enter Brunhalt and Protaldye.

Brun. I am in labour
To be deliver'd of that burthenous project
I have ſo long gone with! Ha, here's the midwife;
Or life, or death?

Enter Lecure.

Lec. If in the ſuppoſition
Of her death in whoſe life you die, you aſk me,
I think you're ſafe.
Brun. Is ſhe dead?
Lec. I have us'd
All means to make her ſo: I ſaw him waiting
At th' temple door, and us'd ſuch art within,
That only ſhe of all her ſex was firſt
Giv'n up unto his fury.
Brun. Which if love
Or fear made him forbear to execute,
The vengeance he determin'd his fond pity
Shall draw it on himſelf; for were there left
Not any man but he, to ſerve my pleaſures,
Or from me to receive commands, (which are
The joys for which I love life) he ſhould be
Remov'd, and I alone left to be queen
O'er any part of goodneſs that's left in me.
Lec. If you are ſo reſolv'd, I have provided
A means to ſhip him hence: Look upon this,
But touch it ſparingly; for this once us'd,
Say but to dry a tear, will keep the eye-lid
From cloſing, until Death perform that office.
Brun. Give't me! I may have uſe of 't; and on you
I'll make the firſt experiment, if one ſigh
Or heavy look beget the leaſt ſuſpicion,
Childiſh compaſſion can thaw the ice
Of your ſo-long-congeal'd and flinty hardneſs.
'Slight, go on conſtant, or I ſhall——
Prot. Beſt lady,
We have no faculties which are not yours.

Lec.

Lec. Nor will be any thing without you.
Brun. Be ſo,
And we will ſtand or fall together: For
Since we have gone ſo far, that Death muſt ſtay
The journey, which we wiſh ſhould never end,
And innocent, or guilty, we muſt die;
When we do ſo, let's know the reaſon why!

Enter Thierry and Courtiers.

Lec. The king!
Thi. We'll be alone.
Prot. I would I had
A convoy too, to bring me ſafe off!
For rage, altho' it be allay'd with ſorrow,
Appears ſo dreadful in him, that I ſhake
To look upon it.
Brun. Coward, I will meet it,
And know from whence't has birth. Son! kingly Thierry!
Thi. Is cheating grown ſo common among men,
And thrives ſo well here, that the gods endeavour
To practiſe it above?
Brun. Your mother!
Thi. Ha!—
Or are they only careful to revenge,
Not to reward? or when, for our offences [54],
We ſtudy ſatisfaction, muſt the cure
Be worſe than the diſeaſe?
Brun. Will you not hear me?
Thi. To loſe the ability to perform thoſe duties
For which I entertain'd the name of huſband,
Aſk'd more than common ſorrow; but to impoſe,
For the redreſs of that defect, a torture
In marking her to death, (for whom alone
I felt that weakneſs as a want) requires
More than the making the head bald, or falling
Thus flat upon the earth, or curſing that way,
Or praying this. Oh, ſuch a ſcene of grief,

[54] *Or when, for your offences.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

And

And ſo ſet down, (the world the ſtage to act on)
May challenge a tragedian better practis'd
Than I am to expreſs it! for my cauſe
Of paſſion is ſo ſtrong, and my performance,
So weak, that tho' the part be good, I fear
The ill acting of it will defraud it of
The poor reward it may deſerve, mens' pity.

Brun. I've given you way thus long: A king, and what
Is more, my ſon; and yet a ſlave to that
Which only triumphs over cowards, ſorrow?
For ſhame, look up!

Thi. Is't you? look down on me!
And if that you are capable to receive it,
Let that return to you, that have brought forth
One mark'd out only for it!—What are theſe?
Come they, upon your privilege, to tread on
The tomb of my afflictions?

Prot. No, not we, Sir.

Thi. How dare you then omit the ceremony
Due to the funeral of all my hopes?
Or come unto the marriage of my ſorrows,
But in ſuch colours as may ſort with them?

Prot. Alas, we will wear any thing.

Brun. This is madneſs!
Take but my counſel!

Thi. Yours? dare you again,
Tho' arm'd with the authority of a mother,
Attempt the danger that will fall on you,
If ſuch another ſyllable awake it?
Go, and with yours be ſafe; I have ſuch cauſe
Of grief, (nay more, to love it) that I will not
Have ſuch as theſe be ſharers in it.

Lec. Madam!

Prot. Another time were better.

Brun. Do not ſtir,
For I muſt be reſolv'd, and will: Be ſtatues!

Enter Martell.

Thi. Ay, thou art welcome; and upon my ſoul
Thou

Thou art an honeſt man. Do you ſee? he has tears
To lend to him whom prodigal expence
Of ſorrow has made bankrupt of ſuch treaſure!
Nay, thou doſt well.
Mart. I would it might excuſe
The ill I bring along!
Thi. Thou mak'ſt me ſmile
I'th' heighth of my calamities: As if
There could be the addition of an atom,
To the giant-body of my miſeries!
But try; for I will hear thee. All ſit down! 'tis death
To any that ſhall dare to interrupt him
In look, geſture, or word.
Mart. And ſuch attention
As is due to the laſt, and the beſt ſtory
That ever was deliver'd, will become you.
The griev'd Ordella (for all other titles
But take away from that) having from me,
Prompted by your laſt parting groan, enquir'd
What drew it from you, and the cauſe ſoon learn'd;
For ſhe whom barbariſm could deny nothing,
With ſuch prevailing earneſtneſs deſir'd it,
'Twas not in me, tho' it had been my death,
To hide it from her: She, I ſay, in whom
All was, that Athens, Rome, or warlike Sparta,
Have regiſter'd for good in their beſt women,
But nothing of their ill; knowing herſelf
Mark'd out (I know not by what power, but ſure
A cruel one) to die, to give you children;
Having firſt with a ſettled countenance
Look'd up to Heaven, and then upon herſelf,
(It being the next beſt object) and then ſmil'd,
As if her joy in death to do you ſervice
Would break forth, in deſpite of the much ſorrow
She ſhew'd ſhe had to leave you; and then taking
Me by the hand, (this hand, which I muſt ever
Love better than I have done, ſince ſhe touch'd it)
Go, ſaid ſhe, to my lord, (and to go to him
Is ſuch a happineſs I muſt not hope for)
And tell him that he too much priz'd a trifle

Made

Made only worthy in his love, and her
Thankful acceptance, for her ſake to rob
The orphan kingdom of ſuch guardians, as
Muſt of neceſſity deſcend from him;
And therefore, in ſome part of recompenſe
Of his much love, and to ſhew to the world
That 'twas not her fault only, but her fate,
That did deny to let her be the mother
Of ſuch moſt certain bleſſings; yet, for proof
She did not envy her, that happy her,
That is appointed to them, her quick end
Should make way for her. Which no ſooner ſpoke,
But in a moment this too-ready engine
Made ſuch a battery in the choiceſt caſtle
That ever Nature made to defend life,
That ſtraight it ſhook and ſunk.

Thi. Stay! dares any
Preſume to ſhed a tear before me? or
Aſcribe that worth unto themſelves to merit,
To do ſo for her? I have done; now on!

Mart. Fall'n thus, once more ſhe ſmil'd, as if that Death
For her had ſtudied a new way to ſever
The ſoul and body, without ſenſe of pain;
And then, Tell him, quoth ſhe, what you have ſeen,
And with what willingneſs 'twas done! for which
My laſt requeſt unto him is, that he
Would inſtantly make choice of one (moſt happy
In being ſo choſen) to ſupply my place;
By whom if Heav'n bleſs him with a daughter,
In my remembrace let it bear my name!
Which ſaid, ſhe died.

Thi. I hear this, and yet live!
Heart! art thou thunder-proof? will nothing break thee?
She's dead; and what her entertainment may be
In th' other world without me is uncertain;
And dare I ſtay here unreſolv'd?

Mart. Oh, Sir!

Brun. Dear ſon!
Prot. Great king!
Thi. Unhand me! am I fall'n
So low, that I have loſt the power to be
Diſpoſer of my own life?
Mart. Be but pleas'd
To borrow ſo much time of Sorrow, as
To call to mind her laſt requeſt, for whom
(I muſt confeſs a loſs beyond expreſſion)
You turn your hand upon yourſelf! 'twas hers,
And dying hers, that you ſhould live, and happy,
In ſeeing little models of yourſelf,
By matching with another: And will you
Leave any thing that ſhe deſir'd ungranted?
And ſuffer ſuch a life that was laid down
For your ſake only, to be fruitleſs?
Thi. Oh,
Thou doſt throw charms upon me, againſt which
I cannot ſtop my ears: Bear witneſs, Heaven!
That not deſire of life, nor love of pleaſures,
Nor any future comforts, but to give
Peace to her bleſſed ſpirit, in ſatisfying
Her laſt demand, makes me defer our meeting!
Which in my choice, and ſudden choice, ſhall be
To all apparent.
Brun. How! do I remove one miſchief,
To draw upon my head a greater?
Thi. Go,
Thou only good man, to whom for herſelf
Goodneſs is dear, and prepare to inter it
In her that was! Oh, my heart, my Ordella [55]!
A monument worthy to be the caſket

[55] —— *Oh, my heart! my Ordella,*
A monument worthy to be the caſket
Of ſuch a jewel.] The whole is confuſed, and both ſenſe and meaſure requires the adverb *only* to be inſerted in the ſecond line: The former wants a verb to make it clear. *Seward.*
Seward reads,
Oh! my heart, my Ordella, is
A monument only *worthy to be th' caſket,* &c.

Of

Of ſuch a jewel.

Mart. Your command, that makes way
Unto my abſence, is a welcome one;
For, but yourſelf, there's nothing here Martell
Can take delight to look on: Yet ſome comfort
Goes back with me to her, who, tho' ſhe want it,
Deſerves all bleſſings. [*Exit.*

Brun. So ſoon to forget
The loſs of ſuch a wife, believe it, will
Be cenſur'd in the world.

Thi. Pray you, no more!
There is no argument you can uſe to croſs it,
But does encreaſe in me ſuch a ſuſpicion
I would not cheriſh.—Who's that?

Enter Memberge.

Memb. One no guard
Can put back from acceſs, whoſe tongue no threats
Nor pray'rs can ſilence! a bold ſuitor, and
For that which, if you are yourſelf, a king,
You were made ſo to grant it: Juſtice, juſtice!

Thi. With what aſſurance dare you hope for that
Which is denied to me? or how can I
Stand bound to be juſt unto ſuch as are
Beneath me, that find none from thoſe that are
Above me?

Memb. There is juſtice: 'Twere unfit
That any thing but vengeance ſhould fall on him,
That, by his giving way to more than murder,
(For my dear father's death was parricide)
Makes it his own.

Brun. I charge you, hear her not!

Memb. Hell cannot ſtop juſt prayers from ent'ring Heav'n:
I muſt and will be heard! Sir, but remember
That he that by her plot fell, was your brother;
And the place where, your palace, againſt all
Th' inviolable rights of hoſpitality;
Your word, a king's word, given for his ſafety;

His innocence, his protection; and the gods
Bound to revenge the impious breach of ſuch
So great and ſacred bonds! and can you wonder
(That in not puniſhing ſuch a horrid murder
You did it) that Heav'n's favour is gone from you?
Which never will return, until his blood
Be waſh'd away in hers.
Brun. Drag hence the wretch!
Thi. Forbear. With what variety
Of torments do I meet! Oh, thou haſt open'd
A book, in which, writ down in bloody letters,
My conſcience finds that I am worthy of
More than I undergo; but I'll begin,
For my Ordella's ſake, and for thine own,
To make leſs Heav'n's great anger: Thou haſt loſt
A father; I to thee am ſo: The hope
Of a good huſband; in me have one! Nor
Be fearful I am ſtill no man; already
That weakneſs is gone from me.
Brun. That it might [*Aſide.*
Have ever grown inſeparably upon thee!—
What will you do? Is ſuch a thing as this
Worthy the lov'd Ordella's place? the daughter
Of a poor gardener?
Memb. Your ſon!
Thi. The power
To take away that lowneſs is in me.
Brun. Stay yet; for rather than that thou ſhalt add
Inceſt unto thy other ſins, I will,
With hazard of my own life, utter all:
Theodoret was thy brother.
Thi. You denied it,
Upon your oath; nor will I now believe you:
Your Protean turnings cannot change my purpoſe!
Memb. And for me, be aſſur'd the means to be
Reveng'd on thee, vile hag, admits no thought
But what tends to it!
Brun. Is it come to that?
Then have at the laſt refuge! Art thou grown
Inſenſible

Inſenſible in ill, that thou goeſt on
Without the leaſt compunction? There, take that!
To witneſs that thou hadſt a mother, which
Foreſaw thy cauſe of grief and ſad repentance,
That, ſo ſoon after bleſs'd Ordella's death,
Without a tear, thou canſt embrace another!
Forgetful man!

Thi. Mine eyes, when ſhe is nam'd,
Cannot forget their tribute, and your gift
Is not unuſeful now.

Lec. He's paſt all cure;
That only touch is death.

Thi. This night I'll keep it;
Tomorrow I will ſend it you, and full
Of my affliction. [*Exit.*

Brun. Is the poiſon mortal?

Lec. Above the help of phyſic.

Brun. To my wiſh.
Now for our own ſecurity! You, Protaldye,
Shall this night poſt towards Auſtracia,
With letters to Theodoret's baſtard ſon,
In which we will make known what for his riſing
We have done to Thierry: No denial,
Nor no excuſe in ſuch acts, muſt be thought of;
Which all diſlike, and all again commend
When they are brought unto a happy end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter De Vitry, and four Soldiers.

Vitry. NO war, no money, no maſter! baniſh'd the court,
Not truſted in the city, whipt out of the country,
In what a triangle runs our miſery!
Let me hear which of you has the beſt voice to beg in,
For other hopes or fortunes I ſee you have not.

Be not nice; Nature provided you with tones for this purpoſe;
The peoples' charity was your heritage,
And I would ſee which of you deſerves his birthright.
Omnes. We underſtand you not, captain.
Vitry. You ſee this cardecue;
The laſt, and the only quinteſſence of fifty crowns,
Diſtill'd in the limbeck of your gardage,
Of which happy piece thou ſhalt be treaſurer:
Now he that can ſooneſt perſuade him to part with it,
Enjoys it, poſſeſſes it, and, with it,
Me and my future countenance.
1 *Sold.* If they want art
To perſuade it, I'll keep it myſelf.
Vitry. So you be not
A partial judge in your own cauſe, you ſhall.
Omnes. A match!
2 *Sold.* I'll begin to you: Brave Sir, 'be proud
To make him happy by your liberality,
Whoſe tongue vouchſafes now to petition,
Was never heard before leſs than to command.
I am a ſoldier by profeſſion, a gentleman
By birth, and an officer by place;
Whoſe poverty bluſhes to be the cauſe,
That ſo high a virtue ſhould deſcend
To the pity of your charity.
1 *Sold.* In any caſe keep your high ſtile!
It is not charity to ſhame any man,
Much leſs a virtue of your eminence;
Wherefore preſerve your worth, and I'll preſerve
My money.
3 *Sold.* You perſuade? You are ſhallow!
Give way to merit: Ah, by the bread of God, man[56],
Thou haſt a bonny countenance and a blith,

[56] *By the bread of* good *man.*] The variation is propoſed by Theobald and Sympſon. Seward reads, *by the bread of* a gode *man*, and ſays, 'One would wiſh to put any thing rather than the TRUE 'WORD.'

Promiſing

Promiſing mickle good to a ſiking womb[57],
That has trod a long and a ſore ground to meet
With friends, that will owe much to thy reverence,
When they ſhall hear of thy courteſy
To their wandring countryman.
1 *Sold.* You that will uſe
Your friends ſo hardly to bring them in debt, Sir,
Will deſerve worſe of a ſtranger; wherefore,
Pead on, pead on, I ſay[58]!
4 *Sold.* It is the Welſh
Muſt do't, I ſee.—Comrade, man of urſhip,
St. Tavy be her patron, the gods of the mountains
Keep her cow and her cupboard; may ſhe never
Want the green of the leek, nor the fat of the onion,
If ſhe part with her bounties to him, that is a great deal
Away from her couſins, and has two big ſuits in law
To recover her heritage!
1 *Sold.* Pardon me, Sir;
I will have nothing to do with your ſuits;
It comes within the ſtatute of maintenance.
Home to your couſins, and ſow garlick and hempſeed!
The one will ſtop your hunger, the other end your ſuits:
Gammawaſh, comrade, gammawaſh!
4 *Sold.* 'Foot, he'll hoord all for himſelf.
Vitry. Yes, let him:
Now comes my turn; I'll ſee if he can anſwer me:
Save you, Sir! they ſay you have that I want, money.
1 *Sold.* And that you are like to want, for aught I perceive yet.
Vitry. Stand, deliver!
1 *Sold.* 'Foot, what mean you?
You will not rob the exchequer?
Vitry. Do you prate?
1 *Sold.* Hold, hold! here, captain!

[57] *To a* ſicker womb.] Seward alters *ſicker* to *ſiking*, and ſays, 'A *ſiking womb* is a groaning ſtomach or belly.' But *womb* ſurely ſhould diſplace *womb*.

[58] Pead *on*.] i. e. *Pad on, foot it on.* *Seward.*

2 *Sold.* Why, I could have done this
Before you.

3 *Sold.* And I.

4 *Sold.* And I.

Vitry. You have done this:
'Brave man, be proud to make him happy!'
'By the bread of God, man, thou haſt a bonny countenance!'
'Comrade, man of urſhip, St. Tavy be her patron!'
Out upon you, you uncurried colts!
Walking cans, that have no ſouls in you[60],
But a little roſin to keep your ribs ſweet,
And hold in liquor!

Omnes. Why, what would you have us to do, captain?

Vitry. Beg, beg, and keep conſtables waking,
Wear out ſtocks and whipcord,
Maunder for butter-milk, die of the jaundice,
Yet have the cure about you, lice, large lice,
Begot of your own duſt, and the heat of the brick-kilns!
May you ſtarve, and the fear of the gallows
(Which is a gentle conſumption to it[61])
Only preſerve you from it! or may you fall
Upon your fear, and be hang'd for felling
Thoſe purſes to keep you from famine,
Whoſe monies my valour empties,
And be caſt without other evidence!
Here is my fort, my caſtle of defence;
Who comes by ſhall pay me toll;
The firſt purſe is your mittimus, ſlaves.

2 *Sold.* The purſe? 'foot, we'll ſhare in the money, captain,

[60] *Walking cans that have no* ſouls *in you.*] The metaphor is here taken from the old Engliſh *black jacks*, made almoſt in the ſhape of a boot, (the name Eraſmus gave them) they were ſtiffened leather lin'd with roſin, from whence a ſtiffen'd boot is called a *jack-boot*. *Soul* therefore is equivocal, and the too common pun; but the alluſion to the *roſin* is extremely arch. *Seward.*

We cannot believe any pun was intended here.

[61] *And fear of the gallows (which is a gentle conſumption to't) only* prefer *it.*] Amended by Seward.

If

If any come within a furlong of our fingers.
4 *Sold.* Did you doubt but we could ſteal
As well as yourſelf: Did not I ſpeak Welſh?
3 *Sold.* We are thieves from our cradles, and will die ſo.
Vitry. Then you will not beg again?
Omnes. Yes, as you did;
Stand and deliver!
2 *Sold.* Hark! here comes handſel:
'Tis a trade quickly ſet up, and as ſoon caſt down.
Vitry. Have goodneſs in your minds, varlets, and to't
Like men: He that has more money than we
Cannot be our friend, and I hope there is no law
For ſpoiling the enemy.
3 *Sold.* You need not
Inſtruct us further; your example pleads enough.
Vitry. Diſperſe yourſelves; and as their company is, fall on!
2 *Sold.* Come, there are a band of 'em! I'll charge ſingle. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Enter Protaldye.

Prot. 'Tis wonderful dark! I have loſt my man,
And dare not call for him, leſt I ſhould have
More followers than I would pay wages to.
What throes am I in, in this travel! Theſe
Be honourable adventures! had I
That honeſt blood in my veins again, queen,
That your feats and theſe frights have drain'd from me,
Honour ſhould pull hard, ere it drew me
Into theſe brakes.
Vitry. Who goes there?
Prot. Hey ho!
Here's a pang of preferment!
Vitry. 'Heart, who goes there?
Prot. He that has no heart to your acquaintance.
What ſhall I do with my jewels and my letter?
My codpiece, that's too looſe; good, my boots!—
Who is't that ſpoke to me? Here's a friend.

Vitry. We ſhall find that preſently: Stand,
As you love your ſafety, ſtand!
Prot. That unlucky word
Of ſtanding, has brought me to all this. Hold,
Or I ſhall never ſtand you.
Vitry. I ſhould know
That voice. Deliver!

Enter Soldiers.

Prot. All that I have
Is at your ſervice, gentlemen; and much
Good may it do you!
Vitry. Zoons, down with him!
Do you prate?
Prot. Keep your firſt word, as you are gentlemen,
And let me ſtand! alas, what do you mean?
2 *Sold.* To tie you to us, Sir, bind you in the knot
Of friendſhip.
Prot. Alas, Sir, all the phyſic in Europe
Cannot bind me.
Vitry. You ſhould have jewels about you,
Stones, precious ſtones.
1 *Sold.* Captain, away!
There's company within hearing; if you ſtay longer,
We are ſurpriſed.
Vitry. Let the devil come,
I'll pillage this frigate a little better yet!
2 *Sold.* 'Foot, we are loſt! they are upon us.
Vitry. Ha! upon us?
Make the leaſt noiſe, 'tis thy parting gaſp!
3 *Sold.* Which way ſhall we make, Sir?
Vitry. Every man his own!
Do you hear? only bind me before you go, and when
The company's paſt, make to this place again:
This carvel ſhould have better lading in him.
You are ſlow; why do you not tie harder?
1 *Sold.* You are ſure enough,
I warrant you, Sir.
Vitry. Darkneſs befriend you! away! [*Exe. Sold.*
Prot.

Prot. What tyrants have I met with! they leave me
Alone in the dark, yet would not have me cry.
I ſhall grow wondrous melancholy,
If I ſtay long here without company:
I was wont to get a nap with ſaying my prayers;
I'll ſee if they will work upon me now.
But then if I ſhould talk in my ſleep, and they
Hear me, they would make a recorder of my windpipe,
Slit my throat. Heaven be prais'd! I hear ſome noiſe;
It may be new purchaſe, and then I ſhall have fellows.

Vitry. They are gone paſt hearing: Now to taſk,
De Vitry!—
Help, help, as you are men, help! ſome charitable hand,
Relieve a poor diſtreſſed miſerable wretch!
Thieves, wicked thieves, have robb'd me, bound me.

Prot. 'Foot,
'Would they had gag'd you too! your noiſe will betray us,
And fetch them again.

Vitry. What bleſſed tongue ſpake to me?
Where, where are you, Sir?

Prot. A plague of your bawling throat!
We are well enough, if you have the grace
To be thankful for't. Do but ſnore to me,
And 'tis as much as I deſire, to paſs
Away time with, 'till morning; then talk
As loud as you pleaſe. Sir, I am bound not to ſtir,
Wherefore, lie ſtill and ſnore, I ſay.

Vitry. Then you have met with thieves too, I ſee.

Prot. And deſire to meet with no more of them.

Vitry. Alas,
What can we ſuffer more? They are far enough
By this time; have they not all, all that we have, Sir?

Prot. No, by my faith, have they not, Sir! I gave them
One trick to boot for their learning: My boots, Sir,
My boots! I have ſav'd my ſtock, and my jewels in them,

And

And therefore deſire to hear no more of them.

Vitry. Now bleſſing on your wit, Sir! what a dull
Slave was I dream'd not of your conveyance?
Help to unbind me, Sir, and I'll undo you;
My life for yours, no worſe thief than myſelf
Meets you again this night!

Prot. Reach me thy hands!

Vitry. Here, Sir, here; I could beat my brains out,
That could not think of boots,
Boots, Sir, wide-topt boots; *I ſhall love them*
The better whilſt I live. *But are you ſure*
Your jewels are here, Sir?

Prot. Sure, ſayſt thou? ha, ha, ha!

Vitry. So ho, illo ho!

Sold. [*within.*] Here, captain, here.

Prot. 'Foot, what do you mean, Sir?

Enter Soldiers.

Vitry. A trick to boot, ſay you?
Here, you dull ſlaves, purchaſe, purchaſe[62]!
The ſoul of the rock, diamonds, ſparkling diamonds!

Prot. I'm betray'd, loſt, paſt recovery loſt!
As you are men——

Vitry. Nay, rook, ſince you'll be prating,
We'll ſhare your carrion with you. Have you
Any other conveyance now, Sir?

1 *Sold.* 'Foot, here are letters,
Epiſtles, familiar epiſtles: We'll ſee
What treaſure is in them. They are ſeal'd ſure.

Prot. Gentlemen!
As you are gentlemen, ſpare my letters, and take all
Willingly, all! I'll give you a releaſe,
A general releaſe, and meet you here
Tomorrow with as much more.

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[62] *Purchaſe!*] *Purchaſe*, in the cant language of the times, always means any thing acquired by robbery or cozening: Thus Gadſhill ſays, in Firſt Part of Henry IV. act ii. ſc. i. 'Give me thy hand, 'thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our *purchaſe*; I am a true man.' See Mr. Steevens's note on this paſſage. *R.*

Vitry.

Vitry. Nay, ſince
You have your tricks, and your conveyances,
We will not leave a wrinkle of you unſearch'd.
Prot. Hark! there comes company; you will be betray'd.
As you love your ſafeties, beat out my brains;
I ſhall betray you elſe.
Vitry. Treaſon,
Unheard-of treaſon! monſtrous, monſtrous villainies!
Prot. I confeſs myſelf a traitor; ſhew yourſelves
Good ſubjects, and hang me up for't.
1 *Sold.* If it be
Treaſon, the diſcovery will get our pardon,
Captain.
Vitry. 'Would we were all loſt, hang'd,
Quarter'd, to ſave this one, one innocent prince!
Thierry's poiſon'd, by his mother poiſon'd,
The miſtreſs to this ſtallion!
Who, by that poiſon, ne'er ſhall ſleep again!
2 *Sold.* 'Foot, let us mince him by piece-meal, 'till he
Eat himſelf up.
3 *Sold.* Let us dig out his heart
With needles, and half broil him, like a muſſel!
Prot. Such another and I prevent you; my blood's
Settled already.
Vitry. Here's that ſhall remove it!
Toad, viper! Drag him unto Martell!
Unnatural parricide! cruel, bloody woman!
Omnes. On, you dog-fiſh, leech, caterpillar!
Vitry. A longer ſight of him will make my rage turn
Pity, and with his ſudden end prevent
Revenge and torture! wicked, wicked Brunhalt! [*Exe.*

Enter Bawdber and three Courtiers.

1 *Cour.* Not ſleep at all? no means?
2 *Cour.* No art can do it.
Baw. I will aſſure you, he can ſleep no more
Than a hooded hawk; a centinel to him,

Or

Or one of the city conſtables, are tops.

3 *Cour.* How came he ſo?

Baw. They are too wiſe that dare know;
Something's amiſs: Heav'n help all!

1 *Cour.* What cure has he?

Baw. Armies of thoſe we call phyſicians;
Some with cliſters, ſome with lettice-caps,
Some poſſet-drinks, ſome pills; twenty conſulting here
About a drench, as many here to blood him;
Then comes a don of Spain, and he preſcribes
More cooling opium than would kill a Turk,
Or quench a whore i' th' Dog-days; after him,
A wiſe Italian, and he cries, Tie unto him
A woman of fourſcore, whoſe bones are marble,
Whoſe blood ſnow-water, not ſo much heat about her
As may conceive a prayer! after him,
An Engliſh doctor, with a bunch of pot-herbs,
And he cries out endive and ſuckery,
With a few mallow-roots and butter-milk!
And talks of oil made of a churchman's charity;
Yet ſtill he wakes.

1 *Cour.* But your good honour
Has a prayer in ſtore, if all ſhould fail?

Baw. I could have pray'd, and handſomely, but age
And an ill memory——

3 *Cour.* Has ſpoil'd your primmer.

Baw. Yet if there be a man of faith i' th' court,
And can pray for a penſion——

Enter Thierry on a bed, with Doctors and Attendants.

2 *Cour.* Here's the king, Sir;
And thoſe that will pray without pay.

Baw. Then pray for me too.

1 *Doctor.* How does your Grace now feel yourſelf?

Thi. What's that?

1 *Doctor.* Nothing at all, Sir, but your fancy.

Thi. Tell me,
Can ever theſe eyes more, ſhut up in ſlumbers,

Aſſure

Aſſure my ſoul there is ſleep? is there night
And reſt for human labours? do not you
And all the world, as I do, out-ſtare Time,
And live, like funeral lamps, never extinguiſh'd?
Is there a grave? (and do not flatter me,
Nor fear to tell me truth) and in that grave
Is there a hope I ſhall ſleep? can I die?
Are not my miſeries immortal? Oh,
The happineſs of him that drinks his water,
After his weary day, and ſleeps for ever!
Why do you crucify me thus with faces,
And gaping ſtrangely upon one another?
When ſhall I reſt?

2 *Doctor.* Oh, Sir, be patient!

Thi. Am I not patient? have I not endur'd
More than a mangy dog, among your doſes?
Am I not now your patient? Ye can make
Unwholſome fools ſleep for a guarded footcloth [63];
Whores for a hot ſin-offering; yet I muſt crave,
That feed ye, and protect ye, and proclaim ye.
Becauſe my power is far above your ſearching,
Are my diſeaſes ſo? can ye cure none,
But thoſe of equal ignorance? Dare ye kill me?

1 *Doctor.* We do beſeech your Grace be more reclaim'd [64]!
This talk doth but diſtemper you.

Thi. Well, I will die,
In ſpite of all your potions! One of you ſleep;
Lie down and ſleep here, that I may behold
What bleſſed reſt it is my eyes are robb'd of!
See; he can ſleep, ſleep any where, ſleep now,
When he that wakes for him can never ſlumber!

[63] *Unwholeſome fools ſleeps for a* guarded *footcloth.*] Seward is at a loſs to know whether the *guarded footcloth* is ſpoke of as a 'reward 'given to the Doctor,' or as 'a ſoft footcloth *guarded* from preſſure,' for 'the uſe of the patient.' He gives the preference to *garded*, [for ſo he erroneouſly ſpells it] i. e. *lac'd*. This word occurs in the Merchant of Venice.

[64] *Be more* reclaim'd.] Seward propoſes to read *becalm'd*, inſtead of *reclaim'd*: We think the text right.

Is't

Is't not a dainty eaſe?

2 Doctor. Your Grace ſhall feel it.

Thi. Oh, never, never I! The eyes of Heaven
See but their certain motions, and then ſleep;
The rages of the ocean have their ſlumbers,
And quiet ſilver calms; each violence
Crowns in his end a peace; but my fix'd fires
Shall never, never ſet!—Who's that?

Enter Martell, Brunhalt, De Vitry, and Soldiers.

Mart. No, woman,
Mother of miſchief, no! the day ſhall die firſt,
And all good things live in a worſe than thou art [65],
Ere thou ſhalt ſleep! Doſt thou ſee him?

Brun. Yes, and curſe him;
And all that love him, fool, and all live by him.

Mart. Why art thou ſuch a monſter?

Brun. Why art thou
So tame a knave to aſk me?

Mart. Hope of hell,
By this fair holy light, and all his wrongs,
Which are above thy years, almoſt thy vices,
Thou ſhalt not reſt, not feel more what is pity,
Know nothing neceſſary, meet no ſociety
But what ſhall curſe and crucify thee, feel in thyſelf
Nothing but what thou art, bane and bad conſcience,
'Till this man reſt; but for whoſe reverence,
Becauſe thou art his mother, I would ſay,
Whore, this ſhall be! Do you nod? I'll waken you
With my ſword's point.

Brun. I wiſh no more of Heaven,
Nor hope no more, but a ſufficient anger
To torture thee!

---

[65] *And all good things live in a worſe than thou art.*] The leaving out the ſubſtantive that ſhould agree with *worſe*, renders this ſcarcely Engliſh. It might eaſily be amended by reading,

And all good things live in worſe ſtate *than thou art,*

Or, ——— *in worſe* hell *than thou art.* *Seward.*

The meaning ſeems to be,

And all good things *live in a worſe* [thing] *that thou art.*

Mart.

Mart. See, ſhe that makes you ſee, Sir!
And, to your miſery, ſtill ſee your mother,
The mother of your woes, Sir, of your waking,
The mother of your peoples' cries and curſes,
Your murdering mother, your malicious mother!
Thi. Phyſicians, half my ſtate to ſleep an hour now!
Is it ſo, mother?
Brun. Yes, it is ſo, ſon;
And, were it yet again to do, it ſhould be.
Mart. She nods again; ſwinge her [66]!
Thi. But, mother,
(For yet I love that reverence, and to death
Dare not forget you have been ſo) was this,
This endleſs miſery, this cureleſs malice,
This ſnatching from me all my youth together,
All that you made me for, and happy mothers
Crown'd with eternal time are proud to finiſh,
Done by your will?
Brun. It was, and by that will——
Thi. Oh, mother, do not loſe your name! forget not
The touch of Nature in you, tenderneſs!
'Tis all the ſoul of woman, all the ſweetneſs:
Forget not, I beſeech you, what are children,
Nor how you have groan'd for them; to what love
They are born inheritors, with what care kept;
And, as they riſe to ripeneſs, ſtill remember
How they imp out your age! and when Time calls you,
That as an autumn flower you fall, forget not
How round about your hearſe they hang, like penons!
Brun. Holy fool,
Whoſe patience to prevent my wrongs has kill'd thee,
Preach not to me of puniſhments or fears,
Or what I ought to be; but what I am,
A woman in her liberal will defeated,
In all her greatneſs croſs'd, in pleaſure blaſted!
My angers have been laugh'd at, my ends ſlighted,

[66] Swing *her*.] Former editions. *Swinge*, which properly ſignifies to beat with rods, is probably the true word. *Seward.*

And

And all thoſe glories that had crown'd my fortunes,
Suffer'd by blaſted Virtue to be ſcatter'd:
I am the fruitful mother of theſe angers,
And what ſuch have done, read, and know thy ruin!

Thi. Heav'n forgive you!

Mart. She tells you true; for millions of her miſchiefs
Are now apparent: Protaldye we have taken,
An equal agent with her, to whoſe care,
After the damn'd defeat on you, ſhe truſted

Enter Meſſenger.

The bringing-in of Leonor the baſtard,
Son to your murder'd brother: Her phyſician
By this time is attach'd to that damn'd devil.

Meſſ. 'Tis like he will be ſo; for ere we came,
Fearing an equal juſtice for his miſchiefs,
He drench'd himſelf.

Brun. He did like one of mine then!

Thi. Muſt I ſtill ſee theſe miſeries? no night
To hide me from their horrors? That Protaldye
See juſtice fall upon!

Brun. Now I could ſleep too.

Mart. I'll give you yet more poppy: Bring the lady,

Enter Ordella.

And Heav'n in her embraces give him quiet[67]!
Madam, unveil yourſelf.

Ord. I do forgive you;
And tho' you ſought my blood, yet I'll pray for you.

Brun. Art thou alive?

Mart. Now could you ſleep?

Brun. For ever.

Mart. Go carry her without wink of ſleep, or quiet,

[67] *And Heav'n in her embraces* give *him quiet.*] The Editors of 1750 *pretend* to have amended this paſſage by ſubſtituting *give* for *gives*. So, p. 128, l. 13, to have altered *promiſe* to *promiſes*; p. 132, l. 8, *letches* to *leeches*; p. 165, l. 1, *keeping* to *keep*; ſame page, l. 4, *ye* to *eye*; p. 172, l. 20, *my* to *thy*; p. 193, l. 18, *praiſes* to *prayers*; and p. 159, l. 7, to have placed the name *Martell* as being *ſpoken to*, inſtead of as *ſpeaker*. The quarto is right in all.

Where

Where her ſtrong knave Protaldye's broke o'th' wheel,
And let his cries and roars be muſick to her!
I mean to waken her.
Thi. Do her no wrong!
Mart. Nor right[68], as you love juſtice!
Brun. I will think;
And if there be new curſes in old nature,
I have a ſoul dare ſend them!
Mart. Keep her waking! [*Exit Brun.*
Thi. What's that appears ſo ſweetly? There's that face——
Mart. Be moderate, lady!
Thi. That angel's face——
Mart. Go nearer.
Thi. Martell, I cannot laſt long! See the ſoul
(I ſee it perfectly) of my Ordella,
The heav'nly figure of her ſweetneſs, there!
Forgive me, gods! it comes! Divineſt ſubſtance!
Kneel, kneel, kneel, every one! Saint of thy ſex,
If it be for my cruelty thou comeſt—
Do ye ſee her, hoa?
Mart. Yes, Sir; and you ſhall know her.
Thi. Down, down again!—To be reveng'd for blood!
Sweet ſpirit, I am ready. She ſmiles on me!
Oh, bleſſed ſign of peace!
Mart. Go nearer, lady.
Ord. I come to make you happy.
Thi. Hear you that, Sirs?
She comes to crown my ſoul: Away, get ſacrifice!
Whilſt I with holy honours——
Mart. She's alive, Sir.
Thi. In everlaſting life; I know it, friend:
Oh, happy, happy ſoul!
Ord. Alas, I live, Sir;
A mortal woman ſtill.

[68] NOR *right.*] This ſeems corrupt. The context requires, DO HER *right*, or ſomething to that effect. If not corrupt, it may, by a licentious conſtruction, be interpreted, 'Shew her no favour.'

Thi. Can ſpirits weep too?
Mart. She is no ſpirit, Sir; pray kiſs her. Lady,
Be very gentle to him!
Thi. Stay!—She's warm;
And, by my life, the ſame lips! Tell me, brightneſs,
Are you the ſame Ordella ſtill?
Mart. The ſame, Sir,
Whom Heav'ns and my good angel ſtay'd from ruin.
Thi. Kiſs me again!
Ord. The ſame ſtill, ſtill your ſervant.
Thi. 'Tis ſhe! I know her now, Martell. Sit down, ſweet!
Oh, bleſs'd and happieſt woman!—A dead ſlumber
Begins to creep upon me: Oh, my Jewel!

Enter Meſſenger and Memberge.

Ord. Oh, ſleep, my lord!
Thi. My joys are too much for me!
Meſſ. Brunhalt, impatient of her conſtraint to ſee
Protaldye tortur'd, has choak'd herſelf.
Mart. No more!
Her ſins go with her!
Thi. Love, I muſt die; I faint:
Cloſe up my glaſſes!
1 *Doctor.* The queen faints too, and deadly.
Thi. One dying kiſs!
Ord. My laſt, Sir, and my deareſt [69]!
And now, cloſe my eyes too!
Thi. Thou perfect woman!—
Martell, the kingdom's yours: Take Memberge to you,

[69] *My laſt, Sir, and my deareſt.*] There are two ſenſes of this, which the reader will pleaſe to take his choice of. If the above points be right, *laſt* and *deareſt* relate to her kiſs; if we point with the old editions (which the ſuſpicion of another ſenſe made me turn to)

My laſt Sir, and my deareſt,

The ſenſe will be, my laſt and deareſt lord! For *Sir* is often us'd in this its original ſenſe. *Seward.*

Ordella had no *other lords*. The ſenſe obviouſly is, 'Take my laſt 'kiſs, and the *moſt affectionate* I ever gave.'

And

And keep my line alive!—Nay, weep not, lady!
Take me! I go.

Ord. Take me too! Farewell, Honour! [*Die both.*

2 *Doctor.* They're gone for ever.

Mart. The peace of happy ſouls go after them!
Bear them unto their laſt beds, whilſt I ſtudy
A tomb to ſpeak their loves whilſt old Time laſteth.
I am your king in ſorrows.

Omnes. We your ſubjects!

Mart. De Vitry, for your ſervices [70], be near us!
Whip out theſe inſtruments of this mad mother
From court, and all good people; and, becauſe
She was born noble, let that title find her
A private grave, but neither tongue nor honour [71]!
And now lead on!—They that ſhall read this ſtory,
Shall find that Virtue lives in good, not glory.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

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[70] *For your* ſervice.] *Services* was probably the original word here.

[71] *But neither* tongue *nor honour.*] Both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympſon would reject *tongue* here and read *tomb*, but ſurely without ſufficient reaſon: For *tongue* ſignifies the *funeral oration*, *honour* the eſcutcheons and other ceremonies of the funeral, together with the monument, or whatever may ſhew reſpect to the deceas'd. As to the character of Brunhalt, or Brunhaud, though it may perhaps be thought too ſhocking to appear upon the ſtage, hiſtory has ſtill repreſented her as a worſe devil than our Poets have done. Thierry and Theodoret, or Theodibert, were her grand-children, whoſe father ſhe had poiſon'd when he came of age, in order to keep the government in her own hands. She irritated Thierry againſt Theodibert, whom ſhe caus'd him to ſlay, and then poiſon'd Thierry, in hopes that the ſtates would have ſubmitted to her government; but her horrid wickedneſſes being laid open to the peers of France, ſhe was accus'd of having been the murdreſs of ten kings, beſide debauching her grand-child Thierry, making him put away a virtuous wife and providing him with miſſes. She was condemn'd to the rack, which ſhe ſuffer'd three days, was then carry'd about the camp upon a camel's back, afterwards ty'd by the feet to a wild mare, and ſo daſh'd in pieces.

Seward.

The WOMAN HATER.

—— My lord, what do you think
If I should shave myself, put on midwife's apparel,
Come in with a handkerchief, and beg a piece
For a great-bellied woman, or a sick child?

Act III.

Published as the Act directs by T. Sherlock, April 14th 1778.

THE

WOMAN-HATER.

This Play was originally printed in quarto in the year 1607. *It was afterwards revived by Sir William Davenant, who added a ſecond title,* Or, The Hungry Courtier, *and wrote a new Prologue to it, printed in his Works, p.* 239, *and in the quarto of* 1649. *The title-page of the latter edition aſcribes it to both Authors: Both the Original and Davenant's Prologues, however, ſpeak of it as the production of but one; and Langbaine poſitively ſays it was one of thoſe plays which Fletcher wrote alone. It has not been acted many years.*

PROLOGUE.

GENTLEMEN, Inductions[1] are out of date, and a Prologue in verſe is as ſtale as a black velvet cloak, and a bay garland; therefore you ſhall have it plain proſe, thus: If there be any amongſt you that come to hear laſcivious ſcenes, let them depart; for I do pronounce this, to the utter diſcomfort of all two-penny gallery-men, you ſhall have no bawdry in it: Or if there be any lurking amongſt you in corners, with table-books, who have ſome hope to find fit matter to feed his——malice on, let them claſp them up, and ſlink away, or ſtay and be converted. For he that made this Play means to pleaſe auditors ſo, as he may be an auditor himſelf hereafter, and not purchaſe them with the dear loſs of his ears. I dare not call it Comedy or Tragedy; 'tis perfectly neither: A Play it is, which was meant to make you laugh; how it will pleaſe you, is not written in my part: For though you ſhould like it to-day, perhaps yourſelves know not how you ſhould digeſt it tomorrow. Some things in it you may meet with, which are out of the common road: A Duke there is, and the ſcene lies in Italy, as thoſe two things lightly we never miſs. But you ſhall not find in it the ordinary and over-worn trade of jeſting at lords, and courtiers, and citizens, without taxation of any particular or new vice by them found out, but at the perſons of them: Such, he, that made this, thinks vile, and for his own part vows, That he did never think, but that a lord, lord-born, might be a wiſe man, and a courtier an honeſt man[2].

[1] *Inductions.*] Such as precede Cynthia's Revels, Bartholomew-Fair, The Taming of the Shrew, and many other plays of that period. By the former of thoſe we learn, that it was uſual for the ſpeaker of a Prologue, in thoſe times, to be habited in a *black cloak:* It is poſſible the cuſtom of dreſſing in black, which continued to be the faſhion for prologue-ſpeakers until very lately, was derived from hence. *R.*

[2] From this Prologue as well as a thouſand other paſſages in our Authors, it is very evident that their Plays were in the age they liv'd remarkable for the decency and delicacy of their language; though ſeveral

PROLOGUE at the REVIVAL.

LADIES, take't as a ſecret in your ear,
Inſtead of homage, and kind welcome here,
I heartily could wiſh you all were gone;
For if you ſtay, good faith, we are undone.
Alas! you now expect, the uſual ways
Of our addreſs, which is your ſex's praiſe:
But we to-night, unluckily, muſt ſpeak
Such things will make your lovers' heart-ſtrings break,
Be-lie your virtues, and your beauties ſtain,
With words, contriv'd long ſince, in your diſdain.
'Tis ſtrange you ſtir not yet; not all this while
Lift up your fans to hide a ſcornful ſmile;
Whiſper, or jog your lords to ſteal away,
So leave us t' act, unto ourſelves, our Play:
Then ſure, there may be hope, you can ſubdue
Your patience to endure an act or two;
Nay more, when you are told our Poet's rage
Purſues but one example, which that age
Wherein he liv'd produc'd; and we rely
Not on the truth, but the variety.
His Muſe believ'd not what ſhe then did write;
Her wings were wont to make a nobler flight,
Soar'd high, and to the ſtars your ſex did raiſe;
For which, full twenty years he wore the bays
'Twas he reduc'd Evadne from her ſcorn,
And taught the ſad Aſpatia how to mourn;
Gave Arethuſa's love a glad relief;
And made Panthea elegant in grief.
If thoſe great trophies of his noble Muſe
Cannot one humour 'gainſt your ſex excuſe,
Which we preſent to-night, you'll find a way
How to make good the libel in our play:
So you are cruel to yourſelves; whilſt he
(Safe in the fame of his integrity)
Will be a Prophet, not a Poet thought,
And this fine web laſt long, tho' looſely wrought.

ſeveral of their expreſſions are become now very groſs and are apt to give offence to modeſt ears, but they ought to be judged by the faſhion of the age they lived in, not by that which now reigns. *Seward.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Duke *of Milan, in love with Oriana.*
Count Valore.
Gondarino, *the* Woman-Hater.
Arrigo, *a courtier.*
Lucio, *a weak formal ſtateſman.*
Lazarillo, *a voluptuous ſmell-feaſt.*
Boy, *Lazarillo's ſervant.*
Mercer, *a dupe, and an affected admirer of learning.*
Pandar.
Two Intelligencers.
Secretary *to Lucio.*
Gentleman.
Servants, &c.

WOMEN.

Oriana, *ſiſter to Valore.*
Julia, Franciſſina, } *two courtezans.*
A deaf Gentlewoman.
Ladies.

SCENE, MILAN.

THE

THE

WOMAN-HATER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.

Duke. THIS now the ſweeteſt time for ſleep; the night is
Scarce ſpent: Arrigo, what's o'clock?

Arr. Paſt four.

Duke. Is it ſo much, and yet the morn not up?
See yonder, where the ſhame-fac'd maiden comes:
Into our ſight how gently doth ſhe ſlide,
Hiding her chaſte cheeks, like a modeſt bride,
With a red veil of bluſhes; as is ſhe[3],
Even ſuch all modeſt virtuous women be!
Why thinks your lordſhip I am up ſo ſoon?

Lucio. About ſome weighty ſtate-plot.

Duke. And what thinks
Your knighthood of it?

Arr. I do think, to cure
Some ſtrange corruptions in the commonwealth.

Duke. You're well conceited of yourſelves, to think
I chuſe you out to bear me company
In ſuch affairs and buſineſs of ſtate:
But am not I a pattern for all princes,
That break my ſoft ſleep for my ſubjects' good?
Am I not careful? very provident?

Lucio. Your Grace is careful.

3. *As if ſhe.*] This nonſenſical lection is in all editions but the firſt quarto.

Arr.

Arr. Very provident.

Duke. Nay, knew you how my[3] ſerious-working plots
Concern the whole eſtates of all my ſubjects,
Ay, and their lives; then, Lucio, thou wouldſt ſwear,
I were a loving prince.

Lucio. I think your Grace
Intends to walk the public ſtreets diſguis'd,
To ſee the ſtreets' diſorders.

Duke. 'Tis not ſo.

Arr. You ſecretly will croſs ſome other ſtates,
That do conſpire againſt you.

Duke. Weightier far:
You are my friends, and you ſhall have the cauſe;
I break my ſleeps thus ſoon to ſee a wench.

Lucio. You're wondrous careful for your ſubjects' good!

Arr. You are a very loving prince indeed!

Duke. This care I take for them, when their dull eyes
Are clos'd with heavy ſlumbers.

Arr. Then you riſe
To ſee your wenches.

Lucio. What Milan beauty hath the pow'r
To charm her ſovereign's eyes[4], and break his ſleeps?

Duke. Siſter to count Valore! ſhe's a maid
Would make a prince forget his throne and ſtate,
And lowly kneel to her: The general fate
Of all mortality, is hers to give;
As ſhe diſpoſeth, ſo we die and live.

Lucio. My lord, the day grows clear; the court will riſe.

Duke. We ſtay too long.—Is the umbrana's head[5],

[3] *My* ſerious working *plots.*] I never think it right to diſcard good ſenſe becauſe another reading appears preferable, but a compound word, *ſecret-working* occurr'd at firſt ſight, and was rejected as unneceſſary, 'till reading three lines below Arrigo's anſwer,

You ſecretly *will croſs ſome other ſtate,*

which ſeems to imply ſomething of ſecrecy being mention'd before, the conjecture ſeem'd much more probable. *Seward.*

[4] *Her* ſovereign *eyes.*] Firſt quarto and Seward read as in text.

[5] *The* umbrana.] In another paſſage, this fiſh is called an *umbrane*; and is probably the ſame which Cotgrave deſcribes in the following manner,

As we commanded, ſent to the ſad Gondarino,
Our general?
Arr. 'Tis ſent.
Duke. But ſtay! where ſhines
That light?
Arr. 'Tis in the chamber of Lazarillo.
Duke. Lazarillo? what is he?
Arr. A courtier, my lord;
And one that I wonder your Grace knows not, for
He hath follow'd your court, and your laſt prede-
ceſſor's,
From place to place, any time this ſeven year,
As faithfully as your ſpits and your dripping-pans
Have done, and almoſt as greaſily.
Duke. Oh, we know him: As we have heard, he
keeps
A calendar of all the famous diſhes
Of meat, that have been in the court, e'er ſince
Our great-grandfather's time; and when he can thruſt
In at no table, he makes his meat of that.
Lucio. The very ſame, my lord.
Duke. A courtier call'ſt thou him?
Believe me, Lucio, there be many ſuch
About our court, reſpected, as they think,
Ev'n by ourſelf. With thee I will be plain:
We princes do uſe to prefer many for nothing,
And to take particular and free knowledge,
Almoſt in the nature of acquaintance, of many

manner, under the name of an *umbrine:* 'A great-eyed, round-'tongued, ſmall-toothed, and holeſome ſea-fiſh, which hath certaine 'barres over croſſe her backe, and growing often to the bigneſſe of 'a *maigre*; is ſometimes taken for it.' Florio, in his 'Worlde of 'Wordes,' folio, 1598, *voce umbrine*, calls it 'a kinde of fiſh, which 'ſome take to be the halybut;' and Cotgrave, who, as before, ſays it is ſometimes taken for a *maigre*, gives the following account of the latter: 'A great and ſkalie fiſh, having a wattle on his chinne, two 'holes on the top of his beake neere his eyes; and two ſtones within 'his head of ſome vertue (as is ſuppoſed) againſt the cholicke: *The* 'French do tearme him thus, not becauſe he is leane, but becauſe 'by the whiteneſſe of his fleſh he ſeems ſo; howſoever, and how-'ſoever he be dreſſed, he is reaſonable good meat.' *R.*

Whom

Whom we do uſe only for our pleaſures;
And do give largely to numbers,
More out of policy to be thought liberal,
And by that means to make the people ſtrive
To deſerve our love, than to reward
Any particular deſert of theirs
To whom we give! and do ſuffer ourſelves to hear
Flatterers, more for recreation
Than for love of it, tho' we ſeldom hate it:
And yet we know all theſe; and when we pleaſe,
Can touch the wheel, and turn their names about.
Lucio. I wonder they that know their ſtates ſo well,
Should fancy ſuch baſe ſlaves.
Duke. Thou wonder'ſt, Lucio?
Doſt not thou think, if thou wert Duke of Milan,
Thou ſhouldſt be flatter'd?
Lucio. I know, my lord, I would not.
Duke. Why, ſo I thought 'till I was duke; I thought
I ſhould have left me no more flatterers
Than there are now plain-dealers; and yet,
For all this my reſolution, I am moſt
Palpably flatter'd: The poor man may loath
Covetouſneſs and flattery, but fortune will
Alter the mind when the wind turns; there may
Be well a little conflict, but it will drive
The billows before it. Arrigo, it grows late;
For ſee, fair Tethys hath undone the bars
To Phœbus' team; and his unrival'd light
Hath chas'd the morning's modeſt bluſh away:
Now muſt we to our love. Bright Paphian queen,
Thou Cytherean goddeſs, that delights
In ſtirring glances, and art ſtill thyſelf
More toying than thy team of ſparrows be;
Thou laughing Erecina, oh, inſpire
Her heart with love, or leſſen my deſire! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Lazarillo and Boy.

Laz. Go, run, ſearch, pry in every nook and angle
O'th' kitchens, larders, and paſteries;
Know what meat's boil'd, bak'd, roaſt, ſtew'd, fried, or ſous'd,
At this dinner, to be ſerv'd directly, or indirectly,
To every ſeveral table in the court;
Be gone!

Boy. I run; but not ſo faſt as
Your mouth will do upon the ſtroke of eleven. [*Exit.*

Laz. What an excellent thing did God beſtow
Upon man, when he did give him a good ſtomach!
What unbounded graces there are pour'd
Upon them that have the continual command
Of the very beſt of theſe bleſſings! 'Tis
An excellent thing to be a prince; he is
Serv'd with ſuch admirable variety of fare,
Such innumerable choice of delicates;
His tables are full fraught with moſt nouriſhing food,
And his cupboards heavy laden with rich wines;
His court is ſtill fill'd with moſt pleaſing varieties:
In the ſummer his palace is full of green-geeſe,
And in winter it ſwarmeth woodcocks.
Oh, thou goddeſs of Plenty!
Fill me this day with ſome rare delicates,
And I will every year moſt conſtantly,
As this day, celebrate a ſumptuous feaſt
(If thou wilt ſend me victuals) in thine honour!
And to it ſhall be bidden, for thy ſake,
Ev'n all the valiant ſtomachs in the court;
All ſhort-cloak'd knights, and all croſs-garter'd gentlemen;
All pump and pantofle, foot-cloth riders;
With all the ſwarming generation
Of long ſtocks, ſhort pain'd hoſe, and huge ſtuff'd doublets:

All

All theſe ſhall eat, and, which is more than yet
Hath e'er been ſeen, they ſhall be ſatisfied!—
I wonder my ambaſſador returns not.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Here I am, maſter.
Laz. And welcome!
Never did that ſweet virgin in her ſmock,
Fair-cheek'd Andromeda, when to the rock
Her ivory limbs were chain'd, and ſtraight before
A huge ſea-monſter, tumbling to the ſhore,
To have devour'd her, with more longing ſight
Expect the coming of ſome hardy knight,
That might have quell'd his pride, and ſet her free,
Than I with longing ſight have look'd for thee.
Boy. Your Perſeus is come, maſter, that will deſtroy him;
The very comfort of whoſe preſence ſhuts
The monſter Hunger from your yelping guts.
Laz. Brief, Boy, brief!
Diſcourſe the ſervice of each ſeveral table
Compendiouſly.
Boy. Here is a bill of all, Sir.
Laz. Give it me!
A bill of all the ſeveral ſervices this day
Appointed for every table in the court:
Ay, this is it on which my hopes rely;
Within this paper all my joys are clos'd!
Boy, open it, and read it with reverence.
Boy. For th' captain of the guard's table, three chines
Of beef, and two joles of ſturgeon.
Laz. A portly ſervice,
But groſs, groſs. Proceed to th' Duke's own table,
Dear Boy, to the Duke's own table!
Boy. For the Duke's own table,
The head of an umbrana.
Laz. Is it poſſible?
Can Heaven be ſo propitious to the Duke?
Boy. Yes, I'll aſſure you, Sir, 'tis poſſible;
Heaven

Heaven is ſo propitious to him.

Laz. Why then,
He is the richeſt prince alive! He were
The wealthieſt monarch in all Europe, had he
No other territories, dominions,
Provinces, ſeats, nor palaces, but only
That umbrane's head.

Boy. 'Tis very freſh and ſweet, Sir;
The fiſh was taken but this night, and the head,
As a rare novelty, appointed by
Special commandment for the Duke's own table,
This dinner.

Laz. If poor unworthy I may come to eat
Of this moſt ſacred diſh, I here do vow
(If that blind huſwife Fortune will beſtow
But means on me) to keep a ſumptuous houſe,
A board groaning under the heavy burden
Of the beaſt that cheweth the cud,
And the fowl that cutteth the air: It ſhall
Not, like the table of a country juſtice,
Be ſprinkled over with all manner of
Cheap ſallads, ſliced beef, giblets, and pettitoes,
To fill up room; nor ſhould there ſtand
Any great, cumberſome, un-cut-up pies,
At the nether end, filled with moſs and ſtones,
Partly to make a ſhow with, and partly
To keep the lower meſs from eating[6]; nor ſhall

[6] *The lower meſs.*] That is, thoſe who uſed to ſet at the table below the ſalt; a cuſtom frequently mentioned in our ancient writers. Mr. Whalley gives the following account of the manner in which our anceſtors were uſually ſeated at their meals: 'The tables being long, 'the *ſalt* was commonly placed about the middle, and ſerved as a kind 'of boundary to the different quality of the gueſts invited. Thoſe 'of diſtinction were ranked above; the ſpace below was aſſigned to 'the dependants, or inferior relations of the maſter of the houſe. 'An alluſion to this cuſtom occurs in a ſatire of biſhop Hall. As it 'is but ſhort, the Reader perhaps will not be diſpleaſed if I tranſcribe 'the whole:

"A gentle ſquire would gladly entertain
"Into his houſe ſome trencher chaplain;
"Some willing man, that might inſtruct his ſons,
"And that would ſtand to good conditions.

"Firſt,

My meat come in ſneaking, like the city ſervice,
One diſh a quarter of an hour after another,
And gone as if they had appointed to meet there,
And had miſtook the hour; nor ſhould it,
Like the new court ſervice, come in in haſte,
As if it fain would be gone again, all courſes
At once, like a hunting breakfaſt; but I
Would have my ſeveral courſes, and my diſhes
Well fill'd: My firſt courſe ſhould be brought in
After the ancient manner, by a ſcore
Of old bleer-ey'd ſervingmen, in long blue coats,
(Marry, they ſhall buy ſilk, facing, and buttons
Themſelves) but that's by the way.

Boy. Maſter,
The time calls on; will you be walking?

Laz. Follow, Boy, follow!
My guts were half an hour ſince in the privy kitchen.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Valore and Oriana.

Ori. Faith, brother, I muſt needs go yonder.

Val. And i'faith, ſiſter, what will you do yonder?

Ori. I know the lady Honoria will be glad
To ſee me.

"Firſt, that he lie upon the truckle bed,
"Whilſt his young maſter lieth o'er his head.
"Secondly, that he do on no default,
"Ever preſume to *ſit above the ſalt.*
"Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
"Fourth, that he uſe all common courteſies;
"Sit bare at meals, and one half riſe and wait.
"Laſt, that he never his young maſter beat,
"But he muſt aſk his mother to define,
"How many jerks ſhe would his breech ſhould line.
"All theſe obſerv'd, he could contented be,
"To give five marks, and winter livery.'

'Again, by a reference to this faſhion, we are told in a little piece, 'called News from the Lower End of the Table, that the beſt company 'makes the upper end of the table, and not the ſalt-ceiler. This 'cuſtom is yet preſerved at the lord-mayor's, and ſome other publick 'tables.' *R.*

Val.

Val. Glad to ſee you? Faith, the lady
Honoria cares for you as ſhe doth for all
Other young ladies; ſhe is glad to ſee you,
And will ſhew you the privy-garden, and tell you
How many gowns the ducheſs had. Marry, if you have
Ever an old uncle, that would be a lord,
Or ever a kinſman that hath done a murder,
Or committed a robbery, and will give
Good ſtore of money to procure his pardon,
Then the lady Honoria will be glad to ſee you.

Ori. Ay, but they ſay one ſhall ſee fine ſights at
The court.

Val. I'll tell you what you ſhall ſee;
You ſhall ſee many faces of man's making,
For you ſhall find very few as God
Left them: And you ſhall ſee many legs too;
Amongſt the reſt you ſhall behold one pair,
The feet of which were in times paſt ſockleſs, but
are now,
Thro' the change of time (that alters all things),
Very ſtrangely become the legs of a knight
And a courtier; another pair you ſhall ſee,
That were heir-apparent legs to a glover,
Theſe legs hope ſhortly to be honourable;
When they paſs by they will bow, and the mouth
To theſe legs will ſeem to offer you ſome courtſhip;
It will ſwear, but it will lie; hear it not!

Ori. Why, and are not theſe fine ſights?

Val. Siſter,
In ſerjouſneſs you yet are young, and fair;
A fair young maid, and apt——

Ori. Apt?

Val. Exceeding apt;
Apt to be drawn to——

Ori. To what?

Val. To that you ſhould not be; 'tis no diſpraiſe;
She is not bad that hath deſire to ill,
But ſhe that hath no power to rule that will:
For there you ſhall be woo'd in other kinds
Than yet your years have known;

The chiefeſt men will ſeem to throw themſelves
As vaſſals at your ſervice, kiſs your hand,
Prepare you banquets, maſques, ſhows, all inticements
That Wit and Luſt together can deviſe,
To draw a lady from the ſtate of grace
To an old lady-widow's gallery;
And they will praiſe your virtues; beware that!
The only way to turn a woman whore,
Is to commend her chaſtity: You'll go?
Ori. I would go, if it were but
Only to ſhew you, that I could be there,
And be mov'd with none of theſe tricks.
Val. Your ſervants
Are ready?
Ori. An hour ſince.
Val. Well, if you come
Off clear from this hot ſervice, your praiſe ſhall be
The greater. Farewell, ſiſter!
Ori. Farewell, brother!
Val. Once more! If you ſtay in the preſence
'Till candle-light, keep on the foreſide o'th' curtain;
And, do you hear, take heed of the old bawd,
In the cloth of tiſſue ſleeves, and the knit mittens!
Farewell, ſiſter!—Now am I idle; I would I'd been
[*Exit Ori.*
A ſcholar, that I might have ſtudied now!
The puniſhment of meaner men is, they have
Too much to do; our only miſery is,
That without company we know not what
To do. I muſt take ſome of the common courſes
Of our nobility, which is thus:
If I can find no company that likes me[7],
Pluck off my hatband, throw an old cloak over
My face, and, as if I would not be known,
Walk haſtily thro' the ſtreets, 'till I be
Diſcover'd; then 'There goes count Such-a-one,'

7 *Likes me.*] i. e. *Pleaſes me.* So, in King Lear, Kent ſays, act ii. ſcene ii. 'His countenance *likes me* not;' and, in the Maid's Tragedy, p. 29,
What look likes you *beſt?* R.

Says

Says one; 'There goes count Such-a-one,' says another:
'Look how fast he goes,' says a third; 'There's some
'Great matters in hand queſtionleſs,' says a fourth;
When all my buſineſs is to have them ſay ſo.
This hath been uſed.
Or, if I can find any company[8],
I'll after dinner to the ſtage to ſee
A play; where when I firſt enter, you ſhall have
A murmur in the houſe; ev'ry one
That does not know cries, 'What nobleman is that?'
All the gallants on the ſtage riſe, veil to me,
Kiſs their hand, offer me their places: Then
I pick out ſome one, whom I pleaſe to grace
Among the reſt[9], take his ſeat, uſe it, throw
My cloak over my face, and laugh at him:
The poor gentleman imagines himſelf moſt highly
Graced, thinks all the auditors eſteem him
One of my boſom-friends, and in right ſpecial
Regard with me. But here comes a gentleman,
That I hope will make me better ſport than either
Street or ſtage fooleries. This man loves

Enter Lazarillo and Boy.

To eat good meat; always provided,
He do not pay for't himſelf. He goes
By the name of the Hungry Courtier; marry, becauſe
I think that name will not ſufficiently
Diſtinguiſh him (for no doubt he hath
More fellows there) his name is Lazarillo;
He is none of theſe ſame ordinary-eaters[10],

[8] *Or if I* can *find any company.*] As he deſcribes his coming into the playhouſe alone, this ſeems a ſecond expedient to paſs away time for want of company at home. I therefore read *can't* for *can*. *Seward.*

We ſee no objection to the old text.

[9] *To grace* among *the reſt.*] All this ſpeech, and far the greateſt part of the play was printed before as proſe; though moſt of it runs eaſily into a familiar verſe. I don't change *among* here as the ſenſe is much the ſame as *above*, but the latter ſeems the more natural preposition. *Seward.*

[10] *He is none of theſe* ordnary eaters.] Here I was puzzled to make out the meaſure, a ſyllable being wanting, and I thought to have re-

That will devour three breakfaſts, and as many
Dinners, without any prejudice to their bevers,
Drinkings, or ſuppers; but he hath a more
Courtly kind of hunger, and doth hunt more
After novelty than plenty. I'll over-hear him.

Laz. Oh, thou moſt itching kindly appetite[11],
Which every creature in his ſtomach feels,
Oh, leave, leave yet at laſt thus to torment me!
Three ſeveral ſallads have I ſacrific'd,
Bedew'd with precious oil and vinegar,
Already, to appeaſe thy greedy wrath.
Boy!

Boy. Sir?

Laz. Will the count ſpeak with me?

Boy. One of
His gentlemen is gone to inform him of
Your coming, Sir.

Laz. There is no way left
For me to compaſs this fiſh-head, but by being
Preſently made known to the Duke.

Boy. That will be hard, Sir.

ſolved *none* into *not one*, but looking in the old quarto I found *ſame* was the monoſyllable that the late editions had dropt. This is a ſtrong proof that the whole was that kind of familiar verſe that I place it in. By *ordinary eaters* I believe we ſhould not underſtand *common eaters* but *ordinary-eaters*, or eaters at ordnaries, where great eaters frequently crowd, as they can have more for their money than when they pay for their meat by weight; This ſeems more humourous than the former interpretation, though that alſo will well ſuit the context. *Seward.*

We think *ordinary* in this place has no *extraordinary* ſenſe, but ſignifies merely *common*. The ſcene ſeems to be looſe verſe; but we have endeavoured to divide it more naturally and numerouſly than Seward, and nearer in general to the quarto. It is ſometimes, however, at any rate, very rugged.

[11] *Oh, thou moſt* itching kindly *appetite.*] There is great humour in the pomp of Lazarillo's ſtile, but here, I believe, it has been a little degraded by the epithet *kindly*. As *itching* expreſſes the troubleſome effects of the appetite, ſo *kindly* may be thought well adapted to the pleaſing effects of it; but as the change of a ſingle letter gives a much more pompous word, it ſeems highly probable that *kingly* was the true reading, for Lazarillo had before made the whole glory of a prince to conſiſt in ſatiating his royal maw. *Seward.*

We think the text far preferable.

Laz.

Laz. When I have taſted of this ſacred diſh,
Then ſhall my bones reſt in my father's tomb
In peace; then ſhall I die moſt willingly,
And as a diſh be ſerv'd to ſatisfy
Death's hunger; and I will be buried thus:
My bier ſhall be a charger borne by four,
The coffin where I lie a powd'ring-tub,
Beſtrew'd with lettuce, and cool ſallad-herbs;
My winding-ſheet of tanſies; the black guard
Shall be my ſolemn mourners; and inſtead
Of ceremonies, wholſome burial prayers;
A printed dirge in rhime [12], ſhall bury me.
Inſtead of tears let them pour capon-ſauce
Upon my hearſe, and ſalt inſtead of duſt,
Manchets for ſtones; for other glorious ſhields
Give me a voider; and above my hearſe,
For a truſch ſword, my naked knife ſtuck up!
[*Valore diſcovers himſelf.*

Boy. Maſter, the count's here.

Laz. Where?—My lord, I do
Beſeech you——

Val. You are very welcome, Sir;
I pray you ſtand up; you ſhall dine with me.

Laz. I do beſeech your lordſhip, by the love

---

12 ——— *and inſtead*
Of ceremonies, wholſome *burial prayers*,
A printed *dirge in rhime ſhall bury me*] If he would have no ceremonies nor prayers, it is probable that we ſhould read *fulſome*, or perhaps, as *wholſome* is a word proper to Lazarillo, the following tranſpoſition may have been the original,
——— *inſtead*
Of ceremonies, printed *burial pray'rs*,
A wholſome *dirge in rhime ſhall bury me.*
A *dirge* in this ſenſe may ſignify verſes ſetting forth the wholſomeneſs and excellency of good eating. *Dirge* is derived from the Latin word *dirige*, which begins a part of the Popiſh Litany. The more I conſider this latter conjecture, the more probable it appears: I ſhall therefore venture it into the text. *Seward.*
The old text is very good, and ſhould not be changed: He firſt ſays, there ſhall be at his funeral,
'Inſtead of ceremonies, *wholſome* burial pray'rs;'
and then proceeds to ſpecify, that
'A printed dirge in rhime ſhall bury him,'
inſtead of the uſual ſervice.

I ſtill have borne to your honourable houſe——
Val. Sir, what need all this? you ſhall dine with me.
I pray riſe.
Laz. Perhaps your lordſhip takes me
For one of theſe ſame fellows, that do, as it were,
Reſpect victuals.
Val. Oh, Sir, by no means.
Laz. Your lordſhip
Has often promis'd, that whenſoever
I ſhould affect greatneſs, your own hand ſhould help
To raiſe me.
Val. And ſo much ſtill aſſure yourſelf of.
Laz. And tho' I muſt confeſs I've ever ſhunn'd
Popularity, by the example of others,
Yet I do now feel myſelf a little
Ambitious; Your lordſhip is great,
And, tho' young, yet a privy-counſellor.
Val. I pray you, Sir, leap into the matter;
What would you have me do for you?
Laz. I would entreat
Your lordſhip to make me known to the Duke.
Val. When, Sir?
Laz. Suddenly, my lord; I would have you
Preſent me unto him this morning.
Val. It ſhall
Be done: But for what virtues would you have him
Take notice of you?
Laz. Your lordſhip ſhall know
That preſently.
Val. 'Tis pity of this fellow; he is
Of good wit, and ſufficient underſtanding,
When he's not troubled with this greedy worm.
Laz. 'Faith, you may entreat him to take notice of me
For any thing; for being an excellent farrier,
For playing well at ſpan-counter, or ſticking knives
In walls, for being impudent, or for nothing;
Why may not I be a favourite on the ſudden?
I ſee nothing againſt it.
Val. Not ſo, Sir;
I know you've not the face to be a favourite

On the ſudden.

Laz. Why then, you ſhall preſent me
As a gentleman well qualified, or one
Extraordinary ſeen in divers ſtrange myſteries.

Val. In what, Sir? as how?

Laz. Marry as thus——

Enter Intelligencer.

Val. Yonder's
My old ſpirit, that hath haunted me daily,
Ever ſince I was a privy-counſellor;
I muſt be rid of him. I pray you ſtay there;
I am a little buſy; I will ſpeak
With you preſently.

Laz. You ſhall bring me in, and after
A little other talk, taking me by the hand,
You ſhall utter theſe words to the Duke: 'May it pleaſe
'Your Grace, to take note of a gentleman,
'Well read, deeply learned, and throughly
'Grounded in the hidden knowledge of all ſallads
'And pot-herbs whatſoever.'

Val. 'Twill be rare!
If you will walk before, Sir, I will
Overtake you inſtantly.

Laz. Your lordſhip's ever. [*Exit.*

Val. This fellow is a kind
Of an informer, one that lives in alehouſes
And taverns; and becauſe he perceives
Some worthy men in this land, with much labour
And great expence, to have diſcover'd things
Dangerouſly hanging over the ſtate, he thinks
To diſcover as much out of the talk of drunkards
In tap-houſes: He brings me informations,
Pick'd out of broken words, in mens' common talk,
Which, with his malicious miſ-application, he
Hopes will ſeem dangerous; he doth, beſides,
Bring me the names of all the young gentlemen
In the city, that uſe ordinaries, or taverns,
Talking (to my thinking) only as the freedom

Of their youth teach them, without any further ends,
For dangerous and ſeditious ſpirits;
He is, beſides, an arrant whoremaſter
As any is in Milan, of a layman;
I will not meddle with the clergy: He
Is parcel lawyer[13], and in my conſcience much
Of their religion: I muſt put upon him
Some piece of ſervice. Come hither, Sir;
What have you to do with me?

Int. Little, my lord;
I only come to know how your lordſhip would
Employ me.

Val. Obſerv'd you that gentleman
That parted from me but now?

Int. I ſaw him now, my lord.

Val. I was ſending for you; I have talk'd with
This man, and I do find him dangerous.

Int. Is your lordſhip in good earneſt?

Val. Hark you, Sir;
There may perhaps be ſome within ear-ſhot.
[*He whiſpers with him.*

Enter Lazarillo and Boy.

Laz. Sirrah, will you venture your life,
The Duke hath ſent the fiſh-head to my lord?

Boy. Sir, if he have not, kill me, do what you will with me!

Laz. How uncertain is the ſtate of all mortal things!
I have theſe croſſes from my cradle, from
My very cradle, inſomuch
That I do begin to grow deſperate:
Fortune, I do deſpiſe thee, do thy worſt!
—Yet, when I do better gather myſelf together,
I do find it's rather the part of a wiſe man
To prevent the ſtorms of Fortune by ſtirring,

[13] *Is* parcel *lawyer.*] *Parcel* from *particelle*; it means *partly*, as *partly a lawyer*. Maſſenger our Authors contemporary and rival often uſes it in this ſenſe. *Seward.*

Parcel drunk occurs in the Chances, p. 63.

Than

Than to ſuffer 'em, by ſtanding ſtill,
To pour themſelves upon his naked body:
I will about it.

Val. Who's within there?

Enter a Servingman.

Let this gentleman out at the back-door!
Forget not my inſtructions. If you find
Any thing dangerous, trouble not yourſelf
To find out me, but carry your informations
To the lord Lucio; he is a man grave,
And well-experienc'd in theſe buſineſſes.

Int. Your lordſhip's ſervant.

[*Exeunt Intelligencer & Servingman.*

Laz. Will't pleaſe your lordſhip walk?

Val. Sir, I was coming; I will overtake you.

Laz. I will attend you overagainſt
The lord Gondarino's houſe.

Val You ſhall not
Attend there long.

Laz. Thither muſt I
To ſee my love's face, the chaſte virgin head
Of a dear fiſh, yet pure and undeflower'd,
Not known of man; no rough-bred country hand
Hath once touch'd thee, no pandar's wither'd paw,
Nor an un-napkin'd lawyer's greaſy fiſt,
Hath once ſlubber'd thee; no lady's ſupple hand,
Waſh'd o'er with urine, hath yet ſeiz'd on thee
With her too-nimble talons [14]; no court-hand,
Whom his own natural filth, or change of air,
Hath bedeck'd with ſcabs, hath marr'd thy whiter grace:
Oh, let it be thought lawful then for me,
To crop the flower of thy virginity! [*Exit.*

[14] *With her* two *nimble* talents.] Mr. Sympſon concurs with me in reading *too nimble*, but there ſeems a ſtill greater corruption than that; her *fingers* are certainly here called *too nimble*, and though *talents* be intelligible, yet *talons* ſeems a much more eaſy as well as more comic word. On turning to Mr. Theobald I find that he too reads *talons*.
Seward.

No doubt TALONS was the *intention* of the quarto; the old *ſpelling* was very inaccurate.

Val.

Val. This day I am for fools; I am all theirs:
Tho', like to our young wanton cocker'd heirs,
Who do affect thoſe men above the reſt
In whoſe baſe company they ſtill are beſt,
I do not with much labour ſtrive to be
The wiſeſt ever in the company;
But for a fool our wiſdom oft amends [15],
As enemies do teach us more than friends. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Gondarino and Servants.

Serv. MY lord!
Gond. Ha!
Serv. Here's one hath brought you a preſent.
Gond. From whom? from a woman? if it be from a woman,
Bid him carry it back, and tell her ſhe's a whore.
What is it?
Serv. A fiſh-head, my lord.
Gond. What fiſh-head?
Serv. I did not aſk that, my lord,
Gond. Whence comes it?
Serv. From the court.
Gond. Oh, 'tis a cod's head.
Serv. No, my lord;
'Tis ſome ſtrange head; it comes from the Duke.
Gond. Let it be carried to my Mercer; I do
Owe him money for ſilks; ſtop his mouth with that.—
Was there ever any man that hated his wife [*Ex. Serv.*
After death but I? and, for her ſake, all women,
Women that were created only for
The preſervation of little dogs!

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord, the count's

[15] *But for a fool, our wiſdom oft amends.*] Seward rightly obſerves, 'for is here the ſame as *becauſe*.'

Siſter

Siſter being overtaken in the ſtreets
With a great hail-ſtorm, is lit at your gate,
And deſires room 'till the ſtorm be overpaſt.
Gond. Is ſhe a woman?
Serv. Ay, my lord, I think ſo.
Gond. I've none for her then; bid her get her gone;
Tell her ſhe is not welcome!
Serv. My lord, ſhe is
Now coming up.
Gond. She ſhall not come up! tell her
Any thing; tell her I have but one
Great room in my houſe, and I am now
In it at the cloſe-ſtool.
Serv. She's here, my lord.
Gond. Oh, impudence of women!
I can keep dogs out of my houſe,
Or I can defend my houſe againſt thieves;
But I cannot keep out women. Now, madam;

Enter Oriana, a waiting-woman, and a page.

What hath your ladyſhip to ſay to me?
Ori. My lord, I was bold to crave the help
Of your houſe againſt the ſtorm.
Gond. Your ladyſhip's boldneſs
In coming will be impudence in ſtaying;
For you are moſt unwelcome.
Ori. Oh, my lord!
Gond. Do you laugh? by the hate I bear to you,
'tis true!
Ori. You're merry, my lord.
Gond. Let me laugh to death if I be,
Or can be, whilſt thou art here, or liveſt,
Or any of thy ſex!
Ori. I commend your lordſhip.
Gond. Do you commend me? why do you commend me?
I give you no ſuch cauſe: Thou art a filthy,
Impudent whore; a woman, a very woman!
Ori. Ha, ha, ha!
Gond. Begot when thy father was drunk.

Ori.

Ori. Your lordſhip
Hath a good wit.
Gond. How? what? have I good wit?
Ori. Come, my lord; I've heard before
Of your lordſhip's merry vein in jeſting
Againſt our ſex; which I being deſirous
To hear, made me rather chuſe your lordſhip's houſe
Than any other; but I know I'm welcome.
Gond. Let me not live, if you be! Methinks it
Doth not become you to come to my houſe,
Being a ſtranger to you: I have no woman in
My houſe to entertain you, nor to ſhew you
Your chamber; why ſhould you come to me? I have no
Galleries, nor banqueting-houſes, nor bawdy pictures,
To ſhew your ladyſhip.
Ori. Believe me, this
Your lordſhip's plainneſs makes me think myſelf
More welcome than if you had ſworn, by all
The pretty court-oaths that are, I had been welcomer
Than your ſoul to your body.
Gond. Now ſhe's in,
Talking treaſon will not get her out[16]; I durſt ſooner
Undertake to talk an intelligencer out of the room,
And ſpeak more than he durſt hear, than talk a woman
Out o' my company.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, the Duke
Being in the ſtreets, and the ſtorm continuing,
Is enter'd your gate, and now coming up.
Gond. The Duke?—
Now I know your errand, madam; you have plots
And private meetings in hand! Why do you chuſe
My houſe? are you aſham'd to go to it
In the old coupling-place? tho' it be leſs
Suſpicious here, (for no Chriſtian will
Suſpect a woman to be in my houſe)
Yet you may do it cleanlier there,

[16] *Will get her out.*] The negative added, and we think juſtly, by Seward.

For

For there's a care had of thoſe buſineſſes;
And whereſoever you remove, your great maintainer
And you ſhall have your lodgings directly oppoſite;
It is but putting on your night-gown and
Your ſlippers: Madam, you underſtand me[17]?

Ori. Before,
I would not underſtand him; but now he ſpeaks
Riddles to me indeed.

Enter the Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.

Duke. 'Twas a ſtrange hail-ſtorm.

Lucio. 'Twas exceeding ſtrange.

Gond. Good-morrow to your Grace!

Duke. Good-morrow, Gondarino.

Gond. Juſtice, great prince!

Duke. Why ſhould you beg for juſtice?
I never did you wrong; what's the offender?

Gond. A woman.

Duke. Oh, I know your ancient quarrel
Againſt that ſex; but, what heinous crime
Hath ſhe committed?

Gond. She hath gone abroad.

Duke. What? it cannot be.

Gond. She hath done it.

Duke. How!
I never heard of any woman that
Did ſo before.

Gond. If ſhe have not laid by
That modeſty that ſhould attend a virgin,

[17] *Your night gown, and your ſlippers; madam, you underſtand me?*] To make out the verſe here with the context; I am forced to divide one word into two lines, this which gives the meaſure a more comic aſpect is done by our Authors indiſputably in the comic part of the Schoolmaſter in The Two Noble Kinſmen.

Upon this mighty morr—*of mickle weight,*
Is—*now comes in which being glew'd together,*
Makes morris. *Seward.*

Seward (oh, miſerable diviſion!) exhibits,

Your night-gown, and your ſlippers; madam, y' under-
Stand *me?*

But the example from the Two Noble Kinſmen is ſo far from appoſite, that it rather proves our Authors would not gravely practiſe what they there expoſed as ſupremely ridiculous.

And,

And, quite void of ſhame, hath left the houſe
Where ſhe was born (as they ſhould never do),
Let me endure the pains that ſhe ſhould ſuffer!

Duke. Hath ſhe ſo? which is the woman?

Gond. This [17].

Duke. This? how!—Arrigo! Lucio!

Gond. Ay, then it is a plot: No prince alive
Shall force me make my houſe a brothel-houſe;
Not for the ſin's, but for the woman's ſake;
I will not have her in my doors ſo long:
Will they make my houſe as bawdy as their own are?

Duke. Is it not Oriana?

Lucio. It is.

Duke. Siſter to count Valore?

Arr. The very ſame.

Duke. She that I love?

Lucio. She that you love.

Duke. I do ſuſpect——

Lucio. So do I.

Duke. This fellow to be but a counterfeit;
One that doth ſeem to loath all woman-kind,
To hate himſelf becauſe he hath ſome part
Of woman in him, ſeems not to endure
To ſee or to be ſeen of any woman,
Only becauſe he knows it is their nature
To wiſh to taſte that which is moſt forbidden:
And with this ſhow he may the better compaſs
(And with far leſs ſuſpicion) his baſe ends.

Lucio. Upon my life, 'tis ſo.

Duke. And I do know,
Before his ſlain wife gave him that offence [18],
He was the greateſt ſervant to that ſex
That ever was. What doth this lady here
With him alone? Why ſhould he rail at her
To me?

---

[17] Gond. *This*, this.] As we have no doubt but the ſecond *this* belongs to the *Duke*, we have removed it to his ſpeech.

[18] *Before his* ſlain *wife.*] I have ventured to alter this to *late wife*; there not being the leaſt hint of his wife's being *ſlain* by him or any other. *Lain* for *buried* might probably be allowed, but I lay it down

as

Lucio. Becauſe your Grace might not ſuſpect.
Duke. It was ſo! I do love her ſtrangely. I
Would fain know the truth; counſel me.
[*They three whiſper.*

Enter Valore, Lazarillo, and Boy.

Val. It falls out better than we could expect, Sir,
That we ſhould find the Duke and my lord
Gondarino together, both which you deſire
To be acquainted with.
Laz. 'Twas very happy.—
Boy, go down into the kitchen, and ſee
If you can ſpy that ſame.—I am now in ſome hope:
[*Exit Boy.*
I have methinks a kind of fever upon me,
A certain gloomineſs within me, doubting,
As it were, betwixt two paſſions: There's no
Young maid upon her wedding-night, when her husband
Sets firſt foot in the bed, bluſhes, and
Looks pale again, oftner than I do now.
There is no poet acquainted with more
Shakings and quakings, towards the latter end
Of his new play, (when he's in that caſe
That he ſtands peeping betwixt the curtains,
So fearfully that a bottle of ale cannot
Be open'd, but he thinks ſomebody hiſſes)
Than I am at this inſtant.
Val. Are they in conſultation?
If they be, either my young Duke hath gotten
Some baſtard, and is perſuading my knight yonder
To father the child, and marry the wench, or elſe
Some cockpit's to be built.
Laz. My lord! what nobleman's that?
Val. His name is Lucio; 'tis he that was made a lord
At the requeſt of ſome of his friends for's wife's ſake;

---

as a rule, never to aſcribe to my Authors an expreſſion that I ſhould be aſhamed to uſe myſelf. *Seward.*

The variation ſhould at moſt have only been offered as a conjecture. Late *wife* is very flat and modern.

He

He affects to be a great ſtateſman, and thinks
It conſiſts in night-caps, and jewels, and
Toothpicks.
Laz. And what's that other?
Val. A knight, Sir, that
Pleaſeth the Duke to favour, and to raiſe
To ſome extraordinary fortunes: He can make
As good men as himſelf ev'ry day in the week;
And doth.
Laz. For what was he raiſed?
Val. Truly, Sir,
I am not able to ſay directly for what,
But for wearing of red breeches, as I take it:
He is a brave man; he will ſpend three knighthoods
At a ſupper without trumpets.
Laz. My lord, I'll talk with him;
For I've a friend that would gladly receive the honour[19]——.
Val. If he have the itch of knighthood upon him, let him
Repair to that phyſician, he'll cure him.
But I will give you a note: Is your friend
Fat or lean?
Laz. Something fat.
Val. It will be the worſe for him.
Laz. I hope that's not material.
Val. Very much,
For there's an impoſt ſet upon knighthoods,
And your friend ſhall pay a noble in the pound.
Duke. I do not like examinations;
We ſhall find out the truth more eaſily,
Some other way leſs noted, and that courſe
Should not be us'd, 'till we be ſure to prove
Something directly; for when they perceive
Themſelves ſuſpected, they will then provide
More warily to anſwer.
Lucio. Doth ſhe know
Your Grace doth love her?

[19] *Gladly receive the* humour.] Corrected in 1750.

Duke.

Duke. She hath never heard it.

Lucio. Then thus, my lord. [*They whiſper again.*

Laz. What's he that walks alone
So ſadly, with his hands behind him?

Val. The lord
Of the houſe, he that you deſire to be
Acquainted with. He doth hate women for
The ſame cauſe that I love them.

Laz. What is that?

Val. For that which apes want: You perceive me, Sir?

Laz. And is he ſad? can he be ſad that hath
So rich a gem under his roof, as that
Which I do follow.—What young lady's that?

Val. Which? Have I mine eye-ſight perfect? 'tis
My ſiſter! Did I ſay the Duke had a baſtard?
What ſhould ſhe make here with him and his council?
She hath no papers in her hand to petition to them;
She hath never a huſband in priſon, whoſe releaſe
She might ſue for: That's a fine trick for a wench,
To get her huſband clapt up, that ſhe may
More freely, and with leſs ſuſpicion, viſit
The private ſtudies of men in authority.
Now I do diſcover their conſultation;
Yon fellow is a pandar without all ſalvation!
But let me not condemn her too raſhly, without
Weighing the matter: She is a young lady;
She went forth early this morning with
A waiting-woman, and a page or ſo:
This is no garden-houſe; in my conſcience,
She went forth with no diſhoneſt intent; for
She did not pretend going to any ſermon
In the further end of the city; neither went ſhe
To ſee any odd old gentlewoman, that mourns for
The death of her huſband, or the loſs of her friend,
And muſt have young ladies come to comfort her;
Thoſe are the damnable bawds! 'Twas no ſet meeting
Certainly, for there was no wafer-woman with her

Theſe three days, on my knowledge. I'll talk with her.
—Good morrow, my lord!
Gond. You're welcome, Sir.—Here's her brother
Come now to do a kind office for his ſiſter;
Is it not ſtrange?
Val. I am glad to meet you here, ſiſter.
Ori. I thank you, good brother; and if you doubt of
The cauſe of my coming, I can ſatisfy you.
Val. No, faith, I dare truſt thee: I do ſuſpect thou'rt honeſt;
For it is ſo rare a thing to be honeſt,
Among you, that ſome one man in an age
May perhaps ſuſpect ſome two women to be honeſt,
But never believe it verily.
Lucio. Let your return be ſudden!
Arr. Unſuſpected by them.
Duke. It ſhall; ſo ſhall I beſt
Perceive their love, if there be any: Farewell!
Val. Let me entreat your Grace to ſtay a little,
To know a gentleman, to whom yourſelf
Is much beholding: He hath made the ſport
For your whole court theſe eight years, on my knowledge.
Duke. His name?
Val. Lazarillo.
Duke. I heard of him this morning;
Which is he?
Val. Lazarillo, pluck up thy ſpirits!
Thy fortunes are now raiſing; the Duke calls for thee,
And thou ſhalt be acquainted with him.
Laz. He's going away,
And I muſt of neceſſity ſtay here,
Upon buſineſs.
Val. 'Tis all one; thou ſhalt know him firſt.
Laz. Stay a little!—
If he ſhould offer to take me away with him,
And by that means I ſhould loſe that I ſeek for—
But if he ſhould, I will not go with him.
Val. Lazarillo, the Duke ſtays! wilt thou loſe

his

This opportunity?

Laz. How muſt I ſpeak to him?

Val. 'Twas well thought of; you muſt not talk to him
As you do to an ordinary man,
Honeſt plain ſenſe, but you muſt wind about him:
For example; if he ſhould aſk you what o'clock it is,
You muſt not ſay, 'If it pleaſe your Grace, 'tis nine;'
But thus, 'Thrice three o' clock, ſo pleaſe my ſovereign;'
Or thus, 'Look how many muſes there doth dwell
'Upon the ſweet banks of the learned well,
'And juſt ſo many ſtrokes the clock hath ſtruck;'
And ſo forth: And you muſt now and then
Enter into a deſcription.

Laz. I hope I ſhall do it.

Val. Come!

'May it pleaſe your Grace to take note of a gentleman,
'Well ſeen, deeply read, and throughly
'Grounded in the hidden knowledge of all ſallads
'And pot-herbs whatſoever.'

Duke. I ſhall deſire to know him more inwardly.

Laz. I kiſs the ox-hide of your Grace's foot.

Val. Very well!—Will your Grace queſtion him a little?

Duke. How old are you?

Laz. Full eight and twenty ſeveral almanacks
Have been compiled, all for ſeveral years,
Since firſt I drew this breath; four prenticeſhips
Have I moſt truly ſerved in this world;
And eight and twenty times hath Phœbus' car
Run out his yearly courſe, ſince——

Duke. I underſtand you, Sir.

Lucio. How like an ignorant poet he talks!

Duke. You are eight and twenty year old.
What time of the day do you hold it to be?

Laz. About the time that mortals whet their knives
On threſholds, on their ſhoe-ſoals, and on ſtairs;
Now bread is grating, and the teſty cook
Hath much to do now; now the tables all——

Duke. 'Tis almoſt dinner-time?

Laz. Your Grace doth apprehend me very rightly.
Val. Your Grace ſhall find him, in your further conference,
Grave, wiſe, courtly, and ſcholar-like, underſtandingly read
In the neceſſities of the life of man:
He knows that man is mortal by his birth;
He knows that man muſt die, and therefore live;
He knows that man muſt live, and therefore eat.
And if it ſhall pleaſe your Grace to accompany
Yourſelf with him, I doubt not but that he will,
At the leaſt, make good my commendations.
Duke. Attend us, Lazarillo; we do want
Men of ſuch action, as we have receiv'd you
Reported from your honourable friend.
Laz. Good my lord, ſtand betwixt me and my overthrow!
You know I'm tied here, and may not depart!—
My gracious lord, ſo weighty are the buſineſs of mine own,
Which at this time do call upon me, that I
Will rather chuſe to die, than to neglect them.
Val. Nay, you ſhall well perceive; beſides the virtues
That I have already inform'd you of, he hath
A ſtomach which will ſtoop to no prince alive.
Duke. Sir, at your beſt leiſure; I ſhall thirſt to ſee you.
Laz. And I ſhall hunger for it.
Duke. Till then, farewell all!
Gond. Val. Long life attend your Grace!
Duke. I do not taſte this ſport. Arrigo! Lucio!
Arr. Lucio. We do attend.
[*Exeunt Duke, Arr. and Lucio.*
Gond. His Grace is gone, and hath left
His Helen with me: I am no pandar for him;
Neither can I be won, with the hope of gain,
Or the itching deſire of taſting my lord's
Lechery to him, to keep her at my houſe,
Or bring her in diſguiſe to his bed-chamber.

The

The twines of adders and of ſcorpions
About my naked breaſt, will ſeem to me
More tickling than thoſe claſps, which men adore,
The luſtful, dull, ill-ſpirited embraces
Of women! The much-praiſed Amazons,
Knowing their own infirmities ſo well,
Made of themſelves a people, and what men
They take amongſt them they condemn to die;
Perceiving that their folly made them fit
To live no longer, that would willingly
Come in the worthleſs preſence of a woman.—
I will attend, and ſee what my young lord
Will do with his ſiſter.

Enter Boy.

Boy. My lord, the fiſh-head
Is gone again.

Val. Whither?

Boy. I know whither, my lord.

Val. Keep it from Lazarillo!—Siſter, ſhall I
Confer with you in private, to know the cauſe
Of the Duke's coming hither; I know he makes you
Acquainted with his buſineſs of ſtate.

Ori. I'll ſatisfy you, brother; for I ſee
You're jealous of me.

Gond. Now there ſhall be ſome courſe
Taken for her conveyance.

Laz. Lazarillo,
Thou art happy! thy carriage hath begot love,
And that love hath brought forth fruits; thou'rt here
In the company of a man honourable,
That will help thee to taſte of the bounties
Of the ſea; and when thou haſt ſo done,
Thou ſhalt retire thyſelf unto the court,
And there taſte of the delicates of the earth,
And be great in the eyes of thy ſovereign.
Now no more ſhalt thou need to ſcramble for
Thy meat, nor remove thy ſtomach with the court;
But thy credit ſhall command thy heart's deſire,

And all novelties ſhall be ſent as preſents unto thee.
Val. Good ſiſter, when you ſee your own time, will you
Return home?
Ori. Yes, brother, and not before.
Laz. I will grow popular in this ſtate,
And overthrow the fortunes of a number,
That live by extortion.
Val. Lazarillo,
Beſtir thyſelf nimbly, and ſuddenly,
And hear me with patience.
Laz. Let me not fall from myſelf!
Speak! I am bound to hear[20].
Val. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear;
The fiſh-head is gone, and we know not whither.
Laz. I will not curſe, nor ſwear, nor rage, nor rail,
Nor with contemptuous tongue accuſe my fate
(Tho' I might juſtly do it); nor will I
Wiſh myſelf uncreated, for this evil!
Shall I entreat your lordſhip to be ſeen
A little longer in the company
Of a man croſs'd by fortune?
Val. I hate
To leave my friend in his extremities.
Laz. 'Tis noble in you; then I take your hand,
And do proteſt, I do not follow this
For any malice or for private ends,
But with a love, as gentle and as chaſte,

[20] *So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear,*
The fiſh-head is gone, and we know not whither.] As *where* is equally ſenſe here, it adds much to the humour to make this hobling comic verſe rhime to the grandeur of the line above quoted from the moſt ſolemn ſcene in all Shakeſpeare. Mr. Sympſon aſks, Is this a burleſque upon Hamlet's Ghoſt or not? I am quite clear that it is not, and have given, I believe, convincing reaſons at note 43, in that exceeding comic character, the Little French Lawyer. Sentiments and expreſſions of acknowledged dignity, when applied to a ridiculous ſubject, only render it ſtill more ridiculous, and for that end only are uſed, burleſquing, as in this place Lazarillo not Hamlet. *Seward.*
We ſee no *humour* in this unwarranted alteration, nor conviction in the note referred to.

As

As that a brother to his ſiſter bears:
And if I ſee this fiſh-head, yet unknown,
The laſt words that my dying father ſpake,
Before his eye-ſtrings brake, ſhall not of me
So often be remember'd, as our meeting:
Fortune attend me, as my ends are juſt,
Full of pure love, and free from ſervile luſt!

Val. Farewell, my lord! I was entreated to invite
Your lordſhip to a lady's upſitting.

Gond. Oh, my ears!—
Why, madam, will not you follow your brother?
You are waited for by great men; he'll bring you to 'em.

Ori. I am very well, my lord; you do miſtake me,
If you think I affect greater company
Than yourſelf.

Gond. What madneſs poſſeſſeth thee,
That thou canſt imagine me a fit man
To entertain ladies? I tell thee, I do uſe
To tear their hair, to kick them, and to twinge
Their noſes, if they be not careful in
Avoiding me.

Ori. Your lordſhip may deſcant
Upon your own behaviour as pleaſe you, but I
Proteſt, ſo ſweet and courtly it appears
In my eye, that I mean not to leave you yet.

Gond. I ſhall grow rough.

Ori. A rough carriage is beſt
In a man.—I'll dine with you, my lord.

Gond. Why, I will ſtarve thee;
Thou ſhalt have nothing.

Ori. I have heard of your lordſhip's nothing;
I'll put that to the venture.

Gond. Well, thou ſhalt have meat;
I'll ſend it to thee.

Ori. I'll keep no ſtate, my lord[21];

[21] I'll *keep no ſtate, my lord; neither do I mourn.*] *I'll*, inſtead of *I*, crept in from the line below. *Mourn* here ſignifies keeping houſe on account of mourning for any relation dead. *Seward.*

There ſurely is not the leaſt cauſe for variation.

Neither do I mourn; I'll dine with you.

Gond. Is ſuch a thing as this allow'd to live?
What power hath let thee looſe upon the earth,
To plague us for our ſins? Out of my doors!

Ori. I would your lordſhip did but ſee how well
This fury doth become you! it doth ſhew
So near the life, as it were natural.

Gond. Oh, thou damn'd woman! I will fly the vengeance
That hangs above thee: Follow, if thou dar'ſt!
[*Exit Gond.*

Ori. I muſt not leave this fellow; I will torment him to madneſs!
To teach his paſſions againſt kind to move,
The more he hates, the more I'll ſeem to love.
[*Exeunt Oriana and Maid.*

Enter Pandar and Mercer.

Pandar. Sir, what may be done by art ſhall be done;
I wear not this black cloak for nothing.

Mercer. Perform this,
Help me to this great heir by learning,
And you ſhall want no black cloaks; taffaties,
Silk-grograms, ſattins, and velvets are mine;
They ſhall be yours, perform what you have promis'd;
And you ſhall make me a lover of ſciences;
I will ſtudy the learned languages, and keep
My ſhop-book in Latin.

Pandar. Trouble me not now;
I will not fail you within this hour at your ſhop.

Mercer. Let Art have her courſe. [*Exit.*

Enter Julia.

Pandar. 'Tis well ſpoken,—Madona!

Julia. Haſt thou brought me any cuſtomers?

Pandar. No.

Julia. What the devil doſt thou in black?

Pandar. As all ſolemn profeſſors of ſettled courſes do,

Cover

Cover my knavery with it. Will you marry
A citizen, reaſonably rich, and unreaſonably fooliſh,
Silks in his ſhop, money in his purſe,
And no wit in his head?

Julia. Out upon him!
I could have been otherwiſe than ſo; there was a knight
Swore he would have had me, if I would have lent him
But forty ſhillings to have redeem'd his cloak,
To go to church in.

Pandar. Then your waiſtcoat-waiter
Shall have him; call her in,

Julia. Franciſſina!

Fran. [*within.*] Anon.

Julia. Get you to the church, and ſhrive yourſelf[23],
For you ſhall be richly married anon.

Pandar. And get you after her. I will work
Upon my citizen whilſt he is warm;
I muſt not ſuffer him to conſult with his neighbours:
The openeſt fools are hardly cozened,
If they once grow jealous. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Gondarino, flying the lady.

Gond. SAVE me, ye better powers! let me not fall
Between the looſe embracements of a woman!
Heav'n, if my ſins be ripe, grown to a head,
And muſt attend your vengeance, I beg not to divert my fate,
Or to reprieve awhile thy puniſhment;
Only I crave, (and hear me, equal Heav'ns!)
Let not your furious rod, that muſt afflict me,

[23] *And ſhrive yourſelf.*] i. e. *Go to confeſſion.* The ſame expreſſion occurs in Romeo and Juliet.

Be

Be that imperfect piece of Nature
That Art makes up, woman, unſatiate woman!
Had we not knowing ſouls, at firſt infus'd
To teach a difference 'twixt extremes and goods?
Were we not made ourſelves, free, unconfin'd,
Commanders of our own affections?
And can it be, that this moſt perfect creature,
This image of his Maker, well-ſquar'd man,
Should leave the handfaſt, that he had of grace,
To fall into a woman's eaſy arms?

Enter Oriana.

Ori. Now, Venus, be my ſpeed! inſpire me with
All the ſeveral ſubtile temptations, that
Thou haſt already given, or haſt in ſtore
Hereafter to beſtow upon our ſex!
Grant that I may apply that phyſic that is
Moſt apt to work upon him; whether he will
Sooneſt be mov'd with wantonneſs, ſinging,
Dancing, or (being paſſionate) with ſcorn,
Or with ſad and ſerious looks, cunningly
Mingled with ſighs, with ſmiling, liſping[24],
Kiſſing the hand, and making ſhort curt'ſies;
Or with whatſoever other nimble power
He may be caught, do thou infuſe into me;
And, when I have him, I will ſacrifice him
Up to thee!

Gond. It comes again! new apparitions,
And tempting ſpirits! Stand and reveal thyſelf;
Tell why thou follow'ſt me? I fear thee

[24] *Or with ſad and ſerious looks, cunningly mingled* with *ſighs, with ſmiling, liſping.*] This ſpeech, all printed before as proſe, I have found not the leaſt difficulty in reſtoring to its meaſure, 'till I came to this paſſage; and here there is the greateſt reaſon to believe a monoſyllable added, more injurious to the ſenſe than meaſure: For what cunning is there in mingling ſad looks with ſighs? It does indeed require cunning to mingle ſighs and ſmiles together, ſo as to appear engaging and charming. I therefore read,

Cunningly-mingled ſighs, with ſmiling, liſping,
Kiſſing the hand, &c. *Seward.*

As

As I fear the place thou cam'ſt from, Hell.
Ori. My lord, I am a woman, and ſuch a one——
Gond. That I hate truly!
Thou hadſt better been a devil.
Ori. Why, my unpatient lord?
Gond. Devils were once good; there they excell'd you women.
Ori. Can you be ſo uneaſy? can you freeze,
And ſuch a ſummer's heat ſo ready to diſſolve?
Nay, gentle lord, turn not away in ſcorn,
Nor hold me leſs fair than I am! Look on theſe cheeks;
They've yet enough of nature, true complexion:
If to be red and white[25], a forehead high,
An eaſy melting lip, a ſpeaking eye,
And ſuch a tongue, whoſe language takes the ear
Of ſtrict religion, and men moſt auſtere:
If theſe may hope to pleaſe you, look you here[26]!
Gond. This woman with entreaty would ſhew all.
Lady, there lies your way; I pray you, farewell.
Ori. You're yet too harſh, too diſſonant;
There's no true muſic in your words, my lord.
Gond. What ſhall I give thee to be gone? Here ſtay;
An thou want'ſt lodging[27], take my houſe, 'tis big enough,
It is thine own; 'twill hold five lecherous lords
And their lackies, without diſcovery:
There's ſtoves and bathing-tubs.
Ori. Dear lord, you are
Too wild.

[25] *If* to *be red and white.*] The conſtruction here ſeems a little difficult; I therefore read,
If it *be red and white*;
i. e. If true complexion conſiſt in red and white. *Seward.*
There is no occaſion to depart from the old text.

[26] *If theſe may hope to pleaſe, look here*] Former editions. The inſertion of two relatives not only completes the comic dignity of the meaſure, but is rather preferable as to the ſenſe. *Seward.*

[27] *Here's* ta, *and* tha *wants lodging.*] Theſe mangled words Mr. Sympſon has happily cured: He reads,
Here ſtay, *an* thou *want'ſt lodging.* *Seward.*

Gond.

Gond. Shalt have a doctor too, thou ſhalt,
'Bout ſix and twenty, 'tis a pleaſing age;
Or I can help thee to a handſome uſher;
Or if thou lack'ſt a page, I'll give thee one:
Prithee keep houſe, and leave me!

Ori. I do
Confeſs I am too eaſy, too much woman,
Not coy enough to take affection;
Yet I can frown, and nip a paſſion,
Even in the bud: I can ſay,
Men pleaſe their preſent heats, then pleaſe to leave us.
I can hold off, and, by my chymic power,
Draw ſonnets from the melting lover's brain;
Ayme's, and *elegies*: Yet to you, my lord,
My love, my better ſelf, I put theſe off,
Doing that office not befits our ſex,
Entreat a man to love. Are you not yet
Relenting? ha' you blood and ſpirit in thoſe veins?
You are no image, tho' you be as hard
As marble: Sure you've no liver; if you had,
'Twould ſend a lively and deſiring heat
To every member! Is not this miſerable?
A thing ſo truly form'd, ſhap'd out by ſymmetry,
Has all the organs that belong to man,
And working too, yet to ſhew all theſe
Like dead motions moving upon wires?
Then, good my lord, leave off what you have been,
And freely be what you were firſt intended for, a man!

Gond. Thou art a precious piece of ſly damnation!
I will be deaf; I will lock up my ears:
Tempt me not! I will not love! if I do——

Ori. Then I'll hate you.

Gond. Let me be 'nointed with honey, and turn'd
Into the ſun, to be ſtung to death with horſe-flies!
Hear'ſt thou, thou breeder? here I'll ſit,
And, in deſpite of thee, I will ſay nothing.

Ori. Let me, with your fair patience, ſit beſide you!

Gond. Madam, lady, tempter, tongue, woman, air,
Look to me, I ſhall kick! I ſay again,

Look

Look to me, I ſhall kick!

Ori. I cannot think your better knowledge
Can uſe a woman ſo uncivilly.

Gond. I cannot think I ſhall become a coxcomb,
To ha' my hair curl'd by an idle finger,
My cheeks turn tabors, and be play'd upon,
Mine eyes look'd babies in [28], and my noſe blow'd to my hand:
I ſay again, I ſhall kick! ſure, I ſhall.

Ori. 'Tis but
Your outſide that you ſhew; I know your mind
Never was guilty of ſo great a weakneſs:
Or, could the tongues of all men join'd together
Poſſeſs me with a thought of your diſlike,
My weakneſs were above a woman's, to fall off
From my affection, for one crack of thunder.
Oh, would you could love, my lord!

Gond. I would thou wouldſt
Sit ſtill, and ſay nothing! What madman let thee looſe,
To do more miſchief than a dozen whirlwinds?
Keep thy hands in thy muff, and warm the idle
Worms in thy fingers' ends: Will you be doing ſtill?
Will no entreating ſerve you? no lawful warning?
I muſt remove, and leave your ladyſhip:
Nay, never hope to ſtay me; for I will run
From that ſmooth, ſmiling, witching, cozening, tempting,
Damning face of thine, as far as I can find any land,
Where I will put myſelf into a daily courſe
Of curſes for thee and all thy family.

Ori. Nay, good my lord, ſit ſtill! I'll promiſe peace,
And fold mine arms up, let but mine eye diſcourſe;
Or let my voice, ſet to ſome pleaſing cord, ſound out
The ſullen ſtrains of my neglected love!

Gond. Sing 'till thou crack thy treble-ſtring in pieces,
And when th'haſt done, put up thy pipes and walk!

---

[28] *Mine eyes look'd babies in.*] So, in Woman's Prize, act v. ſc. i.

——— *No more fool,*
To look gay babies in your eyes, *young Rowland.* *R.*

Do

Do any thing, ſit ſtill and tempt me not!

Ori. I'd rather ſing at doors for bread, than ſing to
This fellow, but for hate: If this ſhould be
Told in the court, that I begin to wooe lords,
What a troop of the untruſs'd nobility
Should I have at my lodging tomorrow-morning?

SONG.

Come, Sleep, and, with thy ſweet deceiving,
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let ſome pleaſing dreams beguile
All my fancies; that from thence,
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving!
Tho' but a ſhadow, but a ſliding,
Let me know ſome little joy!
We that ſuffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought,
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:
Oh, let my joys have ſome abiding!

Gond. Have you done your waſſail[28]?
'Tis a handſome drowſy ditty, I'll aſſure you:
Now I had as lief hear a cat cry, when her tail
Is cut off, as hear theſe lamentations,
Theſe lowſy love-lays, theſe bewailments.
You think you have caught me, lady; you think I melt now,
Like a diſh of May-butter, and run
All into brine and paſſion: Yes, yes, I'm taken;
Look how I croſs my arms, look pale, and dwindle,
And would cry, but for ſpoiling my face!
We muſt part: Nay, we'll avoid all ceremony;
No kiſſing, lady! I deſire to know
Your ladyſhip no more. Death of my ſoul, the Duke!

Ori. God keep your lordſhip!

Gond. From thee and all thy ſex.

Ori. I'll be the clerk, and cry, Amen! Your lordſhip's
Ever-aſſured enemy, Oriana. [*Exit Ori. Manet Gond.*

[28] *Waſſail.*] See note 50 on Beggars' Buſh.

Enter

Enter Duke, Arrigo, and Lucio.

Gond. All the day's good attend your lordſhip!

Duke. We thank you, Gondarino.—Is it poſſible?
Can belief lay hold on ſuch a miracle?
To ſee thee (one that hath cloiſter'd up all paſſion,
Turn'd wilful votary, and forſworn converſe
With women) in company and fair diſcourſe
With the beſt beauty of Milan?

Gond. 'Tis true; and if your Grace, that hath the ſway
Of the whole ſtate, will ſuffer this lewd ſex,
Theſe women, to purſue us to our homes,
Not to be pray'd nor to be rail'd away,
But they will wooe, and dance, and ſing,
And, in a manner looſer than they are
By nature (which ſhould ſeem impoſſible),
To throw their arms on our unwilling necks——

Duke. No more! I can ſee thro' your viſor; diſſemble it
No more! Do not I know thou haſt us'd all art,
To work upon the poor ſimplicity
Of this young maid, that yet hath known none ill,
Thinks that damnation will fright thoſe that wooe
From oaths and lies[29]? But yet I think her chaſte,
And will from thee, before thou ſhalt apply
Stronger temptations, bear her hence with me.

Gond. My lord, I ſpeak not this to gain new grace;
But howſoever you eſteem my words,
My love and duty will not ſuffer me
To ſee you favour ſuch a proſtitute,
And I ſtand by dumb; without rack, torture,
Or ſtrapado, I will unrip myſelf:

[29] Thinkeſt *that damnation will fright thoſe that wooe From oaths and lies.*] This is an odd queſtion to Gondarino, but it ſeems only a miſtake from adding a letter to the verb. *Thinks* is ſurely the true reading, and it is the ſuppoſed ſimplicity of the young maid who *thinks* that the fear of damnation will deter men from lying and falſly ſwearing to them. *Seward.*

I do

I do confeſs I was in company
With that pleaſing piece of frailty,
That we call woman; I do confeſs, after
A long and tedious ſiege, I yielded.

Duke. Forward!

Gond. Faith, my lord, to come quickly to the point,
The woman you ſaw with me is a whore,
An arrant whore.

Duke. Was ſhe not count Valore's ſiſter?

Gond. Yes; that count Valore's ſiſter is naught.

Duke. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo.

Gond. Not if it be diſtaſting to your lordſhip;
But give me freedom, and I dare maintain
She has embrac'd this body, and grown to it
As cloſe as the hot youthful vine to the elm.

Duke. Twice have I ſeen her with thee, twice my thoughts
Were prompted by mine eye, to hold thy ſtrictneſs
Falſe and impoſtorous:
Is this your mewing-up, your ſtrict retirement,
Your bitterneſs and gall againſt that ſex?
Have I not heard thee ſay, thou'dſt ſooner meet
The baſiliſk's dead-doing eye, than meet
A woman for an object? Look it be true you tell me;
Or, by our country's ſaint, your head goes off!—
Oh, Oriana, if thou prove a whore[29],
No woman's face ſhall ever move me more.

[*Exeunt. Manet Gond.*

Gond. So, ſo! 'tis as't ſhould be. Are women
Grown ſo mankind[30]? muſt they be wooing?
I have a plot ſhall blow her up; ſhe flies,
She mounts! I'll teach her ladyſhip to dare
My fury! I will be known, and fear'd, and
More truly hated of women than an eunuch.

Enter Oriana.

She's here again: Good gall, be patient! for
I muſt diſſemble.

[29] *If thou prove, &c.*] The words, *Oh, Oriana*, added by Seward.

[30] *Are women grown ſo* mankind?] See note 55 on Monſieur Thomas.

Ori.

Ori. Now, my cold froſty lord,
My Woman-Hater, you that have ſworn
An everlaſting hate to all our ſex!
By my troth, good lord, and as I'm yet a maid,
Methought 'twas excellent ſport to hear your honour
Swear out an alphabet, chafe nobly like a general,
Kick like a reſty jade, and make ill faces!
Did your good honour think I was in love?
Where did I firſt begin to take that heat?
From thoſe two radiant eyes, that piercing ſight?
Oh, they were lovely, if the balls ſtood right!
And there's a leg made out of a dainty ſtaff,
Where, the gods be thanked, there is calf enough!

Gond. Pardon him, lady, that is now a convertite:
Your beauty, like a ſaint, hath wrought this wonder.

Ori. Alas, has it been pricked at the heart?
Is the ſtomach come down! will't rail no more
At women, and call 'em devils, ſhe-cats, and goblins?

Gond. He that ſhall marry thee, had better ſpend
The poor remainder of his days in a dung-barge,
For two-pence a-week, and find himſelf.
Down again, ſpleen! I prithee down again!—
Shall I find favour, lady? Shall at length
My true unfeigned penitence get pardon
For my harſh unſeaſoned follies?
I am no more an atheiſt; no; I do
Acknowledge that dread powerful deity,
And his all-quick'ning heats burn in my breaſt:
Oh, be not as I was, hard, unrelenting;
But as I am, be partner of my fires!

Ori. Sure we ſhall have ſtore of larks; the ſkies will
Not hold up long: I ſhould have look'd as ſoon
For froſt in the Dog-days, or another inundation,
As hop'd this ſtrange converſion above miracle.
Let me look upon your lordſhip: Is your name
Gondarino? are you Milan's general, that
Great bugbear Bloody-bones, at whoſe very name
All women, from the lady to the laundreſs,
Shake like a cold fit?

Gond. Good patience, help me!

This fever will enrage my blood again.—
Madam, I am that man; I'm even he
That once did owe unreconciled hate
To you, and all that bear the name of woman;
I am the man that wrong'd your honour to the Duke;
I am the man that ſaid you were unchaſte,
And proſtitute; yet I am he that dare deny all this.
Ori. Your big nobility is very merry.
Gond. Lady, 'tis true that I have wrong'd you thus,
And my contrition is as true as that;
Yet have I found a means to make all good again:
I do beſeech your beauty, not for myſelf,
(My merits are yet in conception)
But for your honour's ſafety and my zeal, retire awhile,
While I unſay myſelf unto the Duke,
And caſt out that evil ſpirit I have poſſeſs'd him with!
I have a houſe conveniently private.
Ori. Lord, thou haſt wrong'd my innocence;
But thy confeſſion hath gain'd thee faith.
Gond. By the true
Honeſt ſervice that I owe thoſe eyes,
My meaning is as ſpotleſs as my faith.
Ori. The Duke doubt mine honour? a' may judge ſtrangely.
'Twill not be long, before I'll be enlarg'd again?
Gond. A day or two.
Ori. Mine own ſervants ſhall attend me?
Gond. Your ladyſhip's command is good.
Ori. Look you be true! [*Exit.*
Gond. Elſe let me loſe the hopes my ſoul aſpires to!
I will be a ſcourge to all females in my life,
And, after my death, the name of Gondarino
Shall be terrible to the mighty women of the earth:
They ſhall ſhake at my name, and at the ſound of it
Their knees ſhall knock together; and they ſhall
Run into nunneries, for they and I
Are beyond all hope irreconcilable:
For if I could endure an ear with a hole in't, or a plaited lock,

Or

Or a bareheaded coachman, that ſits like a ſign
Where great ladies are to be ſold within,
Agreement betwixt us were not to deſpair'd of.
If I could be but brought to endure to ſee women,
I'd have them come all once a-week and kiſs me,
As witches do the devil, in token of homage.
I muſt not live here; I will to the court,
And there purſue my plot; when it hath took,
Women ſhall ſtand in awe, but of my look. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Two Intelligencers.

1 *Int.* There take your ſtanding; be cloſe
And vigilant! here will I ſet myſelf;
And let him look to his language! a' ſhall know
The Duke has more ears in court than two.

2 *Int.* I'll quote him to a tittle[30]: Let him ſpeak wiſely,
And plainly, and as hidden as a' can,
Or I ſhall cruſh him; a' ſhall not ſcape by characters[31];
Tho' a' ſpeak Babel, I ſhall cruſh him. We have
A fortune by this ſervice hanging over us,
That, within this year or two,
I hope we ſhall be call'd to be examiners,
Wear politic gowns guarded with copper-lace,
Making great faces full of fear and office;
Our labours may deſerve this.

---

[30] *I'll quote him to a tittle*;] i. e. I'll *obſerve* or *note* him: So, in Hamlet, act ii. ſc. i. Polonius ſays,

' ——That hath made him mad:
' I am ſorry that with better heed and judgment,
' I had not *quoted* him.' *R.*

[31] *A' ſhall not ſcape characters.*] This is a little difficult: If it is the true reading the ſenſe muſt be, that he ſhall not eſcape having characters drawn of him. But beſides the ſtiffneſs of this interpretation, it does not well ſuit the context. I read therefore,

——*a ſhall not ſcape* by characters,
Let him ſpeak Babel, I ſhall cruſh him;

By *characters* muſt here be underſtood, uſing names of one thing for another, as the *characters of a cypher* do; for from *writing* the metaphor before is taken.

I'll quote him to a tittle. *Seward.*

1 *Int.* I hope it ſhall:
Why, have not many men been raiſed from
This worming trade, firſt, to gain good acceſs
To great men; then, to have commiſſions out
For ſearch; and laſtly, to be worthily nam'd
At a great arraignment? Yes; and why not we?
They that endeavour well deſerve their fee.
Cloſe, cloſe! a' comes; mark well, and all goes well!

Enter Valore, Lazarillo, and Boy.

Laz. Farewell, my hopes! my anchor now is broken!
Farewell, my *quondam* joy! of which no token
Is now remaining; ſuch is the ſad miſchance,
Where lady Fortune leads the ſlippery dance.
Yet, at the length, let me this favour have,
Give me my wiſhes, or a wiſhed grave!

Val. The Gods defend, ſo brave and valiant maw
Should ſlip into the never-ſatiate jaw
Of black Deſpair! No; thou ſhalt live and know
Thy full deſires; Hunger, thy ancient foe,
Shall be ſubdued; thoſe guts that daily tumble,
Thro' air and appetite, ſhall ceaſe to rumble;
And thou ſhalt now at length obtain thy diſh,
That noble part, the ſweet head of a fiſh.

Laz. Then am I greater than the Duke!

2 *Int.* There, there's
A notable piece of treaſon! greater than
The Duke; mark that!

Val. But how, or where, or when
This ſhall be compaſs'd, is yet out of my reach.

Laz. I am ſo truly miſerable, that might I
Be now knock'd o'th' head, with all my heart I would
Forgive a dog-killer.

Val. Yet do I ſee,
Thro' this confuſedneſs, ſome little comfort[32].

[32] *Yet do I ſee thro' this confuſedneſs ſome little comfort.*] This when reſtored to its meaſure is a high burleſque parody of all poetic ſublimity whatever, and Fletcher, to whom alone this play is aſcribed, in the firſt edition muſt have ridiculed himſelf as well as all grave writers if every quotation from Shakeſpeare is a ſneer upon him, as my aſſiſtants Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympſon have been apt to imagine,

Laz. The plot, my lord, as e'er you came of a woman, diſcover.

1 *Int.* Plots, dangerous plots! I will deſerve by this Moſt liberally.

Val. 'Tis from my head again.

Laz. Oh, that it would ſtand me, that I might fight,
Or have ſome venture for it! that I might
Be turn'd looſe, to try my fortune among the whole
Fry in a college or an inn of court,
Or ſcramble with the priſoners in the dungeon!
Nay, were it ſet down in the outward court,
And all the guard about it in a ring,
With their knives drawn, (which were a diſmal ſight
And after twenty leiſurely were told,
I to be let looſe only in my ſhirt,

---

gine, and to have been quite angry with Fletcher for it. The lines above very much reſemble the following in the Two Noble Kinſmen.

——— *yet couſin,*
Ev'n from the bottom of theſe miſeries,
From all that Fortune can inflict upon us,
I ſee two comforts riſing.

Now would Fletcher ſneer himſelf at a work that he certainly had a great if not the greateſt ſhare in? I ſhall here take an opportunity of defending Fletcher for the character of Lazarillo. I find few of my friends quite reliſh it; they think the *characature* too high, too much beyond nature, even ſo as rather to raiſe diſguſt than laughter. To this might be pleaded the authority of Ariſtophanes in his *characature* of Socrates, of Plautus in more than one of his characters, of Shakeſpeare in Piſtol, and of Jonſon and Moliere in the greateſt part of their plays, which are moſt of them formed not of characters of *real perſons*, as thoſe in general of Shakeſpeare, Fletcher, Terence, &c. are, but of the *paſſions perſonated*; as the paſſion of *epicuriſm* or *nice gluttony* is in this play. Few people have ſeen how extremely high the ſeveral paſſions, as *avarice*, *pride*, *luſt*, *epicuriſm*, &c. have been carried in real life: I have heard of a gentleman that died not long ſince, whoſe paſſion for eating came not far ſhort of Lazarillo's; and poetry is always allowed a little to heighten the features. Then as to the ſublimity of the poetic language uſed by Lazarillo, it is certainly the very beſt that could be choſe for high burleſque; as the dignity of the ſtile is the higheſt contraſt to the ridiculouſneſs of the ſentiments. Gondarino, like Lazarillo, is a *paſſion* perſonated and a very well drawn character in Ben. Jonſon's manner, ſo that upon the whole I hope the majority of readers will join the laugh at this exceedingly droll play. *Seward.*

The parallel Seward draws between the paſſage quoted and that in

To try, by valour, how much of the ſpoil [33]
I would recover from the enemies' mouths,
I would accept the challenge.

Val. Let it go!
Haſt not thou been held to have ſome wit in the court,
And to make fine jeſts upon country people
In progreſs-time? and wilt thou loſe this opinion,
For the cold head of a fiſh? I ſay, let it go!
I'll help thee to as good a diſh of meat.

Laz. God, let me not live, if I do not wonder
Men ſhould talk ſo prophanely! But
It is not in the power of looſe words
Of any vain or miſbelieving man,
To make me dare to wrong thy purity.
Shew me but any lady in the court,
That hath ſo full an eye, ſo ſweet a breath,
So ſoft and white a fleſh: This doth not lie
In almond-gloves, nor ever hath been waſh'd
In artificial baths; 'no traveller
That hath brought *doctor* home with him [34], hath dar'd,
With all his waters, powders, fucuſes,
To make thy lovely corps ſophiſticate.

Val. I have it; 'tis now infus'd; be comforted!

Laz. Can there be that little hope yet left
In Nature? Shall I once more erect up trophies?
Shall I enjoy the ſight of my dear ſaint,

---

the Noble Kinſmen, is very much forced. Our Authors certainly have often, without remorſe, burleſqued Shakeſpeare, and particularly his Hamlet.

[33] *To try the valour, how much of the ſpoil*
I would recover from the enemies mouths.] This is ſcarcely ſenſe, there are two ways of correcting it, as

To try by *valour, how much of the ſpoil*
I could *recover from the enemies mouths!*

Or

To try their *valour! how much of the ſpoil*
Would I recover from the enemies mouths?

I prefer the former. The two next lines of the count's ſpeech are reſtored from the old quarto. *Seward.*

[34] *That hath brought doctor home with him* ;] *i. e.* Has had a doctor's degree in ſome foreign univerſity. *Seward.*

And

And bleſs my palate with the beſt of creatures?
Ah, good my lord, by whom I breathe again,
Shall I receive this being?

Val. Sir, I have found by certain calculation,
And ſettled revolution of the ſtars,
The fiſh is ſent by the lord Gondarino,
To his Mercer: Now it is a growing hope
To know where 'tis.

Laz. Oh, it is far above
The good of women; the pathick cannot yield
More pleaſing titillation!

Val. But how to compaſs it? ſearch, caſt about,
And bang your brains, Lazarillo! Thou art
Too dull and heavy to deſerve a bleſſing.

Laz. My lord, I'll not be idle: Now, Lazarillo,
Think, think, think!

Val. Yonder's my informer,
And his fellow, with table-books; they nod at me:
Upon my life, they have poor Lazarillo
(That beats his brains about no ſuch weighty matter)
In for treaſon before this.

Laz. My lord, what do you think,
If I ſhould ſhave myſelf, put on midwife's apparel,
Come in with a handkerchief, and beg a piece
For a great-bellied woman, or a ſick child?

Val. Good, very good!

Laz. Or corrupt the waiting prentice
To betray the reverſion.

1 *Int.* There's another point
In's plot; corrupt with money to betray:
Sure 'tis ſome fort a' means. Mark; have a care!

Laz. An 'twere the bare vinegar 'tis eaten with,
It would in ſome ſort ſatisfy Nature:
But might I once attain the diſh itſelf,
Tho' I cut out my means thro' ſword and fire,
Thro' poiſon, thro' any thing that may make good
My hopes——

2 *Int.* Thanks to the gods, and our officiouſneſs,
The plot's diſcover'd! fire, ſteel,

And poiſon; burn the palace, kill the Duke,
And poiſon his privy-council.
Val. To the Mercer's! let me ſee!
How if, before we can attain the means
To make up our acquaintance, the fiſh be eaten?
Laz. If it be eaten, here a' ſtands, that is
The moſt dejected, moſt unfortunate,
Miſerable, accurs'd, forſaken ſlave
This province yields! I will not ſure out-live it;
No, I will die bravely, and like a Roman;
And after death, amidſt the Elyſian ſhades
I'll meet my love again.
1 *Int.* I will die bravely,
Like a Roman: Have a care; mark that!
When he hath done all, he will kill himſelf.
Val. Will nothing eaſe your appetite but this?
Laz. No; could the ſea throw up his vaſtneſs,
And offer free his beſt inhabitants,
'Twere not ſo much as a bare temptation to me!
Val. If you could be drawn to affect beef,
Veniſon, or fowl, it would be far the better.
Laz. I do beſeech your lordſhip's patience!
I do confeſs that, in this heat of blood,
I have contemn'd all dull and groſſer meats;
But I proteſt I do honour a chine of
Beef, I do reverence a loin of veal;
But, good my lord, give me leave a little
To adore this! But, my good lord, would your lordſhip,
Under colour of taking up ſome ſilks,
Go to the Mercer's, I would in all humility
Attend your honour, where we may be invited,
If Fortune ſtand propitious.
Val. Sir, you ſhall
Work me as you pleaſe.
Laz. Let it be ſuddenly,
I do beſeech your lordſhip! 'Tis now upon
The point of dinner-time.
Val. I am all yours. [*Exe. Laz. and Val.*
1 *Int.*

1 *Int.* Come, let's confer: *Imprimis*, a' faith, like
A blaſphemous villain, he's greater than the Duke;
This peppers him, an there were nothing elſe.
2 *Int.* Then a' was naming plots; did you not hear?
1 *Int.* Yes; but a' fell from that unto diſcovery,
To corrupt by money, and ſo attain.
2 *Int.* Ay, ay,
A' meant ſome fort or citadel the Duke hath;
His very face betray'd his meaning. Oh, he's
A very ſubtle and a dangerous knave;
But if a' deal a God's name, we ſhall worm him.
1 *Int.* But now comes the ſtroke, the fatal blow,
Fire, ſword, and poiſon: Oh, canibal,
Thou bloody canibal!
2 *Int.* What had become
Of this poor ſtate had not we been?
1 *Int.* Faith,
It had lain buried in its own aſhes, had not
A greater hand been in't.
2 *Int.* But note
The raſcal's reſolution; after th' act's done,
Becauſe he would avoid all fear of torture,
And cozen the law, he'd kill himſelf: Was there
Ever the like danger brought to light in this age?
Sure we ſhall merit much; we ſhall be able
To keep two men a-piece, and a two-hand ſword
Between us; we will live in favour of
The ſtate, betray our ten or twelve
Treaſons a-week, and the people ſhall fear us.
Come; to the lord Lucio!
The ſun ſhall not go down 'till he be hang'd. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Mercer.

Mercer. Look to my ſhop; and if there come ever a ſcholar
In black, let him ſpeak with me. We that are ſhop-keepers
In good trade, are ſo peſter'd, that we can ſcarce

Pick

Pick out an hour for our morning's meditation;
And howſoever we're all accounted dull,
And common jeſting-ſtocks for your gallants,
There are ſome of us do not deſerve it; for, for my own part,
I do begin to be given to my book. I love
A ſcholar with my heart; for, queſtionleſs,
There are marvellous things to be done by art: Why, Sir,
Some of them will tell you what's become of horſes,
And ſilver ſpoons, and will make wenches dance
Naked to their beds. I'm yet unmarried,
And becauſe ſome of our neighbours are ſaid
To be cuckolds, I will never marry
Without the conſent of ſome of theſe ſcholars,
That know what will come of it.

Enter Pandar.

Pandar. Are you buſy, Sir?

Mercer. Never to you, Sir, nor to any of your coat.
Sir, is there any thing to be done by art,
Concerning the great heir we talk'd on?

Pandar. Will ſhe, nill ſhe, ſhe ſhall
Come running into my houſe, at the further corner
In St. Mark's Street, 'twixt three and four.

Mercer. 'Twixt three and four?
She's brave in cloaths, is ſhe not?

Pandar. Oh, rich, rich!—Where ſhould I
Get cloaths to dreſs her in? (Help me, Invention!)—
Sir, that her running thro' the ſtreet may be
Leſs noted, my art more ſhewn,
And your fear to ſpeak with her leſs,
She ſhall come in a white waiſtcoat, and——

Mercer. What! ſhall ſhe?

Pandar. And perhaps torn ſtockings.—She hath left
Her old wont elſe.

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, my lord Gondarino
Hath ſent you a rare fiſh-head.

Mercer. It comes right; all things
Suit right with me ſince I began to love ſcholars!

You

You ſhall have't home with you againſt ſhe come.
Carry it to this gentleman's houſe.
Pandar. The fair
White houſe, at the further corner of St. Mark's Street,
Make haſte! I muſt leave you too, Sir; I have
Two hours to ſtudy. Buy a new Accidence,
And ply your book, and you ſhall want nothing
That all the ſcholars in the town can do for you! [*Exit.*
Mercer. Heav'n proſper both our ſtudies!
What a dull ſlave was I before
I fell in love with this learning! not worthy
To tread upon the earth; and what freſh hopes
It hath put into me! I do hope, within this twelvemonth,
To be able by art to ſerve the court with ſilks,
And not undo myſelf; to truſt knights, and
Yet get in my money again; to keep
My wife brave, and yet ſhe keep nobody elſe ſo.

Enter Valore and Lazarillo.

Your lordſhip is moſt honourably welcome,
In regard of your nobility; but moſt
Eſpecially in regard of your ſcholarſhip.
Did your lordſhip come openly?
Val. Sir, this cloak
Keeps me private; beſides, no man will ſuſpect me
To be in the company of this gentleman;
With whom I will deſire you to be acquainted:
He may prove a good cuſtomer to you.
Laz. For plain ſilks and velvets.
Mercer. Are you ſcholaſtical?
Laz. Something addicted to the muſes.
Val. I hope they will not diſpute.
Mercer. You have no ſkill in the black art?

Enter Prentice.

Pren. Sir, yonder's a gentleman enquires haſtily
For count Valore.
Val. For me? what is he?
Pren. One of your followers, my lord, I think.
Val. Let him come in.

Mercer.

Mercer. Shall I talk with you in private, Sir?

Enter Meſſenger with a letter; Valore reads.

Val. 'Count, come to the court; your buſineſs calls you thither:'
I will go. Farewell, Sir! I'll ſee your ſilks
Some other time. Farewell, Lazarillo!

Mercer. Will not your lordſhip take a piece of beef
With me?

Val. Sir, I have greater buſineſs
Than eating; I'll leave this gentleman with you.

[*Exeunt Valore and Meſſenger.*

Laz. Now, now, now, now [35]!
Now do I feel that ſtrange ſtruggling within me,
That I think I could propheſy.

Mercer. The gentleman
Is meditating.

Laz. Hunger, Valour, Love,
Ambition, are alike pleaſing, and,
Let our philoſophers ſay what they will,
Are one kind of heat; only Hunger is
The ſafeſt: Ambition's apt to fall; Love
And Valour are not free from dangers: Only
Hunger, begotten of ſome old limber courtier,
In paned hoſe, and nurs'd by an attorney's wife,
Is now ſo thriven, that he need not fear
To be of the Great Turk's guard; is ſo free
From all quarrels and dangers,
So full of hopes, joys, and ticklings, that my life
Is not ſo dear to me as his acquaintance.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, the fiſh-head is gone.

Laz. Then be
Thou henceforth dumb, with thy ill-boding voice!

[35] *No, no, no, no; now*] Former editions. This meditation of Lazarillo's ſeems deſignedly flung in to ſhew that a man may run mad with the paſſion of Hunger as well as that of Love, Ambition, &c. and this is a key to Lazarillo's character. The umbrana's head is become his miſtreſs, and he is run mad with the thoughts of it. *Seward.*

Farewell,

Farewell, Milan! Farewell, noble Duke!
Farewell, my fellow-courtiers all, with whom
I have of yore made many a ſcrambling meal
In corners, behind arraſes, on ſtairs;
And in the action oftentimes have ſpoil'd
Our doublets and our hoſe with liquid ſtuff!
Farewell, you luſty archers of the guard,
To whom I now do give the bucklers up,
And never more with any of your coat
Will eat for wagers! now you happy be;
When this ſhall light upon you, think on me!
You ſewers, carvers, uſhers of the court,
Sirnamed *gentle* for your fair demean,
Here I do take of you my laſt farewell:
May you ſtand ſtifly in your proper places,
And execute your offices aright!
Farewell, you maidens, with your mothers eke,
Farewell, you courtly chaplains that be there!
All good attend you! may you never more
Marry your patron's lady's waiting-woman,
But may you raiſed be by this my fall!
May Lazarillo ſuffer for you all!

Mercer. Sir, I was hearkning to you.

Laz. I will hear nothing! I will break my knife,
The enſign of my former happy ſtate,
Knock out my teeth, have them hung at a barber's,
And enter into religion.

Boy. Why, Sir, I think
I know whither it is gone.

Laz. See the raſhneſs
Of man in his nature! Whither, whither? I do
Unſay all that I've ſaid! Go on, go on, Boy!
I humble myſelf, and follow thee. Farewell, Sir!

Mercer. Not ſo, Sir; you ſhall take a piece of beef with me.

Laz. I cannot ſtay.

Mercer. By my fay, but you ſhall, Sir!
In regard of your love to learning, and your ſkill
In the black art.

Laz. I do hate learning, and I have

No

No ſkill in the black art: I would I had!

Mercer. Why, your deſire is ſufficient to me;
You ſhall ſtay.

Laz. The moſt horrible and
Deteſted curſes that can be imagin'd,
Light upon all the profeſſors of that art!
May they be drunk, and, when they go to conjure,
Reel i' th' circle! May the ſpirits by them rais'd
Tear 'em in pieces,
And hang their quarters on old broken walls
And ſteeple-tops!

Mercer. This ſpeech of yours ſhews you
To have ſome ſkill i' th' ſcience; wherefore, in
Civility, I may not ſuffer you
To depart empty.

Laz. My ſtomach is up;
I can't endure it! I will fight in this quarrel,
As ſoon as for my prince. Room! make way!
[*Draws his rapier.*
Hunger commands; my Valour muſt obey! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Valore and Arrigo.

Val. IS the Duke private?

Arr. He's alone; but I think
Your lordſhip may enter. [*Exit Val.*

Enter Gondarino.

Gond. Who is with the Duke?

Arr. The count is new gone in; but the Duke will
Come forth, before you can be weary of waiting.

Gond. I will attend him here.

Arr. I muſt wait without the door. [*Exit.*

Gond. Doth he hope to clear his ſiſter? She will come
No more to my houſe, to laugh at me: I've ſent her
To an habitation, where when ſhe ſhall be
Seen, it will ſet a gloſs upon her name:
Yet, on my ſoul, I have beſtow'd her amongſt

The

The pureſt-hearted creatures of her ſex,
And the freeſt from diſſimulation; for their deeds
Are all alike, only they dare ſpeak
What the reſt think. The women of this age,
(If there be any degrees of compariſon
Amongſt their ſex) are worſe than thoſe of former times;
For I have read of women, of that truth,
Spirit, and conſtancy, that, were they now
Living, I ſhould endure to ſee them: But
I fear the writers of the time belied them;
For how familiar a thing is it with
The poets of our age, to extol their whores
(Which they call *miſtreſſes*) with heav'nly praiſes!
But, I thank their furies, and their craz'd brains,
Beyond belief! Nay, how many that would fain
Seem ſerious, have dedicated grave works
To ladies, toothleſs, hollow-ey'd, their hair ſhedding[36],
Purple-fac'd, their nails apparently coming off,
And the bridges of their noſes broken down,
And have call'd them the choice handy works of Nature,
The patterns of perfection, and the wonderment
Of women. Our women begin to ſwarm
Like bees in ſummer: As I came hither,
There was no pair of ſtairs, no entry, no lobby,
But was peſtered with them: Methinks
There might be ſome courſe taken to deſtroy them.

Enter Arrigo, and an old deaf country Gentlewoman, ſuitor to the Duke.

Arr. I do accept your money: Walk here; and when
The Duke comes out, you ſhall have fit opportunity
To deliver your petition to him.
Gentlew. I thank you heartily.
I pray you who's he that walks there?
Arr. A lord, and a ſoldier,

36 *Hollow-ey'd* their *hair ſhedding.*] Seward reads, *Hollow-ey'd*, hair-ſhedding, &c.

One

One in good favour with the Duke: If you could get him
To deliver your petition——
Gentlew. What do you ſay, Sir?
Arr. If you could get him to deliver your petition
For you, or to ſecond you, 'twere ſure.
Gentlew. I hope
I ſhall live to requite your kindneſs.
Arr. You have already. [*Exit.*
Gentlew. May it pleaſe your lordſhip——
Gond. No, no.
Gentlew. To conſider the eſtate——
Gond. No.
Gentlew. Of a poor oppreſſed country gentlewoman.
Gond. No, it doth not pleaſe my lordſhip.
Gentlew. Firſt and foremoſt, I have had great injury;
Then I've been brought up to the town three times.
Gond. A pox on him that brought thee to the town!
Gentlew. I thank your good lordſhip heartily!
Tho' I cannot hear well, I know it grieves you:
And here we have been delay'd, and ſent down again,
And fetch'd up again, and ſent down again,
To my great charge; and now at laſt they've fetch'd me up,
And five of my daughters——
Gond. Enough to damn five worlds!
Gentlew. Handſome young women, tho' I ſay it: they
Are all without; if it pleaſe your lordſhip,
I'll call them in.
Gond. Five women! how many of my ſenſes ſhould I
Have left me then? call in five devils firſt!
No, I will rather walk with thee alone,
And hear thy tedious tale of injury,
And give thee anſwers; whiſper in thine ear,
And make thee underſtand thro' thy French hood;
And all this with tame patience!
Gentlew. I ſee
Your lordſhip does believe that they are without;

And

And I perceive you are much mov'd at our injury:
Here's a paper will tell you more.

Gond. Away!

Gentlew. It may be you had rather hear me tell it *Vivâ voce*, as they ſay.

Gond. Oh, no, no, no, no! I have heard it before.

Gentlew. Then you have heard of enough injury,
For a poor gentlewoman to receive.

Gond. Never, never; but that it troubles
My conſcience to wiſh any good to theſe women,
I could afford them to be valiant and able,
That it might be no diſgrace for a ſoldier
To beat them.

Gentlew. I hope
Your lordſhip will deliver my petition
To his Grace; and you may tell him withal——

Gond. What?
I will deliver any thing againſt myſelf,
To be rid on thee.

Gentlew. That yeſterday, about three o'clock
I'th' afternoon, I met my adverſary.

Gond. Give me thy paper! he can abide no long tales.

Gentlew. 'Tis very ſhort, my lord: And I demanding of him——

Gond. I'll tell him that ſhall ſerve thy turn.

Gentlew. How?

Gond. I'll tell him that ſhall ſerve thy turn: Begone!
Man never doth remember how great
His offences are, 'till he do meet with one
Of you, that plagues him for them. Why ſhould women only,
Above all other creatures that were created
For the benefit of man, have the uſe of ſpeech?
Or why ſhould any deed of theirs,
Done by their fleſhly appetites, be diſgraceful
To their owners? Nay, why ſhould not an act done
By any beaſt I keep, againſt my conſent,
Diſparage me as much as that of theirs?

Gentlew. Here's ſome few angels for your lordſhip.
Gond. Again?
Yet more torments?
Gentlew. Indeed you ſhall have them.
Gond. Keep off!
Gentlew. A ſmall gratuity for your kindneſs.
Gond. Hold away!
Gentlew. Why then, I thank your lordſhip!
I'll gather them up again; and I'll be ſworn
It is the firſt money that was refus'd
Since I came to the court.
Gond. What can ſhe deviſe
To ſay more?
Gentlew. Truly, I would have willingly
Parted with them to your lordſhip.
Gond. I believe it,
I believe it.
Gentlew. But ſince it is thus——
Gond. More yet?
Gentlew. I will attend without, and expect an anſwer.
Gond. Do; begone, and thou ſhalt expect, and have
Any thing; thou ſhalt have thy anſwer from him:
And he were beſt to give thee a good one
At firſt, for thy deaf importunity
Will conquer him too in the end.
Gentlew. God bleſs your lordſhip, and all that favour
Poor diſtreſſed country gentlewomen! [*Exit.*
Gond. All the diſeaſes of man
Light upon them that do, and upon me
When I do! A week of ſuch days would either make me
Stark-mad, or tame me. Yonder other woman,
That I've ſure enough, ſhall anſwer for thy ſins.
Dare they incenſe me ſtill? I'll make them fear
As much to be ignorant of me and my moods,
As men are to be ignorant of the law
They live under. Who's there? my blood grew cold!
I began to fear my ſuitor's return. It is the Duke.

Enter

Enter Duke and Valore.

Val. I know her chaſte, tho' ſhe be young and free,
And is not of that forc'd behaviour
That many others are; and that this lord,
Out of the boundleſs malice to the ſex,
Hath thrown this ſcandal on her.

Gond. Fortune befriended me againſt my will,
With this good old country Gentlewoman.—
I beſeech your Grace to view favourably
The petition of a wrong'd gentlewoman.

Duke. What, Gondarino, are you become
A petitioner for your enemies?

Gond. My lord, they are no enemies
Of mine: I confeſs, the better to cover
My deeds, which ſometimes were looſe enough,
I pretended it (as 'tis wiſdom to keep
Cloſe our incontinence); but ſince you have
Diſcover'd me, I will no more put on
That vizard, but will as freely open
All my thoughts to you, as to my confeſſor.

Duke. What ſay you to this?

Val. He that confeſſes he did once diſſemble,
I'll never truſt his words: Can you imagine
A maid, whoſe beauty could not ſuffer her,
To live thus long untempted by the nobleſt,
Richeſt, and cunning'ſt maſters in that art,
And yet hath ever held a fair repute,
Could, in one morning, and by him, be brought
To forget all her virtue, and turn whore?

Gond. I would I had ſome other talk in hand,
Than to accuſe a ſiſter to her brother:
Nor do I mean it for a public ſcandal,
Unleſs by urging me you make it ſo.

Duke. I will read this at better leiſure.
Gondarino, where is the lady?

Val. At his houſe.

Gond. No;
She is departed thence.

Val. Whither?

Gond. Urge it not thus; or let me be excus'd,
If what I ſpeak betray her chaſtity,
And both encreaſe my ſorrow, and your own?

Val. Fear me not ſo: If ſhe deſerve the fame
Which ſhe hath gotten, I would have it publiſh'd,
Brand her myſelf, and whip her thro' the city!
I wiſh thoſe of my blood that do offend,
Should be more ſtrictly puniſh'd than my foes.
Let it be prov'd!

Duke. Gondarino, thou ſhalt
Prove it, or ſuffer worſe than ſhe ſhould do.

Gond. Then pardon me, if I betray the faults
Of one I love more dearly than myſelf,
Since, opening hers, I ſhall betray mine own:
But I will bring you where ſhe now intends
Not to be virtuous. Pride and Wantonneſs,
That are true friends in deed[37], tho' not in ſhow,
Have enter'd on her heart; there ſhe doth bathe,
And ſleek her hair, and practiſe cunning looks,
To entertain me with; and hath her thoughts
As full of luſt, as ever you did think
Them full of modeſty.

Duke. Gondarino, lead on; we'll follow thee. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Pandar.

Pandar. Here hope I to meet my citizen, and here
Hopes he to meet his ſcholar: I am ſure
I am grave enough to his eyes, and knave enough
To deceive him: I am believ'd to conjure,
Raiſe ſtorms and devils, by whoſe power I can
Do wonders: Let him believe ſo ſtill; belief
Hurts no man. I have an honeſt black cloak for
My knavery, and a general pardon for
His foolery, from this preſent day, 'till

[37] *That are true friends* indeed.] Former editions. *Seward.*

The

The day of his breaking. Is't not a miſery,
And the greateſt of our age, to ſee a handſome,
Young, fair-enough, and well-mounted wench,
Humble herſelf in an old ſtammel petticoat,
Standing poſſeſs'd of no more fringe than
The ſtreet can allow her; her upper parts ſo poor
And wanting, that you may ſee her bones thro' her bodice;
Shoes ſhe would have, if her captain were come over,
And is content the while to devote herſelf
To ancient ſlippers. Theſe premiſes well
Conſider'd, gentlemen, will move; they make
Me melt, I promiſe you, they ſtir me much;
And were it not for my ſmooth, ſoft, ſilken citizen,
I'd quit this tranſitory trade, get me
An everlaſting robe, ſear up my conſcience,
And turn ſergeant. But here he comes is mine;
As good as prize: Sir Pandarus, be my ſpeed!
You are moſt fitly met, Sir,

Enter Mercer.

Mercer. And you as well encounter'd.
What of this heir? Have your books been propitious?

Pandar. Sir, 'tis done! She's come, ſhe's in my houſe;
Make yourſelf apt for courtſhip, ſtroke up your ſtockings,
Loſe not an inch of your legs' goodneſs; I am ſure
You wear ſocks.

Mercer. There your books fail you, Sir;
In truth I wear no ſocks.

Pandar. I would you had, Sir!
It were the ſweeter grace for your legs. Get on
Your gloves; are they perfum'd[38]?

[38] *Your* gloves; *are they* perfum'd.] In the Winter's Tale, act iv. ſc. iii. Autolycus mentions '*Gloves* as *ſweet* as damaſk roſes;' and Mopſa alſo ſpeaks of *ſweet gloves*. Mr. Warton, in a note, ſays, 'Stowe's

Mercer. A pretty waſh,
I will aſſure you.

Pandar. 'Twill ſerve: Your offers muſt
Be full of bounty [39]; velvets to furniſh a gown, ſilks
For petticoats and foreparts, ſhag for lining;
Forget not ſome pretty jewel, to faſten after
Some little compliment! If ſhe deny this courteſy,
Double your bounties; be not wanting in abundance:
Fullneſs of gifts, link'd with a pleaſing tongue,
Will win an anchorite. Sir, you are my friend,
And friend to all that profeſs good letters;
I muſt not uſe this office elſe; it fits not
For a ſcholar, and a gentleman. Thoſe ſtockings
Are of Naples; they are ſilk?

Mercer. You are again
Beſide your text, Sir; they are of the beſt of wool,

' *Stowe's Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the Engliſh ' could not ' make any coſtly waſh or perfume, until about the four-" teenth or fifteenth of the queene [Elizabeth], the right honourable " Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with " him gloves, ſweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other " pleaſant thinges: And that yeare the queene had a payre of *per-* " *fumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roſes, of cullered " ſilke. The queene took ſuch pleaſure in thoſe gloves, that ſhee " was pictured with thoſe gloves upon her hands: And for many " yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume.*" The ſame learned gentleman alſo informs us, in the Appendix to Shakeſpeare, that ' In the *computus* of the burſars of Trinity-college, Oxford, for ' the year 1631, the following article occurs, ' *Solut. pro fumigandis* " *chirothecis.*' Gloves make a conſtant and conſiderable article of ' expence in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned; ' and without doubt in thoſe of many other ſocieties. They were ' annually given (a cuſtom ſtill ſubſiſting) to the college-tenants, and ' often preſented to gueſts of diſtinction. But it appears (at leaſt, ' from accompts of the ſaid college in preceding years) that the prac- ' tice of *perfuming* gloves for this purpoſe was fallen into diſuſe ſoon ' after the reign of Charles the Firſt.' *R.*

39. —— *Your offers muſt*
Be full of bounty, *&c.*] So Shakeſpeare, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona;
' Win her with *gifts*, if ſhe reſpect not words;
' Dumb *jewels*, often in their ſilent kind,
' More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.' *R.*

And

And they're clyped jerſey[40].

Pandar. Sure they are very dear?

Mercer. Nine ſhillings, by my love to learning!

Pandar. Pardon my judgment;
We ſcholars uſe no other objects but our books.

Mercer. There is one thing entomb'd in that grave breaſt,
That makes me equally admire it with
Your ſcholarſhip.

Pandar. Sir, but that in modeſty I'm bound
Not to affect mine own commendation,
I would enquire it of you.

Mercer. Sure, you are very honeſt;
And yet you have a kind of modeſt fear
To ſhew it: Do not deny it; that face of yours is
A worthy, learned, modeſt face.

Pandar. Sir, I can bluſh.

Mercer. Virtue and grace are always pair'd together:
But I will leave to ſtir your blood, Sir; and now
To our buſineſs!

Pandar. Forget not my inſtructions.

Mercer. I apprehend you, Sir; I will gather
Myſelf together with my beſt phraſes, and ſo
I ſhall diſcourſe in ſome ſort takingly.

Pandar. This was well worded, Sir, and like a ſcholar.

Mercer. The muſes favour me, as my intents
Are virtuous! Sir, you ſhall be my tutor;
'Tis never too late, Sir, to love learning. When
I can once ſpeak true Latin——

Pandar. What do you intend, Sir?

Mercer. Marry, I'll then
Beggar all your bawdy writers, and undertake,
At the peril of my own invention,

[40] *And* they clyped *Jerſey.*] Seward reads, *and* they're CLIPPED *Jerſey.* We reſtore the word *clyped*, and underſtand it to mean *called.* It is variouſly ſpelt in different authors: Sometimes a *y* precedes it, to lengthen it a ſyllable; as in Milton's L'Allegro;

'But come, thou goddeſs, fair and free,
'In Heav'n *yclep'd* Euphroſyne.' *R.*

All pageants, poeſies for chimnies, ſpeeches
For the Duke's entertainment, whenſoever
And whatſoever; nay, I will build,
At mine own charge, an hoſpital, to which ſhall retire
All diſeas'd opinions, all broken poets,
All proſe-men that are fallen from ſmall ſenſe
To mere letters; and it ſhall be lawful for a lawyer,
If he be a civil man, tho' he have undone
Others and himſelf by the language, to retire
To this poor life, and learn to be honeſt.

Pandar. Sir, you are very good, and very charitable;
You are a true pattern for the city, Sir!

Mercer. Sir, I do know ſufficiently, their ſhop-books
Cannot ſave them; there is a further end——

Pandar. Oh, Sir, much may be done by manuſcript,

Mercer. I do confeſs it, Sir, provided ſtill
They be canonical, and have ſome
Worthy hands ſet to 'em for probation.
But we forget ourſelves.

Pandar. Sir, enter when
You pleaſe, and all good language tip your tongue!

Mercer. All that love learning pray for my good ſucceſs! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lazarillo and Boy.

Laz. Boy, whereabouts are we?

Boy. Sir, by all tokens, this is the houſe;
Bawdy, I'm ſure, becauſe of the broken windows,
The fiſh-head is within; if you dare venture,
Here you may ſurprize it.

Laz. The miſery of man
May fitly be compared to a didapper,
Who, when ſhe's under water, paſt our ſight,
And indeed can ſeem no more to us, riſes again,
Shakes but herſelf, and is the ſame ſhe was;
So is it ſtill with tranſitory man:
This day, oh, but an hour ſince, and I was mighty,
Mighty in knowledge, mighty in my hopes,

Mighty

Mighty in bleſſed means, and was
So truly happy, that I durſt have ſaid,
'Live, Lazarillo, and be ſatisfied!'
But now——

Boy. Sir, you are yet afloat,
And may recover; be not your own wreck!
Here lies the harbour; go in, and ride at eaſe!

Laz. Boy, I'm receiv'd to be a gentleman,
A courtier, and a man of action,
Modeſt, and wiſe; and, be it ſpoken with
Thy reverence[41], child, abounding virtuous;
And wouldſt thou have a man of theſe choice habits,
Covet the cover of a bawdy-houſe?
Yet, if I go not in, I am but——

Boy. But what, Sir?

Laz. Duſt, Boy, but duſt; and my ſoul, unſatisfied,
Shall haunt the keepers of my bleſſed ſaint,
And I'll appear.

Boy. An aſs to all men.—Sir,
Theſe are no means to ſtay your appetite;
You muſt reſolve to enter.

Laz. Were not the houſe
Subject to martial law,——

Boy. If that be all, Sir,
You may enter, for you can know nothing here
That the court's ignorant of; only the more eyes
Shall look upon you, for there they wink
One at another's faults.

Laz. If I do not——

Boy. Then you muſt beat fairly back again,
Fall to your phyſical meſs of porridge, and
The twice-ſack'd carcaſe of a capon; Fortune
May favour you ſo much, to ſend the bread to it;
But it is a mere venture, and money may
Be put out upon it.

Laz. I will go in and live;
Pretend ſome love to the gentlewoman, ſcrew myſelf
In affection, and ſo be ſatisfied.

---

[41] *With* thy *reverence.*] Seward omits *thy*. We think it ſhould be retained, alluding to *maxima debetur* PUERIS *reverentia.*

Pandar,

Pandar. This fly
Is caught, is meſh'd already; I will ſuck him,
And lay him by.

Boy. Muffle yourſelf in your cloak, by any means;
'Tis a receiv'd thing among gallants, to walk
To their lechery as tho' they had the rheum.
'Twas well you brought not your horſe.

Laz. Why, Boy?

Boy. Faith, Sir, it is the faſhion of our gentry,
To have their horſes wait at door like men,
While the beaſts their maſters are within at rack
And manger; 'twould have diſcover'd much.

Laz. I will lay by theſe habits, forms, and grave
Reſpects of what I am, and be myſelf[42]:
Only my appetite, my fire, my ſoul,
My being, my dear appetite, ſhall go
Along with me; arm'd with whoſe ſtrength
I fearleſs will attempt the greateſt danger
Dare oppoſe my fury. I am reſolv'd,
Wherever that thou art, moſt ſacred diſh,
Hid from unhallow'd eyes, to find thee out!
Be'ſt thou in hell, by rap't Proſerpina[43],
To be a rival in black Pluto's love;
Or mov'ſt thou in the heav'ns, a form divine,
Laſhing the lazy ſpheres; or if thou be'ſt
Return'd to thy firſt being, thy mother ſea,
There will I ſeek thee forth: Earth, air, nor fire,
Nor the black ſhades below ſhall bar my ſight,
So daring is my powerful appetite!

---

[42] *And grave reſpects of what I am and be myſelf*] Seward ſays, 'How could Lazarillo change himſelf in all outward reſpects, and 'yet continue to be himſelf, and then again except his appetite which 'ſhould ſtay with him? The Duke below, when diſguiſed, ſays, '*We're not ourſelves*, but without this confirmation 'twas evident at 'firſt ſight' that a *negative* was omitted.' He therefore reads, *And le* NO MORE *myſelf.* We apprehend this addition to be unneceſſary, and to pervert the ſenſe. Lazarillo ſays, 'he will lay by outward forms, 'which are no part of himſelf, and carry with him only his paſſions, 'ſoul, and being, which are his very ſelf. In ſhort, I will lay by 'theſe *forms*, and *be myſelf.*'

[43] Rap't by *Proſerpina.*] We apprehend every Reader will ſee the neceſſity of the tranſpoſition here made.

Boy.

Boy. Sir, you may ſave this long voyage, and take
A ſhorter cut: You have forgot yourſelf;
The fiſh-head's here; your own imaginations
Have made you mad.

Laz. Term it a jealous fury, good my Boy!

Boy. Faith, Sir, term it what you will, you muſt uſe
Other terms before you can get it.

Laz. The looks of my ſweet love are fair[43],
Freſh and feeding as the air!

Boy. Sir, you forget yourſelf.

Laz. Was never ſeen ſo rare a head,
Of any fiſh, alive or dead!

Boy. Good Sir, remember! this is the houſe, Sir.

Laz. Curſed be he that dare not venture——

Boy. Pity yourſelf, Sir, and leave this fury.

Laz. For ſuch a prize! and ſo I enter.

[*Exeunt Laz. and Boy.*

Pandar. Dun's i'th' mire; get out again, how he can:
My honeſt gallant, I'll ſhew you one trick more
Than e'er the fool your father dream'd of yet,
Madona Julia!

Enter Julia.

Julia. What news, my ſweet rogue?

---

43 *The looks of my ſweet love are fair.*] Mr. Sympſon aſks what means this ſtuff? I was much ſurprized at the queſtion, as it had always ſtruck me as one of the moſt laughable burleſques in the whole play. Lazarillo, as I have often mentioned, being evidently in love with his *umbrana*, every where addreſſes it as his miſtreſs, in a high banter upon all the warm and poetic flights of lovers, and indeed of all ſublime writing in poetry: And as he generally aſſumes the tragic and epic ſtile here, like the change of the meaſure in the *ſtrophe* and *antiſtrophe* of the Greeks, he breaks out into the *lyric*, begins it with high rapture, but ends with ſuch inimitable drollery, that I can ſcarce write my note for laughing at it. *Seward.*

Seward's riſibility ſeems rather extravagant; but he very properly vindicates our Authors from the contempt of Sympſon: yet he does not ſeem to have conceived what we apprehend to be the caſe, that when Lazarillo 'breaks out into the lyric,' he recites or cloſely parodies ſome well-known old Engliſh ballad, without at all adverting to the ſtrophe and antiſtrophe of the Greeks.'

My

My dear ſins' broker, what good news?
Pandar. There is
A kind of ignorant thing, much like
A courtier, now gone in,
Julia. Is a' gallant?
Pandar. He ſhines not very gloriouſly,
Nor does he wear one ſkin perfum'd to keep
The other ſweet; his coat is not in *or*,
Nor does the world run yet on wheels with him;
He's rich enough, and has a ſmall thing follows him,
Like to a boat tied to a tall ſhip's tail.
Give him entertainment; be light and flaſhing,
Like a meteor; hug him about the neck,
Give him a kiſs, and liſping cry, 'Good Sir!'
And he's thine own, as faſt as he were tied
To thine arms by indenture.
Julia. I dare do more
Than this, if he be of the true court cut;
I'll take him out a leſſon worth the learning:
But we are but their apes. What is he worth?
Pandar. Be he rich or poor, if he will take thee with him,
Thou may'ſt uſe thy trade, free from conſtables and marſhals.
Who hath been here ſince I went out?
Julia. There is
A gentlewoman ſent hither by a lord:
She's a piece of dainty ſtuff, my rogue;
Smooth and ſoft, as new ſattin;
She was ne'er gumm'd yet, boy, nor fretted,
Pandar. Where lies ſhe?
Julia. She lies above, towards the ſtreet;
Not to be ſpoke with, but by the lord that ſent her,
Or ſome from him, we have in charge from his ſervants.

Enter Lazarillo.

Pandar. Peace! he comes out again upon diſcovery;
Up with all your canvas, hale him in!
And, when thou haſt done, clap him aboard bravely,
My

My valiant pinnace!

Julia. Be gone! I ſhall do reaſon with him.

Laz. Are you the ſpecial beauty of this houſe?

Julia. Sir, you have given it a more ſpecial
Regard by your good language, than theſe
Black brows can merit.

Laz. Lady, you are fair.

Julia. Fair, Sir? I thank you! all the poor means
I've left to be thought grateful, is but
A kiſs, and you ſhall have it, Sir.

Laz. You have
A very moving lip.

Julia. Prove it again, Sir;
It may be your ſenſe was ſet too high, and ſo
O'er-wrought itſelf.

Laz. 'Tis ſtill the ſame. How far
May you hold the time to be ſpent, lady?

Julia. Four o'clock, Sir.

Laz. I have not eat to-day.

Julia. You will have the better ſtomach to your
ſupper;
In the mean time, I'll feed you with delight.

Laz. 'Tis not ſo good upon an empty ſtomach:
If it might be without the trouble of
Your houſe, I'd eat.

Julia. Sir, we can have
A capon ready.

Laz. The day?

Julia. 'Tis Friday, Sir.

Laz. I do eat little fleſh upon theſe days.

Julia. Come, ſweet, you ſhall not think on meat;
I'll drown it with a better appetite.

Laz. I feel it work more ſtrangely; I muſt eat.

Julia. 'Tis now too late to ſend: I ſay you ſhall
Not think on meat; if you do, by this kiſs,
I'll be angry.

Laz. I could be far more ſprightful,
Had I eaten, and more laſting.

Julia. What will you have, Sir? Name but the
fiſh,

My

My maid ſhall bring it, if it may be got.
Laz. Methinks your houſe ſhould not be ſo unfurniſh'd,
As not to have ſome pretty modicum.
Julia. It is ſo now: But, could you ſtay till ſupper——
Laz. Sure I have offended highly, and much,
And my inflictions make it manifeſt!
I will retire henceforth, and keep my chamber,
Live privately, and die forgotten.
Julia. Sir, I muſt crave your pardon! I'd forgot myſelf:
I have a diſh of meat within, and 'tis fiſh:
I think this dukedom holds not a daintier;
'Tis an umbrana's head.
Laz. Lady, this kiſs
Is yours, and this.
Julia. Ho! within there! cover the board,
And ſet the fiſh-head on it.
Laz. Now am I
So truly happy, ſo much above all fate
And fortune, that I ſhould deſpiſe that man
Durſt ſay 'Remember, Lazarillo, thou art mortal!'

Enter Intelligencers with a Guard.

2 *Int.* This is the villain: Lay hands on him!
Laz. Gentlemen,
Why am I thus entreated? What is the nature
Of my crime?
2 *Int.* Sir, tho' you have carried it
A great while privately, and (as you think) well,
Yet we have ſeen you, Sir, and we do know thee,
Lazarillo, for a traitor!
Laz. The gods
Defend our Duke.
2 *Int.* Amen! Sir, Sir, this cannot
Save that ſtiff neck from the halter.
Julia. Gentlemen,
I'm glad you have diſcover'd him: He ſhould not
Have eaten under my roof, for twenty pounds;

And

And ſurely I did not like him when he call'd
For fiſh [44].

Laz. My friends, will ye let me have
That little favour——

1 *Int.* Sir, you ſhall have law,
And nothing elſe.

Laz. To let me ſtay the eating of
A bit or two; for I proteſt I am yet faſting.

Julia. I'll have no traitor come within my houſe.

Laz. Now could I wiſh myſelf I had been
Traitor! I have ſtrength enough for to endure it,
Had I but patience. Man, thou art but graſs,
Thou art a bubble, and thou muſt periſh.
Then lead along; I am prepar'd for all:
Since I have loſt my hopes, welcome my fall!

2 *Int.* Away, Sir!

Laz. As thou haſt hope of man,
Stay but this diſh this two hours; I doubt not
But I ſhall be diſcharged: By this light,
I will marry thee!

Julia. You ſhall marry me firſt then.

Laz. I do contract myſelf unto thee now,
Before theſe gentlemen.

Julia. I will preſerve it

---

44 *When he call'd for* fiſh.] In King Lear, one of Kent's articles of ſelf-recommendation is, that he eats no *fiſh:* The following explanation is there given by Warburton. 'In queen Elizabeth's 'time the Papiſts were eſteemed, and with good reaſon, enemies to 'the government. Hence the proverbial phraſe of, *he's an honeſt 'man, and eats no fiſh*; to ſignify he's a friend to the government 'and a proteſtant. The eating fiſh, on a religious account, being 'then eſteemed ſuch a badge of popery, that when it was enjoined 'for a ſeaſon by act of parliament, for the encouragement of the 'fiſh-towns, it was thought neceſſary to declare the reaſon; hence it 'was called *Cecil's faſt.* To this diſgraceful badge of popery Fletcher alludes in his Woman-Hater, who makes the courtezan ſay, 'when Lazarillo, in ſearch of the umbrano's head, was ſeized at her 'houſe by the intelligencers for a traitor; "Gentlemen, I am glad "you have diſcovered him. He ſhould not have eaten under my "roof for twenty pounds. And ſure I did not like him, when he "*called for fiſh.*" And Marſton's Dutch Courtezan: 'I truſt I am "none of the wicked that *eat fiſh a Fryday.*"

'Till

'Till you be hang'd or quitted.

Laz. Thanks, thanks!

2 *Int.* Away, away! you ſhall thank her at the gallows.

Laz. Adieu, adieu! [*Exe. Laz. Int. and Guard.*

Julia. If he live, I will have him;
If he be hang'd, there is no loſs in it. [*Exit.*

Oriana and her Waiting-woman, looking out at a window.

Ori. Haſt thou provided one to bear my letter
To my brother?

Wait. I've enquir'd;
But they of the houſe will ſuffer no letter
Nor meſſage to be carried from you, but ſuch
As the lord Gondarino ſhall be acquainted with:
Truly, madam, I ſuſpect the houſe to be
No better than it ſhould be.

Ori. What doſt thou doubt?

Wait. Faith, I am loth to tell it, madam.

Ori. Out with it!
'Tis not true modeſty to fear to ſpeak
That thou doſt think.

Wait. I think it be one of
Theſe ſame bawdy-houſes.

Ori. 'Tis no matter, wench;
We are warm in it; keep thou thy mind pure,
And, upon my word, that name will do thee no hurt:
I cannot force myſelf yet to fear any thing.
When I do get out, I'll have another encounter
With my Woman-Hater. Here will I ſit:
I may get ſight of ſome of my friends; it muſt
Needs be a comfort to them to ſee me here.

Enter Duke, Gondarino, Valore, and Arrigo.

Gond. Are we all ſufficiently diſguis'd? for this houſe
Where ſhe attends me, is not to be viſited
In our own ſhapes.

Duke. We are not ourſelves.

Arr. I know the houſe to be ſinful enough; yet

I have

I have been, heretofore,
And durſt now, but for diſcovering of you,
Appear here in my own likeneſs.
Duke. Where is Lucio?
Arr. My lord, he ſaid the affairs of the commonwealth
Would not ſuffer him to attend always.
Duke. Some great ones, queſtionleſs, that he will handle.
Val. Come, let us enter.
Gond. See, how fortune
Strives to revenge my quarrel upon theſe women!
She's in the window; were it not to undo her,
I ſhould not look upon her.
Duke. Lead us, Gondarino!
Gond. Stay; ſince you force me to diſplay my ſhame,
Look there! and you, my lord! know you that face?
Duke. 'Tis ſhe.
Val. It is.
Gond. 'Tis ſhe, whoſe greateſt virtue ever was
Diſſimulation; ſhe that ſtill hath ſtrove
More to ſin cunningly, than to avoid it;
She that hath ever ſought to be accounted
Moſt virtuous, when ſhe did deſerve moſt ſcandal;
'Tis ſhe that itches now, and, in the height
Of her intemperate thoughts, with greedy eyes
Expects my coming to allay her luſt.
Leave her! forget ſhe is thy ſiſter!
Val. Stay, ſtay!
Duke. I am
As full of this as thou canſt be; the memory
Of this will eaſily hereafter ſtay
My looſe and wand'ring thoughts from any woman.
Val. This will not down with me; I dare not truſt
This fellow.
Duke. Leave her here! That only ſhall be
Her puniſhment, never to be fetch'd from hence;
But let her uſe her trade to get her living.
Val. Stay, good my lord! I do believe all this,
As great men as I have had known whores

To their ſiſters, and have laugh'd at it. I would fain hear
How ſhe talks, ſince ſhe grew thus light: will your Grace make him
Shew himſelf to her, as if he were now
Come to ſatisfy her longing? whilſt we,
Unſeen of her, o'erhear her wantonneſs.
Let's make our beſt of it now; we ſhall have
Good mirth.
Duke. Do it, Gondarino.
Gond. I muſt:
Fortune, aſſiſt me but this once!
Val. Here we
Shall ſtand unſeen, and near enough.
Gond. Madam! Oriana!
Ori. Who's that? Oh! my lord!
Gond. Shall I come up?
Ori. Oh, you are merry; ſhall I come down?
Gond. It is better there.
Ori. What's the confeſſion of the lie you made
To the duke, which I ſcarce believe
Yet you had impudence enough to do?
Did it not gain you ſo much faith with me,
As that I was willing to be at
Your lordſhip's beſtowing, 'till you had recover'd
My credit, and confeſs'd yourſelf a liar,
As you pretended to do? I confeſs
I began to fear you, and deſir'd to be
Out of your houſe; but your own followers
Forced me hither.
Gond. It is well ſuſpected;
Diſſemble ſtill, for there are ſome may
Ori. More tricks yet, my lord? What
This is I know not; I only know myſelf;
'Twere a great conqueſt, if you could faſten
A ſcandal upon me. Faith, my lord, give me leave
To write to my brother!
Duke. Come down!
Val. Come down!

Arr.

Arr. If it pleaſe your Grace,
There is a back-door.
Val. Come, meet us there then.
Duke. It ſeems you are acquainted with the houſe.
Arr. I have been in it.
Gond. She ſaw you, and diſſembled.
Duke. Sir, we ſhall know that better.
Gond. Bring me unto her!
If I prove her not to be a ſtrumpet,
Let me be contemn'd of all her ſex! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. NOW whilſt the young Duke follows his delights,
We that do mean to practiſe in the ſtate,
Muſt pick our times, and ſet our faces in,
And nod our heads, as it may prove moſt fit
For the main good of the dear commonwealth.
Who's within there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?
Lucio. Secretary, fetch
The gown I uſe to read petitions in,
And the ſtandiſh I anſwer French letters with;
And call in the Gentleman that attends. [*Exit Serv.*
Little know they that do not deal in ſtate,
How many things there are to be obſerv'd,
Which ſeem but little; yet, by one of us
(Whoſe brains do wind about the commonwealth)
Neglected, cracks our credits utterly.

Enter Gentleman and Servant.

Sir, but that I do preſume upon your ſecreſy,
I would not have appear'd to you thus ignorantly

Attir'd, without a toothpick in a ribband,
Or a ring in my bandſtring.
Gent. Your lordſhip ſent for me.
Lucio. I did: Sir, your long practice in the ſtate,
Under a great man, hath led you to much
Experience.
Gent. My lord!
Lucio. Suffer not your modeſty
To excuſe it. In ſhort, and in private,
I deſire your direction: I take
My ſtudy already to be furniſh'd after
A grave and wiſe method.
Gent. What will this lord do?
Lucio. My book-ſtrings are ſuitable, and of
A teaching colour[45].
Gent. How is this?
Lucio. My ſtandiſh
Of wood ſtrange and ſweet, and my fore-flap hangs
In the right place, and as near Machiavel's,
As can be gather'd by tradition.
Gent. Are there ſuch men as will ſay nothing
Abroad, and play the fools in their lodgings?
This lord muſt be follow'd.——And hath your
lordſhip
Some new-made words to ſcatter in your ſpeeches
In publick, to gain note, that the hearers may
Carry them away, and diſpute of them
At dinner?
Lucio. I have, Sir; and, beſides,
My ſeveral gowns and caps agreeable
To my ſeveral occaſions.
Gent. 'Tis well;
And you have learn'd to write a bad hand,
That the readers may take pains for it?
Lucio. Yes, Sir;
And I give out I have the palſy.
Gent. Good!

[45] *And of a* teaching *colour.*] *Reaching* is the word in all the editions, but as I can affix no humourous idea ſuitable to the context, I believe *teaching* the true word, *an inſtructive and ſcholar like colour* is the ſtile of this Machiavelian ſtateſman. *Seward.*

'Twere

'Twere better tho' if you had it. Your lordſhip hath
A ſecretary that can write fair, when you purpoſe
To be underſtood?

Lucio. Faith, Sir, I have one;
There he ſtands; he hath been my ſecretary
Theſe ſeven years, but he hath forgotten to write.

Gent. If he can make a writing face, 'tis not
Amiſs, ſo he keep his own counſel. Your lordſhip
Hath no hope of the gout?

Lucio. Uh! little, Sir,
Since the pain in my right foot left me.

Gent. 'Twill be ſome ſcandal
To your wiſdom, tho' I ſee your lordſhip knows
Enough in publick buſineſs.

Lucio. I am not employ'd tho'
To my deſert in occaſions foreign, nor
Frequented for matters domeſtical.

Gent. Not frequented?
What courſe takes your lordſhip?

Lucio. The readieſt way;
My door ſtands wide [46]; my ſecretary knows
I'm not denied to any.

Gent. In this
(Give me leave) your lordſhip's out of the way:
Make a back-door to let out intelligencers;
Seem to be ever buſy, and put your door
Under keepers, and you ſhall have a troop of clients
Sweating to come at you.

Lucio. I've a back-door already:
I will henceforth be buſy. Secretary,
Run and keep the door. [*Exit Secretary.*

Gent. This will fetch 'em.

Lucio. I hope ſo.

Re-enter Secretary.

Secr. My lord, there are ſome require acceſs to you,
About weighty affairs of ſtate.

Lucio. Already?

[46] *My door ſtands* winde.] Seward alters *winde* to *wide*. The firſt quarto (which he never ſaw) proves him right.

Gent. I told you ſo.
Lucio. How weighty is the buſineſs?
Secr. Treaſon, my lord.
Lucio. Sir,
My debts to you for this are great.
Gent. I'll leave
Your lordſhip now.
Lucio. Sir, my death muſt be ſudden,
If I requite you not. At the back-door, good Sir.
Gent. I'll be your lordſhip's intelligencer for once. [*Exit.*
Secr. My lord.
Lucio. Let 'em in, and ſay I'm at my ſtudy.

Enter Lazarillo, and two Intelligencers, Lucio being at his ſtudy.

1 *Int.* Where is your lord?
Secr. At his ſtudy; but he will
Have you brought in.
Laz. Why, gentlemen, what will you
Charge me withal?
2 *Int.* Treaſon, horrible treaſon:
I hope to have the leading of thee to priſon,
And prick thee on i'th' arſe with a halbert; to have
Him hang'd that ſalutes thee, and call
All thoſe in queſtion that ſpit not upon thee.
Laz. My thread is ſpun;
Yet might I but call for this diſh of meat
At the gallows, inſtead of a pſalm,
It were to be endur'd. The curtain opens
Now my end draws on.
[*Secretary draws the curtain.*
Lucio. Gentlemen, I am not empty
Of weighty occaſions at this time. I pray you
Your buſineſs.
1 *Int.* My lord, I think we have diſcover'd
One of the moſt bloody traitors that ever
The world held.
Lucio. Signor Lazarillo, I'm glad
You're one of this diſcovery: Give me your hand!

2 *Int.*

2 *Int.* My lord, that is the traitor.
Lucio. Keep him off!
I would not for my whole eſtate have touched him.
Laz. My lord——
Lucio. Peace, Sir! I know the devil is
At your tongue's end, to furniſh you with ſpeeches.
What are the particulars you charge him with?
[*They deliver a paper to Lucio, who reads.*
Both Int. We have conferr'd our notes, and have extracted that,
Which we will juſtify upon our oaths.
Lucio. 'That he'd be greater than the Duke; that
'He had caſt plots for this, and meant
'To corrupt ſome to betray him; that he
'Would burn the city, kill the Duke, and poiſon
'The privy-council; and laſtly, kill himſelf.'
Tho' thou deſerveſt juſtly to be hang'd
With ſilence, yet I allow thee to ſpeak: Be ſhort.
Laz. My lord, ſo may my greateſt wiſh ſucceed,
So may I live, and compaſs what I ſeek,
As I had never treaſon in my thoughts,
Nor ever did conſpire the overthrow
Of any creatures, but of brutiſh beaſts,
Fowls, fiſhes, and ſuch other human food,
As is provided for the good of man.
If ſtealing cuſtards, tarts, and florentines,
By ſome late ſtatute be created treaſon,
How many fellow-courtiers can I bring,
Whoſe long attendance and experience
Hath made them deeper in the plot than I!
Lucio. Peace! ſuch hath ever been the clemency
Of my gracious maſter the Duke, in all his proceedings,
That I had thought, and thought I had thought rightly,
That Malice would long ere this have hid herſelf
In her den, and have turn'd her own ſting

Againſt her own heart:- But I well now perceive,
That ſo froward is the diſpoſition of
A deprav'd nature, that it doth not only
Seek revenge, where it hath receiv'd injury,
But many times thirſt after their deſtruction
Where it hath met with benefits.
Laz. But, my good lord——
2 *Int.* Let's gag him.
Lucio. Peace! again!
'But many times thirſt after their deſtruction
'Where it hath met with benefits;' there I left.
Such, and no better are the buſineſs
That we have now in hand.
1 *Int.* He's excellently ſpoken.
2 *Int.* He'll wind a traitor, I warrant him.
Lucio. But ſurely, methinks,
Setting aſide the touch of conſcience,
And all other inward convulſions——
2 *Int.* He'll be hang'd,
I know by that word.
Laz. Your lordſhip may conſider——
Lucio. Hold thy peace!
Thou canſt not anſwer this ſpeech; no traitor
Can anſwer it. But, becauſe you cannot
Anſwer this ſpeech, I take it you've confeſs'd
The treaſon.
1 *Int.* The count Valore was
The firſt that diſcover'd him, and can witneſs it;
But he left the matter to your lordſhip's
Grave conſideration.
Lucio. I thank his lordſhip!
Carry him away ſpeedily to the Duke.
Laz. Now, Lazarillo, thou art tumbled do
The hill of Fortune, with a violent arm!
All plagues that can be, famine and the ſword,
Will light upon thee; black Deſpair will boil
In thy deſpairing breaſt; no comfort by,
Thy friends far off, thy enemies are nigh!

Lucio,

Lucio. Away with him! I'll follow you. Look
You pinion him, and take his money from him,
Leſt he ſwallow a ſhilling, and kill himſelf.
2 *Int.* Get thou on before! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Duke, Valore, Gondarino, and Arrigo.

Duke. Now, Gondarino, what can
You put on now that may again deceive us?
Have you more ſtrange illuſions, yet more miſts,
Thro' which the weak eye may be led to error?
What can you ſay that may do ſatisfaction
Both for her wronged honour, and your ill?
Gond. All I can ſay, or may, is ſaid already:
She is unchaſte, or elſe I have no knowledge,
I do not breathe, nor have the uſe of ſenſe.
Duke. Dare you be yet ſo wilful-ignorant[47]
Of your own nakedneſs? Did not your ſervants,
In mine own hearing, confeſs they brought her
To that houſe we found her in, almoſt by force,
And with a great diſtruſt of ſome
Enſuing hazard?
Val. He that hath
Begun ſo worthily, it fits not with
His reſolution to leave off thus, my lord.
I know theſe are but idle proofs.
What ſays your lordſhip to them?
Gond. Count, I dare yet pronounce
Again, thy ſiſter is not honeſt.
Val. You are
Yourſelf, my lord; I like your ſettledneſs.
Gond. Count, thou art young, and unexperienc'd in
The dark hidden ways of women: Thou darſt affirm
With confidence, a lady of fifteen
May be a maid.
Val. Sir, if it were not ſo,

47 *Yet ſo wilful, ignorant.*] Former editions. The compound word *wilful-ignorant* ſeems much preferable. *Seward.*

I have

I have a ſiſter would ſit near my heart[48].

Gond. Let her ſit near her ſhame! it better ſits her:
Call back the blood that made your ſtream in nearneſs[49],
And turn the current to a better uſe;
'Tis too much mudded; I do grieve to know it.

Duke. Dar'ſt thou make up again? dar'ſt to turn face,
Knowing we know thee?
Haſt thou not been diſcover'd openly?
Did not our ears hear her deny thy courtings?
Did we not ſee her bluſh with modeſt anger,
To be ſo overtaken by a trick?
Can you deny this, lord?

Gond. Had not your Grace
And her kind brother been within
Level of her eye, you ſhould have had a hotter
Volley from her, more full of blood and fire,
Ready to leap the window where ſhe ſtood;
So truly ſenſual is her appetite.

Duke. Sir, Sir, theſe are but words and tricks: Give me the proof!

Val. What need a better proof than your lordſhip? I'm ſure
You have lain with her, my lord.

Gond. I have confeſs'd it, Sir.

---

[48] *Sir, if it were not ſo, I have a ſiſter would ſet near my heart.*] Thus all the editions, but ſurely the ſentiment is not very natural: Would the Count, who upon the ſuppoſition of his ſiſter's being guilty, had ſaid he would

Brand her himſelf, whip her about the city,

anſwer here, that though ſhe were not a maid, ſhe would ſit near his heart. The natural anſwer is; If I durſt not affirm that a lady of fifteen might be a virgin, my ſiſter would not ſit ſo near my heart as ſhe now does. I cannot change the words ſo as to give this ſenſe without taking rather too great liberties, and therefore ſhall not alter my conjecture in the text: I have reſtored the meaſure, which cannot preſerve if I inſert a negative without the following changes:

——*If it were not ſo,*——
My ſiſter would not *ſit ſo near my heart.* *Seward.*

Seward did not conſider, that his ſiſter might *ſit near his heart* in a painful as well as affectionate ſenſe.

[49] *That made* our *ſtream.*] Amended by Seward.

Duke.

Duke. I dare not give thee credit, without witneſs.
Gond. Does your Grace think we carry ſeconds with us,
To ſearch us, and ſee fair play? Your Grace hath
Been ill-tutor'd in the buſineſs! but if
You hope to try her truly, and ſatisfy
Yourſelf what frailty is, give her the teſt:
Do not remember, count, ſhe is your ſiſter;
Nor let my lord the Duke believe ſhe's fair;
But put her to it, without hope or pity!
Then ye ſhall ſee that golden form fly off,
That all eyes wonder at for pure and fix'd,
And under it baſe bluſhing copper; metal
Not worth the meaneſt honour: You ſhall behold
Her then, my lord, tranſparent, look thro'
Her heart, and view the ſpirits how they leap;
And tell me then I did belie the lady.
Duke. It ſhall be done! Come, Gondarino,
Bear us company. We do believe thee: She

Enter Lazarillo, two Intelligencers, and Guard.

Shall die, and thou ſhalt ſee it.——How now, my friends?
Who have you guarded hither?
2 *Int.* So pleaſe your Grace,
We have diſcover'd a villain and a traitor:
The lord Lucio hath examin'd him, and ſent him
To your Grace for judgment.
Val. My lord, I dare
Abſolve him from all ſin of treaſon: I know
His moſt ambition is but a diſh of meat,
Which he hath hunted with ſo true a ſcent,
That he deſerves the collar, not the halter[50].
Duke. Why do they bring him thus bound up?
The poor man had more need have ſome warm meat,
To comfort his cold ſtomach.
Val. Your Grace ſhall have the cauſe hereafter,

[50] *He deſerves the* collar, *not the* halter;] *i. e.* He deſerves the *ſteward's chain*, rather than to be *hanged*. See note 3 on the Lovers' Progreſs. *R.*

When

When you may laugh more freely. But theſe
Are called *informers*; men that live by treaſon,
As rat-catchers do by poiſon.
Duke. 'Would there were
No heavier prodigies hung over us,
Than this poor fellow! I durſt redeem all perils
Ready to pour themſelves upon this ſtate,
With a cold cuſtard.
Val. Your Grace
Might do it, without danger to your perſon.
Laz. My lord, if ever I intended treaſon
Againſt your perſon, or the ſtate, unleſs
It were by wiſhing from your table ſome diſh
Of meat, which I muſt needs confeſs was not
A ſubject's part; or coveting by ſtealth
Sups from thoſe noble bottles, that no mouth,
Keeping allegiance true, ſhould dare to taſte—
I muſt confeſs, with more than covetous eye,
I have beheld thoſe dear concealed diſhes,
That have been brought in by cunning equipage,
To wait upon your Grace's palate:
I do confeſs, out of this preſent heat,
I have had ſtratagems and ambuſcadoes;
But, God be thanked, they have never took!
Duke. Count,
This buſineſs is your own: When you have done,
Repair to us. [*Exit.*
Val. I will attend your Grace. Lazarillo,
You are at liberty; be your own man again:
And, if you can, be maſter of your wiſhes;
I wiſh it may be ſo.
Laz. I humbly thank your lordſhip!
I muſt be unmannerly: I've ſome preſent buſineſs.
Once more, I heartily thank your lordſhip. [*Exit.*
Val. Now even a word or two to you, and ſo farewell:
You think you have deſerv'd much of this ſtate
By this diſcovery: Ye're a ſlaviſh people,
Grown ſubject to the common curſe of all men[51].

[51] *To the common* courſe *of all men.*] Corrected in 1750.

How

How much unhappy were that noble ſpirit,
Could work by ſuch baſe engines[52]! What miſery
Would not a knowing man put on with willingneſs,
Ere he ſee himſelf grown fat and full-fed,
By fall of thoſe you riſe by? I do
Diſcharge you my attendance! Our healthful ſtate
Needs no ſuch leeches to ſuck out her blood.

1 *Int.* I do beſeech your lordſhip——

2 *Int.* Good my lord——

Val. Go, learn to be more honeſt! When I ſee
You work your means from honeſt induſtry,
I will be willing to accept your labours; [*Exe. Int.*
'Till then I will keep back my promis'd favours.
Here comes another remnant of folly:

Enter Lucio.

I muſt diſpatch him too. Now, lord Lucio,
What buſineſs bring you hither?

Lucio. Faith, Sir, I'm diſcovering
What will become of that notable piece of treaſon
Intended by that varlet Lazarillo;
I've ſent him to the Duke for judgment.

Val. Sir, you have
Perform'd the part of a moſt careful ſtateſman;
And, let me ſay it to your face, Sir, of
A father to this ſtate: I would wiſh you
To retire, and inſconce yourſelf in ſtudy; for
Such is your daily labour, and our fear,
That your loſs of an hour may breed our overthrow.

Lucio. Sir, I will be commanded by your judgment:
And tho' I find it a trouble
Scant to be waded thro', by theſe weak years;
Yet, for the dear care of the commonwealth,
I will bruiſe my brains, and confine myſelf
To much vexation[53].

Val. Go; and may'ſt thou

---

52 *Could work by ſuch* baſer gains.] Amended by Sympſon.

53 Confine *myſelf*.] Probably we ſhould read, *conſign*.

Knock

Knock down treaſon like an ox!
Lucio. Amen! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mercer, Pandar, and Franciſſina.

Mercer. Have I ſpoke thus much in the honour of learning,
Learn'd the names of the ſeven liberal ſciences,
Before my marriage; and, ſince, have in haſte written
Epiſtles congratulatory to the nine muſes,
And is ſhe prov'd a whore and a beggar?
Pandar. 'Tis true. You are not now to be taught
That no man can be learned of a ſudden;
Let not your firſt project diſcourage you:
What you have loſt in this, you may
Get again in alchymy.
Fran. Fear not,
Huſband; I hope to make as good a wife
As the beſt of your neighbours have, and as honeſt.
Mercer. I will go home. Good Sir, don't publiſh this;
As long as it runs amongſt ourſelves, it is
Good honeſt mirth. You'll come home to ſupper;
I mean to have all her friends, and mine,
As ill as it goes.
Pandar. Do wiſely, Sir, and bid
Your own friends; your whole wealth will ſcarce feaſt all hers;
Neither is it for your credit to walk the ſtreets
With a woman ſo noted: Get you home, and provide
Her cloaths; let her come an hour hence
An hand-baſket, and ſhift herſelf, ſhe'll
To ſit at the upper end of the table, and
To your cuſtomers.
Mercer. Art's juſt, and will
Make me amends.
Pandar. No doubt, Sir.
Mercer. The chief note of
A ſcholar, you ſay, is to govern his paſſions;
Wherefore I do take all patiently: In ſign
Of which, my moſt dear wife, I do kiſs thee. Make haſte

Home

Home after me; I ſhall be in my ſtudy. [*Exit.*

Pandar. Go, avaunt!—My new city-dame, ſend me what
You promis'd me for conſideration,
And may'ſt thou prove a lady!

Fran. Thou ſhalt have it;
His ſilks ſhall fly for it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lazarillo and Boy.

Laz. How ſweet's a calm after a tempeſt! What is there
Now that can ſtand betwixt me and felicity?
I've gone thro' all my croſſes conſtantly,
Have confounded my enemies, and know where
To have my longing ſatisfied; I have
My way before me: There's the door, and I
May freely walk in to my delights. Knock, Boy!

Julia [*within*]. Who's there?

Laz. Madona, my love! not guilty,
Not guilty! Open the door!

Enter Julia.

Julia. Art thou
Come, ſweetheart?

Laz. Yes, to thy ſoft embraces,
And the reſt of my o'erflowing bliſſes!
Come, let us in and ſwim in our delights;
A ſhort grace as we go, and ſo to meat!

Julia. Nay, my dear love, you muſt bear with me in this;
We'll to the church firſt.

Laz. Shall I be ſure of it then?

Julia. By my love, you ſhall!

Laz. I am content;
For I do now wiſh to hold off longer, to whet
My appetite, and do deſire to meet
With more troubles, ſo I might conquer them:
And, as a holy lover that hath ſpent
The tedious night with many a ſigh and tears,
Whilſt he purſued his wench, and hath obſerv'd

The

The ſmiles and frowns, not daring to diſpleaſe;
When he at laſt hath with his ſervice won
Her yielding heart, that ſhe begins to dote
Upon him, and can hold not longer out,
But hangs about his neck, and wooes him more
Than ever he deſir'd her love before;
He then begins to flatter his deſert[54],
And, growing wanton, needs will caſt her off;
Try her, pick quarrels, to breed freſh delight,
And to encreaſe his pleaſing appetite.
Julia. Come, mouſe, will you walk?
Laz. I pray thee let me
Be deliver'd of the joy I am ſo big with!
I do feel that high heat within me,
That I begin to doubt whether I be mortal:
How I contemn my fellows in the court,
With whom I did but yeſterday converſe!
And in a lower, and an humbler key,
Did walk and meditate on groſſer meats!
There are they ſtill, poor rogues, ſhaking their chaps,
And ſneaking after cheeſes, and do run
Headlong in chaſe of every jack of beer
That croſſeth them, in hope of ſome repaſt
That it will bring them to; whilſt I am here,
The happieſt wight that ever ſet his tooth
To a dear novelty! Approach, my love;
Come, let us go to knit the true love's knot,
That never can be broken!
Boy. That is,
To marry a whore.

54 *Then begins* ——] The relative *he* being omitted, hurt both ſenſe and meaſure. Moſt of my friends ſeem to think there is too much of Lazarillo's paſſion for his fiſh, as well as that the paſſion itſelf is carried too high. I have before given reaſons to juſtify extravagance of the paſſion, which might poſſibly have been [illegible] even to madneſs, by ſome perſon of our Author's age, and as to the long continuance of it, the diſtreſſes ſeem extremely ingeniouſly contrived to riſe by a juſt gradation, and his marrying a whore at laſt to obtain his delight, is a moſt inimitably humorous concluſion of his character. *Sewa*

But, ſurely, rather extravagant.

Laz. When that is done, then will we taſte the gift
Which fates have ſent, my fortunes up to lift.
Boy. When that is done, you will begin to repent
Upon a full ſtomach: But I ſee, 'tis but
A form in deſtiny, not to be alter'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arrigo and Oriana.

Ori. Sir, what may be the current of your buſineſs,
That thus you ſingle out your time and place?
Arr. Madam, the buſineſs now impos'd upon me
Concerns you nearly;
I wiſh ſome worſer man might finiſh it.
Ori. Why are you changed ſo? are you not well, Sir?
Arr. Yes, madam, I am well: 'Would you were ſo!
Ori. Why, Sir, I feel myſelf in perfect health.
Arr. And yet you cannot live long, madam.
Ori. Why, good Arrigo?
Arr. Why, you muſt die.
Ori. I know I muſt;
But yet my Fate calls not upon me.
Arr. It does;
This hand the Duke commands ſhall give you death.
Ori. Heav'n, and the pow'rs divine, guard well the innocent!
Arr. Lady, your prayers may do your ſoul ſome good,
But ſure your body cannot merit by 'em:
You muſt prepare to die.
Ori. What's my offence?
What have theſe years committed,
That may be dangerous to the Duke or ſtate?
Have I conſpir'd by poiſon? have I given up
My honour to ſome looſe unſettled blood,
That may give action to my plots? Dear Sir,
Let me not die ignorant of my faults!
Arr. You ſhall not:
Then, lady, you muſt know, you're held unhoneſt:
The Duke, your brother, and your friends in court,
With too much grief condemn you; tho', to me,

The fault deſerves not to be paid with death.
Ori. Who's my accuſer?
Arr. Lord Gondarino.
Ori. Arrigo, take theſe words, and bear them to the Duke;
It is the laſt petition I ſhall aſk thee:
Tell him, the child this preſent hour brought forth
To ſee the world has not a ſoul more pure,
More white, more virgin, than I have; tell him,
Lord Gondarino's plot I ſuffer for,
And willingly; tell him, it had been
A greater honour to have ſav'd than kill'd;
But I have done: Strike! I am arm'd for Heav'n.
Why ſtay you? is there any hope?
Arr. I would not ſtrike.
Ori. Have you the power to ſave?
Arr. With hazard of my life, if 't ſhould be known.
Ori. You will not venture that?
Arr. I will: Lady,
There is that means yet to eſcape your death,
If you can wiſely apprehend it.
Ori. You dare not be ſo kind?
Arr. I dare, and will, if you dare but deſerve
Ori. If I ſhould ſlight my life, I were to blame.
Arr. Then, madam,
This is the means, or elſe you die: I love you.
Ori. I ſhall believe it, if you ſave my life.
Arr. And you muſt lie with me.
Ori. I dare not buy my life ſo.
Arr. Come, you muſt reſolve; ſay *yea* or *no*.
Ori. Then *no!* Nay, look not ruggedly upon me;
I am made up too ſtrong to fear ſuch looks:
Come, do your butcher's part! Before
I would wiſh life, with the dear loſs of honour,
I dare find means to free myſelf.
Arr. Speak, will you yield?
Ori. Villain, I will not! Murderer, do the w[illegible].
Thy baſe unnoble thoughts dare prompt thee

I am above thee, ſlave!

Arr. Wilt thou not be drawn
To yield by fair perſuaſions?

Ori. No; nor by——

Arr. Peace! know your doom then: Your ladyſhip muſt remember
You are not now at home, where you dare feaſt
All that come about you; but you are fallen
Under my mercy, which ſhall be but ſmall,
If thou refuſe to yield: Hear what I've ſworn
Unto myſelf; I will enjoy thee, tho' it be
Between the parting of thy ſoul and body;
Yield yet, and live!

Ori. I'll guard the one; let Heaven guard the other!

Arr. Are you ſo reſolute then?

Duke [*from above*]. Hold, hold, I ſay!

Ori. What[55], yet more terror to my tragedy?

Arr. Lady, the ſcene of blood is done;
You're now as free from ſcandal as from death.

Enter Duke, Valore, and Gondarino.

Duke. Thou woman, which wert born to teach men virtue,
Fair, ſweet, and modeſt maid, forgive my thoughts;
My treſpaſs was my love. Seize Gondarino!
Let him wait our dooms.

Gond. I do begin
A little to love this woman; I could endure her
Already, twelve miles off.

Val. Siſter,
I'm glad you have brought your honour off ſo fairly,
Without loſs; you've done a work above your ſex;
The Duke admires it: Give him fair encounter.

Duke. Beſt of all comforts, may I take this hand,
And call it mine?

Ori. I am your Grace's handmaid!

[55] *What* I? *yet*, &c.] As the *I* is undoubtedly an interpolation, we have diſcarded it.

Duke. 'Would you had ſaid *myſelf*: Might it not be ſo, lady?

Val. Siſter, ſay *ay*; I know you can afford it.

Ori. My lord, I am your ſubject; you may command me,
Provided ſtill your thoughts be fair and good.

Duke. Here? I am yours; and when I ceaſe to be ſo,
Let Heav'n forget me! thus I make it good.

Ori. My lord, I am no more mine own.

Val. So! this bargain was well driven.

Gond. Duke,
Th'haſt ſold away thyſelf to all perdition;
Thou art this preſent hour becoming cuckold:
Methinks I ſee thy gall grate thro' thy veins,
And jealouſy ſeize on thee with her talons.
I know that woman's noſe muſt be cut off;
She cannot 'ſcape it.

Duke. Sir, we have puniſhment for you.

Ori. I do beſeech your lordſhip, for the wrongs
This man hath done me, let me pronounce his puniſhment!

Duke. Lady, I give't to you; he is your own.

Gond. I do beſeech your Grace, let me be baniſh'd,
With all the ſpeed that may be.

Val. Stay ſtill! you ſhall attend her ſentence.

Ori. Lord Gondarino, you have wrong'd me highly;
Yet ſince it ſprung from no peculiar hate
To me, but from a general diſlike
Unto all women, you ſhall thus ſuffer for it.
Arrigo, call in ſome ladies to aſſiſt us.
Will your Grace take your ſtate?

Gond. My lord, I do
Beſeech your Grace for any puniſhment,
Saving this woman: Let me be ſent upon
Diſcovery of ſome iſland; I do deſire
But a ſmall gondola, with ten Holland cheeſes,
And I will undertake it.

Ori. Sir, you muſt be content.
Will you ſit down? Nay, do it willingly.

Arri;

Arrigo, tie his arms cloſe to the chair;
I dare not truſt his patience.
Gond. Mayſt thou
Be quickly old and painted! mayſt thou dote
Upon ſome ſturdy yeoman of the wood-yard,
And he be honeſt! mayſt thou be barred
The lawful lechery of thy couch [55], for want
Of inſtruments! and, laſt, be thy womb
Unopen'd!
Duke. This fellow hath a pretty gall.
Val. My lord,
I hope to ſee him purg'd, ere he part.

Enter Ladies.

Ori. Your ladyſhips are welcome! I muſt deſire
your helps,
Tho' you are no phyſicians, to do a ſtrange cure upon
This gentleman.
Ladies. In what we can aſſiſt you,
Madam, you may command us.
Gond. Now do I
Sit like a conjurer within my circle,
And theſe the devils that are rais'd about me:
I'll pray, that they may have no power upon me.
Ori. Ladies, fall off in couples;
Then, with a ſoft ſtill march, with low demeanors,
Charge this gentleman: I'll be your leader.
Gond. Let me
Be quarter'd, Duke, quickly! I can endure it.
Theſe women long for man's fleſh; let them have it!
Duke. Count, have you ever ſeen ſo ſtrange a paſſion?
What would this fellow do, if he ſhould find himſelf
In bed with a young lady?
Val. 'Faith, my lord,
If he could get a knife, ſure he would cut her throat;
Or elſe he'd do as Hercules did by Lycas,
Swing out her ſoul: He has the true hate of
A woman in him.

[55] *Of thy* coach.] So all former editions.

Ori. Low with your curtſies, ladies!

Gond. Come not too near me! I've a breath will poiſon ye;
My lungs are rotten, and my ſtomach raw;
I'm given much to belching: Hold off, as you love ſweet airs!
Ladies, by your firſt night's pleaſure I conjure you,
As you would have your huſbands proper men,
Strong backs, and little legs; as you'd have 'em hate
Your waiting-women——

Ori. Sir, we muſt court you, 'till we have obtain'd
Some little favour from thoſe gracious eyes;
'Tis but a kiſs a-piece.

Gond. I pronounce
Perdition to ye all! Ye are a parcel of
That damned crew, that fell down with Lucifer,
And here ye ſtay'd on earth to plague poor men:
Vaniſh, avaunt! I'm fortified againſt
Your charms. Heav'n grant me breath and patience!

1 *Lady.* Shall we not kiſs, then?

Gond. No! ſear my lips with
Hot irons firſt, or ſtitch them up like a ferret's!
Oh, that this brunt were over!

2 *Lady.* Come, come,
Little rogue, thou art too maidenly; by my troth
I think I muſt box thee 'till thou be'ſt bolder;
The more bold, the more welcome: I prithee kiſs me!
Be not afraid. [*She ſits on his knee.*

Gond. If there be any here
That yet have ſo much of the fool left in them
As to love their mothers, let them look on her[56],
And loath them too!

2 *Lady.* What a ſlovenly little villain
Art thou! why doſt thou not ſtroke up thy hair?

---

[56] Let *them* on her, *and* loath *them too.*] Sympſon would read,

Set *them on her, and* loo *'em too*;

which Seward juſtly rejects; but thinks he diſcovers a meaning theſe words which they certainly do not convey; *viz.* 'If there 'any here that are ſuch fools to retain a love even for their mothe 'let them be perſecuted by this woman, and they will loath them, *i* 'th

I think thou never comb'ſt it; I muſt have it lie
In better order: So, ſo, ſo! Let me ſee
Thy hands! are they waſh'd?

Gond. I would they were looſe, for thy ſake!

Duke. She tortures him admirably.

Val. The beſt that ever was.

2 *Lady.* Alas, how cold they are! Poor golls!
Why doſt thee not get thee a muff?

Arr. Madam, here's an old country gentlewoman
At the door, that came nodding up for juſtice;
She was with the lord Gondarino to-day,
And would now again come to the ſpeech of him,
She ſays.

Ori. Let her in, for ſport's ſake, let her in!

Gond. Mercy, oh, Duke! I do appeal to thee:
Plant canons there, and diſcharge them
Againſt my breaſt rather! Nay, firſt
Let this ſhe-fury ſit ſtill where ſhe does,
And with her nimble fingers ſtroke my hair,
Play with my fingers' ends, or any thing,
Until my panting heart have broke my breaſt!

Duke. You muſt abide her cenſure.

[*The Lady riſes from his knee.*

Enter old Gentlewoman.

Gond. I ſee her come!
Unbutton me, for ſhe will ſpeak.

Gentlew. Where is he, Sir?

Gond. Save me! I hear her.

Arr. There he is in ſtate, to give you audience.

Gentlew. How does your good lordſhip?

Gond. Sick of the ſpleen.

Gentlew. How?

'their mothers alſo.'—It has been very ingeniouſly ſuggeſted, that we probably ſhould read,

Let them honour *and loath them too*;

i. e. 'Let them feel the oppoſite ſenſations of *honouring* and *deſpiſing* 'them at the ſame time.'—But the ſource of the difficulty has, we apprehend, been the loſs of the word *look*, which being reſtored, the paſſage carries with it its own explanation.

Gond. Sick.

Gentlew. Will you chew a nutmeg?
You ſhall not refuſe it; 'tis very comfortable.

Gond. Nay, now thou art come I know it is
The devil's jubilee; hell is broke looſe!
My lord, if ever I have done you ſervice,
Or have deſerv'd a favour of your Grace,
Let me be turn'd upon ſome preſent action,
Where I may ſooner die than languiſh thus!
Your Grace hath her petition; grant it her,
And eaſe me now at laſt.

Duke. No, Sir;
You muſt endure.

Gentlew. For my petition,
I hope your lordſhip hath remember'd me.

Ori. 'Faith, I begin to pity him: Arrigo,
Take her off; bear her away; ſay her petition
Is granted.

Gentlew. Whither do you draw me, Sir?
I know it is not my lord's pleaſure I
Should be thus us'd, before my buſineſs be
Diſpatch'd.

Arr. You ſhall know more of that without.

Ori. Unbind him, ladies! But, before he go,
This he ſhall promiſe: For the love I bear
To our own ſex, I would have them ſtill
Hated by thee; and enjoin thee, as a puniſhment,
Never hereafter willingly to come
In the preſence or ſight of any woman,
Nor never to ſeek wrongfully the public
Diſgrace of any.

Gond. 'Tis that I would have ſworn, and do:
When I meddle with them [57], for their good,

---

[57] *When I* meditate *with them.*] So all editions but the firſt quarto: from which invaluable copy we have made a great number of corrections, ſome more beneficial to the ſenſe than this before us. Of many of the errors in the later editions, we had prepared Notes and propoſed variations; but on collating the text with the abovementioned (which we ſhould not have been able to do, the favour of Mr. Garrick), we have ſuppreſſed our Notes, and

Or their bad, may Time call back this day again!
And when I come in their companies,
May I catch the pox by their breath, and have
No other pleaſure for it!

Duke. You are
Too merciful.

Ori. My lord, I ſhew'd my ſex
The better.

Val. All is over-blown. Siſter,
You're like to have a fair night of it,
And a prince in your arms.—Let's go, my lord [57].

Duke. Thus, thro' the doubtful ſtreams of joy and grief,
True love doth wade, and finds at laſt relief.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

made the amendments there pointed out: Not chuſing to adopt the mode of our predeceſſors; who, in ſuch caſes, commonly inſerted very prolix refutations of the lection in the then-laſt edition, propoſed variations, of which they adopted the beſt, and then concluded their notes with, AND THIS IS CONFIRMED BY THE OLDEST EDITIONS.

[57] *Let's go, my lord.*] Perhaps theſe words belong to *Oriana.*

IT ſeems not quite clear that the whole of this play was written in verſe; but many ſpeeches that evidently reſolve themſelves into meaſure having been printed as proſe, Seward very properly endeavoured to reſtore them to their original ſtate. He has, in our opinion, not always been elegant or accurate in his diviſion. We are not entirely ſatisfied with our own; yet think the text at leaſt runs off more eaſily in this edition than in any preceding one, leſs violated by arbitrary additions, omiſſions, and tranſpoſitions, and the eye and ear leſs offended by eliſions, more barbarous than thoſe of Procruſtes.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY

THE NICE VALOUR; or, THE PASSIONATE MADMAN.

Think upon love, which makes all creatures handsome,
Seemly for eye-sight! go not so diffusedly:
There are great ladies purpose, sir, to visit you. — Act III.

M.A. Rocker del. C. Grignion sc.

Published as the act directs, by T. Sherlock, April 14, 1778.

THE

NICE VALOUR;

OR, THE

PASSIONATE MADMAN.

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner aſcribe this Play to Fletcher; the Prologue and Epilogue ſpeak of the Poet ſingly; Seward (ſee note 3 on the Commendatory Poems) ſuppoſes it to be Beaumont's. It was firſt printed in the folio of 1647; *and hath never been altered, that we are able to diſcover.*

PROLOGUE,

PROLOGUE,

At the REVIVING of this PLAY.

IT's grown in faſhion of late, in theſe days,
To come and beg a ſuffrage to our plays[1]:
'Faith, gentlemen, our Poet ever writ
Language ſo good, mix'd with ſuch ſprightly wit,
He made the theatre ſo ſovereign
With his rare ſcenes, he ſcorn'd this crouching vein.
We ſtabb'd him with keen daggers, when we pray'd
Him write a preface to a play well made.
He could not write theſe toys; 'twas eaſier far
To bring a felon to appear at th' bar,
So much he hated baſeneſs; which this day,
His ſcenes will beſt convince you of in's play.

[1] *A* ſuffrage *to our plays.*] Firſt folio exhibits *ſufferance.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Duke *of Genoa.*
Shamont, *his favourite, a superstitious lover of reputation.*
A Passionate Lord, *the Duke's distracted kinsman.*
A Soldier, *brother to Shamont.*
Lapet, *the cowardly monsieur.*
A Gallant *of the same temper.*
Poltrot, } *Two mushroom courtiers.*
Moulbazon, }
Two Brothers, *to the Lady affecting the Passionate Lord.*
La Nove, *a courtier.*
Four Courtiers.
Base, *jester to the Passionate Lord.*
A Priest, } *in a masque.*
Six Women, }
Galoshio, *a clown.*

WOMEN.

Lady, *sister to the Duke, Shamont's beloved.*
Lapet's Wife.
A Lady, *personating Cupid, mistress to the Mad Lord.*

SCENE, GENOA.

THE NICE VALOUR; OR, THE PASSIONATE MADMAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Shamont, and Four Gentlemen.

Duke. SHAMONT, welcome! we have miſs'd thee long,
Tho' abſent but two days: I hope your ſports
Anſwer your time and wiſhes.
Sham. Very nobly, Sir;
We found game worthy your delight, my lord,
It was ſo royal.
Duke. I've enough to hear on't;
Prithee beſtow't upon me in diſcourſe.
1 *Gent.* What is this gentleman, coz? you are a courtier,
Therefore know all their inſides.
2 *Gent.* No further than the taffaty goes, good coz,
For the moſt part, which is indeed the beſt part

Of

Of the moſt general inſide.—Marry, thus far
I can with boldneſs ſpeak this one man's character,
And upon honour paſs it for a true one:
He has that ſtrength of manly merit in him,
That it exceeds his ſovereign's power of gracing;
He's faithfully true to valour, that he hates
The man from Cæſar's time, or further off,
That ever took diſgrace unreveng'd,
And if he chance to read his abject ſtory,
He tears his memory out, and holds it virtuous
Not to let ſhame have ſo much life amongſt us;
There is not ſuch a curious piece of courage
Amongſt man's fellowſhip, or one ſo jealous
Of Honour's loſs, or Reputation's glory:
There's ſo much perfect of his growing ſtory!

1 *Gent.* 'Twould make one dote on Virtue, as you tell it.

2 *Gent.* I have told it to much loſs, believe it, coz.

3 *Gent.* How the Duke graces him! What is he, brother?

4 *Gent.* Don't you yet know him? a vainglorious coxcomb,
As proud as he that fell for't[1]!
Set but aſide his valour[2], no virtue,

---

[1] *As proud as he that fell for't:*] *i. e.* As proud as Lucifer, who fell through pride. *Seward.*

[2] *Set but aſide his valour no virtue:*
Which is indeed not fit for any courtier.] The old folio points thus,
Set but aſide his valour, no virtue
Which is indeed, not fit for any courtier,
And we his fellows, &c.] This latter is better ſenſe, and therefore reſtored to the text, but as the conſtruction from the poſition of the words is a little ſtiff, and the meaſure not compleat, perhaps the original might have run,
Set but aſide his valour, which indeed
No virtue is, not fit for any courtier. *Seward.*
Seward's reading is as ſtiff as the other. There ſeems to be a word or two dropped in the preceding line, which has more obſcured the paſſage; the ſenſe of which ſeems to have been to this effect:
As proud as he that fell for't! HE POSSESSES,
Set but aſide his valour, no virtue;
Which (i. e. his *valour*) *is indeed not fit for any courtier,* &c.
It is very common with our Authors to refer to a remote antecedent

Which

Which is indeed not fit for any courtier,
And we his fellows are as good as he,
Perhaps as capable of favour too,
For one thing or another, if 'twere look'd into.
Give me a man, were I a ſovereign now,
'Has a good ſtroke at *tennis*, and a ſtiff one;
Can play at *æquinoctium* with the line,
As even as the thirteenth of September,
When day and night lie in a ſcale together!
Or, may I thrive as I deſerve at *billiards*;
No otherwiſe at *cheſs*, or at *primero!*
Theſe are the parts requir'd; why not advanc'd?

Duke. Truſt me, it was no leſs than excellent pleaſure;
And I'm right glad 'twas thine.—How fares our kinſman?
Who can reſolve us beſt?

1 *Gent.* I can, my lord.

Duke. There, if I had a pity without bounds,
It might be all beſtow'd: A man ſo loſt
In the wild ways of paſſion, that he's ſenſible
Of nought but what torments him!

1 *Gent.* True, my lord;
He runs thro' all the paſſions of mankind,
And ſhifts 'em ſtrangely too: One while in love;
And that ſo violent, that, for want of buſineſs,
He'll court the very 'prentice of a laundreſs,
Tho' ſhe have kib'd heels; and in's melancholy again,
He will not brook an empreſs, tho' thrice fairer
Than ever Maud was[3], or higher-ſpirited
Than Cleopatra, or your Engliſh counteſs.
Then, on a ſudden he's ſo merry again,
Out-laughs a waiting-woman before her firſt child;
And, turning of a hand, ſo angry—
H'has almoſt beat the Northern fellow[4] blind,

[3] *Maud.*] The empreſs *Maud*, daughter of Henry I. and mother of Henry II. *R.*

[4] *H'has almoſt beat* the Northern fellow *blind*,
That is for that uſe only.] This is probably an alluſion to

That is for that uſe only: If that mood hold, my lord,
H'had need of a freſh man; I'll undertake
He ſhall bruiſe three a-month.
Duke. I pity him dearly;
And let it be your charge, with his kind brother,
To ſee his moods obſerv'd: Let every paſſion
Be fed ev'n to a ſurfeit, which in time
May breed a loathing! let him have enough
Of every object, that his ſenſe is rapt with!
And being once glutted, then the taſte of folly
Will come into diſreliſh[5]. [*Exit.*
1 *Gent.* I ſhall ſee
Your charge, my lord, moſt faithfully effected.
And how does noble Shamont?
Sham. Never ill, man,
Until I hear of baſeneſs; then I ſicken:
I am the healthfull'ſt man i'th' kingdom elſe.

Enter Lapet.

1 *Gent.* Be arm'd then for a fit! here comes a fellow
Will make you ſick at heart, if baſeneſs do't.
Sham. Let me be gone! What is he?
1 *Gent.* Let me tell you firſt;
It can be but a qualm. Pray ſtay it out, Sir!
Come, you've borne more than this.
Sham. Borne? never any thing
That was injurious.
1 *Gent.* Ha! I am far from that.
Sham. He looks as like a man, as I have ſeen one:
What would you ſpeak of him? Speak well, I prithee,
Ev'n for Humanity's cauſe.
1 *Gent.* You'd have it truth tho'?
Sham. What elſe, Sir? I have no reaſon to wrong
Heav'n

Guſtavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, the hero of the North, who aſcended the throne in 1611. He was one of the greateſt and moſt ſucceſsful princes which Europe hath ſeen, either before or ſince his time. *R.*

[5] His *reliſh.*] We have no doubt but this is corrupt, and that we ought to read, changing only one letter, DIS*reliſh.*

To

To favour Nature; let her bear her own ſhame,
If ſhe be faulty!

1 *Gent.* Monſtrous faulty there, Sir.

Sham. I'm ill at eaſe already.

1 *Gent.* Pray bear up, Sir.

Sham. I prithee let me take him down with ſpeed then,
Like a wild object that I would not look upon.

1 *Gent.* Then thus; he's one that will endure as much
As can be laid upon him.

Sham. That may be noble?
I'm kept too long from his acquaintance.

1 *Gent.* Oh, Sir,
Take heed of raſh repentance[6]! you're too forward
To find out Virtue where it never ſettled:
Take the particulars, firſt, of what he endures;
Videlicet, baſtinadoes by the great.

Sham. How!

1 *Gent.* Thumps by the dozen, and your kicks by wholeſale.

Sham. No more of him!

1 *Gent.* The twinges by the noſtril he ſnuffs up,
And holds it the beſt remedy for ſneezing.

Sham. Away!

1 *Gent.* H' has been thrice ſwitch'd from ſeven o'clock till nine;
Yet, with a cart-horſe ſtomach, fell to breakfaſt,
Forgetful of his ſmart.

Sham. Nay, the diſgrace on't;
There is no ſmart but that: Baſe things are felt
More by their ſhames than hurts.—Sir, I know you not;
But that you live an injury to Nature,
I'm heartily angry with you.

Lapet. Pray give your blow or kick, and begone then;
For I ne'er ſaw you before; and indeed
Have nothing to ſay to you, for I know you not.

[6] *Take heed of raſh repentance.*] *i. e. Repentance* on account of raſhneſs. I ſhould not have thought an explanation neceſſary but that Mr. Sympſon would have diſcarded the world, and read *acquaintance* for *repentance*. *Seward.*

Sham. Why wouldſt thou take a blow?

Lapet. I would not, Sir[7],
Unleſs 'twere offer'd me; and if from an enemy,
I would be loath to deny it from a ſtranger.

Sham. What! a blow?
Endure a blow? and ſhall he live that gives it?

Lapet. Many a fair year: Why not, Sir?

Sham. Let me wonder!
As full a man to ſee-to, and as perfect!
I prithee live not long——

Lapet. How!

Sham. Let me entreat it!
Thou doſt not know what wrong thou doſt mankind,
To walk ſo long here; not to die betimes.
Let me adviſe thee, while thou haſt to live here,
Ev'n for man's honour ſake, take not a blow more!

Lapet. You ſhould adviſe them not to ſtrike me then, Sir;
For I'll take none, I aſſure you, 'leſs they're given.

Sham. How fain would I preſerve man's form from ſhame,
And cannot get it done! However, Sir,
I charge thee live not long.

Lapet. This is worſe than beating.

Sham. Of what profeſſion art thou, tell me, Sir,

---

[7] *I would not, Sir,*
Unleſs 'twere offer'd me; and if from an enemy,
I'd be loth to deny it from a ſtranger.] The conjunctive particle *and* in the middle line ſeems plainly to denote the loſs of ſome ſentence previous to it, and the humour ſeems greatly to ſuffer by that loſs. As to the ſentiment it may, I believe, be reſtored, but as ſeveral expreſſions will give it, it is impoſſible to gueſs how near we ſhall come to the old reading. I propoſe,

I would not, Sir,
Unleſs 'twere offer'd me; if from a friend
I'd take't in friendſhip, *and if from an enemy*
I would be loth to deny it from a ſtranger. *Seward.*

Seward makes this propoſed interpolation; But the old text gives very complete ſenſe; and there is no ſaying where arbitrary variations would end, if inſertions, omiſſions, or alterations, were made whenever the critick thinks it might improve the paſſages under his conſideration. An editor ſhould give the author's text, not his own.

Beſides

Beſides a taylor? for I'll know the truth.

Lapet. A taylor? I'm as good a gentleman—
Can ſhew my arms and all.

Sham. How black and blue they are:
Is that your manifeſtation? Upon pain
Of pounding thee to duſt, aſſume not wrongfully
The name of *gentleman*, becauſe I'm one
That muſt not let thee live!

Lapet. I've done, I've done, Sir.
If there be any harm, beſhrew the herald!
I'm ſure I ha' not been ſo long a gentleman,
To make this anger: I have nothing, no where,
But what I dearly pay for.

Sham. Groom, begone! [*Exit Lapet.*
I never was ſo heart-ſick yet of man.

Enter the Lady, and Lapet's Wife.

1 *Gent.* Here comes a cordial, Sir, from th' other ſex,
Able to make a dying face look chearful.

Sham. The bleſſedneſs of ladies!

Lady. You're well met, Sir.

Sham. The ſight of you has put an evil from me,
Whoſe breath was able to make Virtue ſicken.

Lady. I'm glad I came ſo fortunately. What was it, Sir?

Sham. A thing that takes a blow, lives and eats after it,
In very good health: You ha' not ſeen the like, madam;
A monſter worth your ſixpence, lovely worth.

Lady. Speak low, Sir! by all likelihoods 'tis her huſband,
That now beſtow'd a viſitation on me. Farewell, Sir!
[*Exit.*

Sham. Huſband? is't poſſible that he has a wife?
Would any creature have him? 'tis ſome forc'd match!
If he were not kick'd to th' church o' th' wedding day,
I'll never come at court. Can be no otherwiſe;
Perhaps he was rich; ſpeak, miſtreſs Lapet, was't not ſo?

Wife. Nay, that's without all queſtion.

Sham. Oh, ho! he would not want kickers enough then.

If you are wiſe, I much ſuſpect your honeſty,
For Wiſdom never faſtens conſtantly,
But upon Merit: If you incline to fool,
You are alike unfit for his ſociety;
Nay, if it were not boldneſs in the man
That honours you, to adviſe you, troth, his company
Should not be frequent with you.
Wife. 'Tis good counſel, Sir.
Sham. Oh, I'm ſo careful where I reverence,
So juſt to Goodneſs, and her precious purity,
I am as equally jealous, and as fearful,
That any undeſerved ſtain might fall
Upon her ſanctified whiteneſs, as of the ſin
That comes by wilfulneſs.
Wife. Sir, I love your thoughts,
And honour you for your counſel and your care.
Sham. We are your ſervants.
Wife. He's but a gentleman
O' th' chamber; he might have kiſs'd me, faith!
Where ſhall one find leſs courteſy than at court?
Say, I have an undeſerver to my huſband,
That's ne'er the worſe for him: Well, ſtrange-lip'd man,
'Tis but a kiſs loſt; there'll more come again. [*Exit.*

Enter the Paſſionate Lord; he makes a congee or two to nothing.

1 *Gent.* Look, who comes here, Sir! his love-fit's upon him:
I know it, by that ſet ſmile, and thoſe congees.
How courteous he's to nothing? which indeed
Is the next kin to woman, only ſhadow,
The elder ſiſter of the twain, becauſe 'tis ſeen too.
See how it kiſſes the fore-finger ſtill!
Which is the laſt edition, and, being come
So near the thumb, every cobler has got it.
Sham. What a ridiculous piece Humanity
Here makes itſelf!
1 *Gent.* Nay, good, give leave a little, Sir;
You're ſo preciſe a manhood——

Sham.

Sham. It afflicts me
When I behold unſeemlineſs in an image
So near the godhead! 'Tis an injury
To glorious eternity.

1 *Gent.* Pray uſe patience, Sir!

Paſ. I do confeſs it freely, precious lady;
And Love's ſuit is ſo, the longer it hangs
The worſe it is: Better cut off, ſweet madam.
Oh, that ſame drawing-in your nether lip there,
Foreſhews no goodneſs, lady; make you queſtion on't?
Shame on me, but I love you!

1 *Gent.* Who is't, Sir,
You are at all this pains for? may I know her?

Paſ. For thee, thou faireſt, yet the falſeſt woman,
That ever broke man's heart-ſtrings.

1 *Gent.* How? how's this, Sir?

Paſ. What, the old trick of ladies? man's apparel?
Will't ne'er be left amongſt you? Steal from court in't!

1 *Gent.* I ſee the fit grows ſtronger.

Paſ. Pray let's talk a little.

Sham. I can endure no more!

1 *Gent.* Good, let's alone a little!
You are ſo exact a work! love light things ſomewhat, Sir[8].

Sham. They're all but ſhames.

1 *Gent.* What is't you'd ſay to me, Sir?

Paſ. Can you be ſo forgetful to enquire it, lady?

[8] *You are ſo exact a* work: *Love light things ſomewhat, Sir.*] It ſeems probable that *worth* was the true word inſtead of *work*, as Shamont calls the lady before—*lovely worth*, and one of the gentlemen in the firſt page of the play ſays of Shamont,

There is not ſuch a curious piece of courage.

Notwithſtanding this, *work* being good ſenſe may ſtill be the true reading. The advice to Shamont to love light things a little, is to laugh and divert himſelf at the abſurdities and phrenſies of men. Mr. Sympſon thought it obſcure and that it wanted explanation.

Seward.

Seward ſeems miſtaken in ſuppoſing Shamont calls the Lady *lovely* WORTH: He tells her the ſight is *lovely* [*i. e. well*] *worth* ſixpence:

——*You ha' not ſeen the like, madam;*
A monſter worth *your ſixpence*, LOVELY *worth.*

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly, Sir.

Paſ. The more I admire your flintineſs!
What cauſe have I given you, illuſtrious madam,
To play this ſtrange part with me?

1 *Gent.* Cauſe enough:
Do but look back, Sir, into your memory,
Your love to other women. Oh, lewd man,
'T has almoſt kill'd my heart; you ſee I'm chang'd with it;
I ha' loſt the faſhion of my ſex with grief on't!
When I have ſeen you courting of a dowdy
(Compar'd with me), and kiſſing your fore-finger
To one o' th' black-guard's miſtreſſes; would not this
Crack a poor lady's heart, that believ'd love,
And waited for the comfort? But 'twas ſaid, Sir,
A lady of my hair cannot want pitying;
The country's coming up: Farewell to you, Sir!

Paſ. Whither intend you, Sir?

1 *Gent.* A long journey, Sir:
The truth is, I'm with-child, and go to travel.

Paſ. With-child? I never got it.

1 *Gent.* I heard you were buſy
At the ſame time, Sir; and was loth to trouble you.

Paſ. Why, are not you a whore then, excellent madam?

1 *Gent.* Oh, by no means; 'twas done, Sir, in the ſtate
Of my belief in you, and that quits me;
It lies upon your falſhood.

Paſ. Does it ſo?—
You ſhall not carry her tho', Sir; ſhe's my contract.

Sham. I prithee, thou four elements ill-brued,
Torment none but thyſelf! Away, I ſay,
Thou beaſt of paſſion, as the drunkard is
The beaſt of wine! Diſhonour to thy making,
Thou man in fragments!

Paſ. Hear me, precious madam!

Sham. Kneel for thy wits to Heav'n.

Paſ. Lady, I'll father it,
Whoe'er begot it: 'Tis the courſe of greatneſs.

Sham. How Virtue groans at this!

Paſ.

Paſ. I'll raiſe the court, but I will ſtay your flight.
Sham. How wretched is that piece? [*Exit Paſ.*
1. *Gent.* He's the Duke's kinſman, Sir.
Sham. That cannot take a paſſion away, Sir,
Nor cut a fit but one poor hour ſhorter;
He muſt endure as much as the pooreſt beggar,
That cannot change his money; there's the equality
In our impartial eſſence. What's the news now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your worthy brother, Sir, has left his charge,
And come to ſee you.

Enter the Soldier.

Sham. Oh, the nobleſt welcome
That ever came from man, meet thy deſervings!
Methinks, I've all Joy's treaſure in mine arms now.
Sold. You are ſo fortunate in prevention, brother,
You always leave the anſwerer barren, Sir,
You comprehend in few words ſo much worth.
Sham. 'Tis all too little for thee: Come, thou'rt welcome!
So I include all. Take eſpecial knowledge, pray,
Of this dear gentleman, my abſolute friend,
That loves a ſoldier far above a miſtreſs[9]!
Thou excellently faithful to 'em both!
But love to manhood owns the purer troth. [*Exe.*

9 *That loves a ſoldier far above a miſtreſs,*
Thou *excellently faithful to 'em both.*] The emendation here of *thou* to *tho'* (although the old reading was not abſolute nonſenſe, ſuppoſing the points altered) is ſo eaſy that I cannot fear the reader's concurrence. *Seward.*
We really think the old reading moſt ſpirited and beſt, only making a full point after *miſtreſs*.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter the Soldier, and the Lady.

Lady. THERE ſhould be in this g[illegible]
they're here.
Pray ſit down; Believe me, Sir, I'm weary.
Sold. It well becomes a lady to complain a little
Of what ſhe never feels: Your walk was ſhort, madam;
You can be but afraid of wearineſs,
Which well implies the ſoftneſs of your ſex [10]:
As for the thing itſelf, you never came to't.
Lady. You're wondrouſly well read in ladies, Sir.
Sold. Shall I think ſuch a creature as you, madam,
Was ever born to feel pain, but in travel?
There's your full portion,
Beſides a little tooth-ache in the breeding,
Which a kind huſband too takes from you, madam.
Lady. But where do ladies, Sir, find ſuch kind huſbands?
Perhaps you have heard
The rheumatic ſtory of ſome loving chandler now,
Or ſome ſuch melting fellow, that you talk
So prodigal of mens' kindneſs: I confeſs, Sir,
Many of thoſe wives are happy, their ambition
Does reach no higher than to love and ignorance,
Which makes an excellent huſband, and a fond one;
Now, Sir, your great ones aim at height and cunning,
And ſo are oft deceiv'd, yet they muſt venture it;
For 'tis a lady's contumely, Sir,

[10] *Which well* employs *the ſoftneſs of your ſex*;] What is it that employs the ſoftneſs of the ſex, wearineſs, or the fear of it? 'Tis ſcarcely ſenſe in either light, and Mr. Sympſon ſeems to have hit of the true reading *implies*. *Seward.*

To

To have a lord an ignorant; then the world's voice
Will deem her for a wanton, ere ſhe taſte on't:
But to deceive a wiſe man, to whoſe circumſpection
The world reſigns itſelf with all its envy [21],
'Tis leſs diſhonour to us than to fall;
Becauſe his believ'd wiſdom keeps out all.

Sold. 'Would I were the man, Lady, that ſhould venture
His wiſdom to your goodneſs!

Lady. You might fail
In the return, as many men have done, Sir.
I dare not juſtify what is to come of me,
Becauſe I know it not; tho' I hope virtuouſly:
Marry, what's paſt, or preſent, I durſt put
Into a good man's hand; which if he take
Upon my word for good, it ſhall not cozen him.

Sold. No, nor hereafter.

Lady. It may hap ſo too, Sir:
A woman's goodneſs, when ſhe is a wife,
Lies much upon a man's deſert, believe it, Sir;
If there be fault in her, I'll pawn my life on't,
'Tis firſt in him, if ſhe were ever good [22]:
That makes me, knowing not a huſband yet,
Or what he may be, promiſe no more virtues
Than I may well perform; for that were cozenage.

Sold. Happy were he that had you, with all fears!
That's my opinion, Lady.

Enter Shamont and a Servant, liſtening.

Serv. What ſay you now, Sir?
Dare you give confidence to your own eyes?

Sham. Not yet I dare not,

Serv. No?

Sham. Scarce yet, or yet,

[21] *With all* his *envy.*] Corrected by Seward.

[22] *'Tis firſt in him, if ſhe were ever good,*
That makes one; *knowing not a huſband yet,*
Or what he may be: I *promiſe no more virtues,*
Than I may well perform.] The punctuation amended by Seward; who alſo diſcarded the pronoun *I.* We have altered *one* to *me*; The error of the preſs is probable, and the ſenſe requires it.

Altho'

Altho' I ſee 'tis he. Why, can a thing,
That's but myſelf divided, be ſo falſe?
Serv. Nay, do but mark how the chair plays his part too:
How amorouſly 'tis bent.
Sham. Hell take thy bad thoughts!
For they are ſtrange ones. Never take delight
To make a torment worſe. Look on 'em, Heav'n!
For that's a brother, ſend me a fair enemy,
And take him! for a fouler fiend there breathes not.
I will not ſin to think there's ill in her,
But what's of his producing;
Yet Goodneſs, whoſe incloſure is but fleſh,
Holds out oft-times but ſorrily. But as black, Sir,
As ever kindred was, I hate mine own blood,
Becauſe it is ſo near thine. Live without honeſty;
And mayſt thou die with an unmoiſten'd eye,
And no tear follow thee! [*Exeunt Sham. and Serv.*
Lady. You're wondrous merry, Sir;
I would your brother heard you!
Sold. Or my ſiſter[31];
I would not, out o' th' way, let fall my words, Lady,
For the preciſeſt humour.

Enter Paſſionate Lord.

Paſ. Yea, ſo cloſe?
Sold. They're merry, that's the worſt you can report of 'em;
They're neither dangerous, nor immodeſt.
Paſ. So, Sir!
Shall I believe you, think you?
Sold. Who's this, Lady?
Lady. Oh, the Duke's couſin; he came late from travel, Sir.
Sold. Reſpect belongs to him.
Paſ. For, as I ſaid, Lady,
They're merry, that's the worſt you can report of 'em;

[31] O *my ſiſter.*] Firſt folio. Subſequent editions, Oh, *my ſiſter.* The text by Seward.

They're

'They're neither dangerous, nor immodeſt.'

Sold. How's this?

Paſ. And there I think I left.

Sold. Abuſes me!

Paſ. Now to proceed, Lady: Perhaps I ſwore I
lov'd you;
If you believe me not, you're much the wiſer——

Sold. He ſpeaks ſtill in my perſon, and derides me!

Paſ. For I can cog with you——

Lady. You can all do ſo;
We make no queſtion of mens' promptneſs that way.

Paſ. And ſmile, and wave a chair with comely grace
too,
Play with our taſſel gently [14], and do fine things,
That catch a lady ſooner than a Virtue.

Sold. I never us'd to let man live ſo long
That wrong'd me!

Paſ. Talk of battalions, wooe you in a ſkirmiſh [15];
Diſcharge my mind to you, lady; and, being ſharp-
ſet,
Can court you at half-pike; or name your weapon,
We cannot fail you, lady.

Enter Firſt Gentleman.

Sold. Now he dies,
Were all ſucceeding hopes ſtor'd up within him!

1 *Gent.* Oh, fy! i'th' court, Sir?

---

14 *Play with* our *taſſel gently.*] Probably we ſhould read *your* for *our.*

15 ——— *wooe you in a ſkirmiſh*;

Divine *my mind to you.*] *Divine* ſo intirely loſes the metaphor and conſequently the humour, that it is moſt probable a corruption. We ſhould not very willingly ſtrike out a word when we hav'n't one to ſupply its place ſomewhat near the trace of the letters; but as we know that words are ſometimes totally changed by the inattention of the tranſcriber or printer, ſo when the context not only points out but demands a word very unlike what has been hitherto in the text, we ought to ſubmit. This I take to be the preſent caſe, and I therefore read,

——— *wooe you in a ſkirmiſh*;
Diſcharge *my mind to you.*

Seward.

Sold.

Sold. I moſt dearly thank you, Sir.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis rage ill ſpent upon a Paſſionate Madman.

Sold. That ſhall not privilege him for ever, Sir.
A Madman call you him? I've found too much
Sound in his injury to me, to believe him.

1 *Gent.* If ever truth from man's [illegible]
In reputation[16] with you, give this confidence!
And this his love-fit, which we obſerve ſtill
By's flattering; and his fineneſs, at ſome other time
He'll go as ſlovenly as heart can wiſh.
The love and pity that his highneſs ſhews to him,
Makes every man the more reſpectful of him:
H'has never a paſſion, but is well provided for,
As this of love; he is full fed in all
His ſwinge, as I may term it: Have but patience,
And you ſhall witneſs ſomewhat!

Sold. Still he mocks me:
Look you! in action, in behaviour, Sir,
Hold ſtill the chair, with a grand miſchief to you!
Or I'll ſet ſo much ſtrength upon your heart, Sir——

Paſ. I feel ſome power has reſtrain'd me, lady:
If it be ſent from Love, ſay, I obey it,
And ever keep a voice to welcome it.

SONG.

Thou deity, ſwift-winged Love,
Sometimes below, ſometimes above,
Little in ſhape, but great in power;
Thou that mak'ſt a heart thy tower,
And thy loop-holes ladies' eyes,
From whence thou ſtrik'ſt the fond and wiſe[17];

---

[16] *In reputation with you, give this confidence!*
And this his love-fit, which we obſerve ſtill,
By's flattering and his fineneſs; at ſome other time, &c.] Here ſeems ſomething wanting.

[17] *From whence thou ſtrik'ſt the fond and wiſe*;] *i. e.* not only thoſe who are fooliſhly fond, but the wiſe alſo: As it will bear this ſenſe

Did all the ſhafts in thy fair quiver
Stick faſt in my ambitious liver,
Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to ſhoot more,
Shoot more, ſhoot more!

Enter one like a Cupid, offering to ſhoot at him.

Paſ. I prithee hold tho', ſweet celeſtial boy!
I'm not requited yet with love enough
For the firſt arrow that I have within me;
And if thou be an equal archer, Cupid,
Shoot this lady, and twenty more for me.

Lady. Me, Sir?

1 *Gent.* 'Tis nothing but device; fear it not, Lady!
You may be as good a maid after that ſhaft, madam,
As e'er your mother was at twelve and a half:
'Tis like the boy that draws it, 't has no ſting yet.

Cupid [*aſide*]. 'Tis like the miſerable maid that draws it,
That ſees no comfort yet, ſeeing him ſo paſſionate.

Paſ. Strike me the ducheſs of Valois in love with me,
With all the ſpeed thou canſt, and two of her women!

Cupid. You ſhall have more. [*Exit.*

Paſ. Tell 'em, I tarry for 'em.

1 *Gent.* Who would be angry with that walking trouble now,
That hurts none but itſelf?

Sold. I am better quieted.

Paſ. I'll have all woman-kind ſtruck in time for me
After thirteen once.
I ſee this Cupid will not let me want;
And let him ſpend his forty ſhafts an hour,
They ſhall be all found from the Duke's exchequer.
He's come already.

ſenſe I let it ſtand without putting a more obvious antitheſis to *wiſe*, *fools*. *Seward.*

Fond is uſed in the ſenſe of *fools*, according to the uſage of our old authors.

Enter

Enter again the ſame Cupid, Two Brothers, Six Women, Maſquers, Cupid's bow bent all the way towards them, the firſt Woman ſinging and playing, and a Prieſt.

SONG.

Oh, turn thy bow!
Thy power we feel and know,
Fair Cupid, turn away thy bow!
They be thoſe golden arrows,
Bring ladies all their ſorrows;
And 'till there be more truth in men,
Never ſhoot at maid again!

Paſ. What a felicity of whores are here[18]!
And all my concubines ſtruck bleeding new!
A man can in his life-time make but one woman,
But he may make his fifty queans a month.

Cup. Have you remember'd a prieſt, honeſt brothers?

1 *Bro.* Yes, ſiſter, and this is the young gentleman;
Make you no queſtion of our faithfulneſs.

2 *Bro.* Your growing ſhame[19], ſiſter, provokes our care.

Prieſt. He muſt be taken in this fit of love, gentlemen?

1 *Bro.* What elſe, Sir? he ſhall do't.

2 *Bro.* Enough.

---

[18] *What a* felicity *of whores are here?*] Mr. Sympſon thinks *felicity* ſtands as a deſigned miſtake for *multiplicity*. But he does not obſerve the common conciſeneſs of poetry, which inſtead of ſaying, What a felicity is it to have ſuch a number of whores here? expreſſes it by two words, *felicity of whores*. The very nerves and almoſt the eſſence of poetry conſiſts in this conciſeneſs: *Seward.*

Still the expreſſion is rather hard, and very poſſibly corrupt.

[19] His *growing ſhame.*] *Growing ſhame* plainly means the ſiſter's being with child; the change therefore of *his* to *your*, unleſs we change *ſiſter* and make them ſpeak to the Prieſt, which would be rather more natural as it would be in the two lines above, and the whole might perhaps have run thus,

Yes, ſiſter. This is the young gentleman [meaning the Madman.]
Make you no queſtion of our faithfulneſs.
2 Bro. *Her growing ſhame, Sir, provokes all our care.* *Seward.*

1 *Bro.*

1 *Bro.* Be chearful, wench! [*A dance, Cupid leading.*

Paſ. Now, by the ſtroke of pleaſure, (a deep oath)
Nimbly hopt, ladies all! What height they bear too!
A ſtory higher than your common ſtatures;
A little man muſt go up ſtairs to kiſs 'em:
What a great ſpace there is
Betwixt Love's dining-chamber and his garret?
I'll try the utmoſt height. The garret ſtoops, methinks:
The rooms are made all bending, I ſee that,
And not ſo high as a man takes 'em for.

Cupid. Now, if you'll follow me, Sir, I've that power
To make 'em follow you.

Paſ. Are they all ſhot?

Cupid. All, all, Sir; every mother's daughter of 'em.

Paſ. Then there's no fear of following: If they be
Once ſhot, they'll follow a man to th' devil.
As for you, Sir——

[*Exit with the Lady and the Maſquers.*

Sold. Me, Sir?

1 *Gent.* Nay, ſweet Sir!

Sold. A noiſe, a threatning! did you not hear it, Sir?

1 *Gent.* Without regard, Sir; ſo would I hear you.

Sold. This muſt come to ſomething; never talk of that, Sir!
You never ſaw it otherwiſe.

1 *Gent.* Nay, dear Merit——

Sold. Me, above all men?

1 *Gent.* Troth, you wrong your anger.

Sold. I will be arm'd, my honourable lecher——

1 *Gent.* Oh, fy, ſweet Sir!

Sold. That devours womens' honeſties by lumps,
And never chew'ſt thy pleaſure.

1 *Gent.* What do you mean, Sir?

Sold. What does he mean, t' engroſs all to himſelf?
There's others love a whore as well as he, Sir.

1 *Gent.* Oh, an that be part o' th' fury, we have a city
Is very well provided for that caſe:

Let him alone with her, Sir: we have women
Are very charitable to proper men,
And to a ſoldier that has all his limbs:
Marry, the ſick and lame gets not a penny;
Right womens' charity! and the huſbands follow't too.
Here comes his highneſs, Sir.

Enter Duke and Lords.

Sold. I'll walk to cool myſelf. [*Exit.*

Duke. Who's that?

1 *Gent.* The brother of Shamont.

Duke. He's brother then
To all the court's love, they that love diſcretely,
And place their friendlineſs upon deſert:
As for the reſt, that with a double face
Look upon Merit much like Fortune's viſage[20],
That looks two ways, both to life's calms and ſtorms,
I'll ſo provide for him, chiefly for him,
He ſhall not wiſh their loves, nor dread their envies.
And here comes my Shamont.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. That lady's virtues are my only joys;
And he to offer to lay ſiege to them!

Duke. Shamont!

Sham. Her goodneſs is my pride: In all diſcourſes,
As often as I hear raſh-tongu'd gallants
Speak rudely of a woman, preſently
I give in but her name, and they are all ſilent.
Oh, who would loſe this benefit?

Duke. Come hither, Sir.

Sham. 'Tis like the gift of healing, but diviner:
For that but cures diſeaſes in the body,
This works a cure on fame, on reputation;
The nobleſt piece of ſurgery upon earth!

[20] Fortune's *viſage.*] Fortune, like Janus, being double-viſag'd, the one face looking on the calms, the other on the ſtorms of life, is a picture, I believe, quite new, but equal, if not ſuperior, to the ancient claſſical portraitures of this fickle deity. *Seward.*

Duke.

Duke. Shamont!—He minds me not.
Sham. A brother do't?
Duke. Shamont, I ſay!
[*Gives him a touch with his ſwitch.*
Sham. Ha!
If he be mortal, by this hand he periſhes! [*Draws.*
Unleſs it be a ſtroke from Heav'n, he dies for't!
Duke. Why, how now, Sir? 'twas I.
Sham. The more's my miſery.
Duke. Why, what's the matter, prithee?
Sham. Can you aſk it, Sir?
No man elſe ſhould: Stood forty lives before him,
By this I would have op'd my way to him.
It could not be you, Sir; excuſe him not,
Whate'er he be, as you are dear to Honour,
That I may find my peace again!
Duke. Forbear, I ſay!
Upon my love to truth, 'twas none but I.
Sham. Still miſerable!
Duke. Come, come; what ails you, Sir?
Sham. Never ſat Shame cooling ſo long upon me,
Without a ſatisfaction in revenge;
And Heav'n has made it here a ſin to wiſh it.
Duke. Hark you, Sir!
Sham. Oh, you've undone me!
Duke. How?
Sham. Cruelly undone me;
I've loſt my peace and reputation by you!
Sir, pardon me; I can ne'er love you more. [*Exit.*
Duke. What language call you this, Sirs?
1 *Gent.* Truth, my lord,
I've ſeldom heard a ſtranger.
2 *Gent.* He is a man of a moſt curious valour,
Wondrous preciſe, and punctual in that virtue.
Duke. But why to me ſo punctual? my laſt thought
Was moſt entirely fix'd on his advancement.
Why, I came now to put him in poſſeſſion
Of his fair fortunes, (what a miſ-conceiver 'tis!)
And, from a gentleman of our chamber merely,

Make him vice-admiral; I was ſettled in't:
I love him next to health. Call him, Gentlemen!
Why, would not you, or you, ha' taken as much,
And never murmur'd? [*Exit Firſt Gent.*
2 *Gent.* Troth, I think we ſhould, my lord;
And there's a fellow walks about the court
Would take a hundred of 'em.
Duke. I hate you all for it;
And rather praiſe his high-pitch'd fortitude,
Tho' in extremes for niceneſs: Now I think on't,
I would I'd never done't!—Now, Sir, where is he?

Enter Firſt Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* His ſuit is only, Sir, to be excus'd.
Duke. He ſhall not be excus'd; I love him dearlier:
Say, we entreat him; go! he muſt not leave us.
[*Exeunt Two Gentlemen.*
So Virtue bleſs me, I ne'er knew him parallell'd!
Why, he's more precious to me now than ever.

Enter Two Gentlemen and Shamont.

2 *Gent.* With much fair language we have brought him.
Duke. Thanks!—
Where is he?
2 *Gent.* Yonder, Sir.
Duke. Come forward, man.
Sham. Pray pardon me; I'm aſham'd to be ſeen, Sir.
Duke. Was ever ſuch a touchy man heard of?
Prithee, come nearer.
Sham. More into the light?
Put not ſuch cruelty into your requeſts, my lord:
Firſt, to diſgrace me publicly, and then draw me
Into mens' eye-ſight, with the ſhame yet hot
Upon my reputation.
Duke. What diſgrace, Sir?
Sham. What?
Such as there can be no forgiveneſs for,
That I can find in honour.

Duke.

Duke. That's moſt ſtrange, Sir.

Sham. Yet I have ſearch'd my boſom to find one,
And wreſtled with my inclination;
But 'twill not be: 'Would you had kill'd me, Sir!
With what an eaſe had I forgiven you then!
But to endure a ſtroke from any hand,
Under a puniſhing angel's, which is juſtice,
Honour diſclaim that man! For my part chiefly,
Had it been yet the malice of your ſword,
Tho' it had cleft me, it had been noble to me;
You ſhould have found my thanks paid in a ſmile,
If I had fell unworded: But to ſhame me
With the correction that your horſe ſhould have,
Were you ten thouſand times my royal lord,
I cannot love you; never, nor deſire
To ſerve you more.
If your drum call me, I am vow'd to valour;
But peace ſhall never know me yours again,
Becauſe I've loſt mine own. I ſpeak to die, Sir:
'Would you were gracious that way to take off ſhame,
With the ſame ſwiftneſs as you pour it on!
And ſince it is not in the power of monarchs
To make a gentleman, which is a ſubſtance
Only begot of merit, they ſhould be careful
Not to deſtroy the worth of one ſo rare,
Which neither they can make, nor, loſt, repair. [*Exit.*

Duke. You've ſet a fair light, Sir, before my judgment,
Which burns with wondrous clearneſs; I acknowledge it,
And your worth with it: But then, Sir, my love,
My love—What, gone again?

1 *Gent.* And full of ſcorn, my lord.

Duke. That language will undo the man that keeps it,
Who knows no diff'rence 'twixt contempt and manhood.
Upon your love to goodneſs, Gentlemen,
Let me not loſe him long?—How now?

Enter a Huntſman.

Huntſ. The game's at height, my lord.

Duke. Confound both thee and it! Hence, break it off!

He hates me brings me news of any pleaſure.
I felt not ſuch a conflict, ſince I could
Diſtinguiſh betwixt worthineſs and blood. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter the Two Brothers, Firſt Gentleman, with thoſe that were the Maſquers, and the Cupid.

1 *Gent.* I HEARTILY commend your project, gentlemen;
'Twas wiſe and virtuous.

1 *Bro.* It was for the ſafety
Of precious honour, Sir, which near blood binds us to;
He promis'd the poor eaſy fool there marriage;
There was a good maidenhead loſt i'th' belief on't,
Beſhrew her haſty confidence!

1 *Gent.* Oh, no more, Sir!
You make her weep again: Alas, poor Cupid!—
Shall ſhe not ſhift herſelf?

1 *Bro.* Oh, by no means, Sir;
We dare not have her ſeen yet: All the while
She keeps this ſhape, it is but thought device,
And ſhe may follow him ſo without ſuſpicion,
To ſee if ſhe can draw all his wild paſſions
To one point only, and that's love, the main point
So far his highneſs grants, and gave at firſt
Large approbation to the quick conceit;
Which then was quick indeed.

1 *Gent.* You make her bluſh, in ſooth.

1 *Bro.* I fear 'tis more the flag of ſhame than grace, Sir.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* They both give but one kind of colour, Sir.
If it be baſhfulneſs in that kind taken,
It is the ſame with grace; and there, ſhe weeps again.
In truth you are too hard, much, much too bitter, Sir;
Unleſs you mean to have her weep her eyes out,
To play a Cupid truly.

1 *Bro.* Come, ha' done then!
We ſhould all fear to ſin firſt; for 'tis certain,
When 'tis once lodg'd, tho' entertain'd in mirth,
It muſt be wept out, if it e'er come forth.

1 *Gent.* Now 'tis ſo well, I'll leave you.

1 *Bro.* Faithfully welcome[21], Sir!
Go, Cupid, to your charge: He's your own now;
If he want love, none will be blam'd but you.

Cupid. The ſtrangeſt marriage, and unfortunat'ſt bride
That ever human memory contain'd!
I cannot be myſelf for't. [*Exit.*

Enter the Clown.

Clown. Oh, gentlemen!

1 *Bro.* How now, Sir? what's the matter?

Clown. His melancholy paſſion is half ſpent already;
Then comes his angry fit at the very tail on't:
Then comes in my pain, gentlemen; h'has beat me
E'en to a cullis: I am nothing, right worſhipful,
But very pap, and jelly; I've no bones,
My body's all one brewis[22]! they talk of ribs
And chines moſt freely abroad i' the world; why, I

[21] Faithfully *welcome, Sir.*] Sympſon, (Mr Seward ſays, 'very 'joſtly') divides *faithfully* into two words. *'Faith fully welcome.*

[22] *My body's all one* buſineſs.] I can't fix any idea to *buſineſs* here that does not make it a meer expletive. I am not ſo ſatisfied with my conjecture *bruiſe* as not to wiſh to ſee a better, tho' as it ſeems preferable to the old reading, it muſt take its place 'till it has ſufficient reaſon for reſigning it again. Since this was wrote I received Mr. Sympſon's conjecture,

—— *all o'er bruiſes.*

But *ore bruiſe* is more poetical as well as more comic. *Seward.*

A full more comic expreſſion, and applied to the ſame occaſion, occurs more than once in our Authors; *i. e. brewis.* Either that or *bruiſe* will do here.

Have no ſuch thing; whoever lives to ſee me
Dead, gentlemen, ſhall find me all mummy,
Good to fill gallipots, and long dildo glaſſes;
I ſhall not have a bone to throw at a dog.
Omnes. Alas, poor vaſſal, how he goes!
Clown. Oh, gentlemen,
I am unjointed; do but think o'that!
My breaſt is beat into my maw, that what I eat
I'm fain to take't in all at mouth with ſpoons;
A lamentable hearing! and 'tis well known,
My belly's driven into my back. I earn'd
Four crowns a-month moſt dearly, gentlemen:
And one he muſt have, when the fit's upon him;
The privy-purſe allows it, and 'tis thriftineſs;
He would break elſe ſome forty pounds in caſements,
And in five hundred years undo the kingdom:
I've caſt it up to a quarrel.
1 *Bro.* There's a fellow
Kick'd about court, I would he had his place, Brother,
But for one fit of his indignation!
2 *Bro.* And ſuddenly I've thought upon a means for't.
1 *Bro.* I prithee how?
2 *Bro.* 'Tis but preferring, Brother,
This ſtockfiſh to his ſervice, with a letter
Of commendations, the ſame way he wiſhes it,
And then you win his heart; for, o' my knowledge,
He has laid wait this half-year for a fellow
That will be beaten; and with a ſafe conſcience
We may commend the carriage of this man in't.
Now ſervants he has kept[23], luſty tall feeders,
But they have beat him, and turn'd themſelves away:
Now one that would endure, is like to ſtay,
And get good wages of him; and the ſervice too
Is ten times milder, Brother; I would not wiſh it elſe.
I ſee the fellow has a ſore cruſh'd body,
And the more need he has to be kick'd at eaſe.

[23] Now *ſervants he has kept.*] The word *now* ſeems to have been printed here by miſtake: It ſtands in its right place two lines lower.

Clown.

Clown. Ay, ſweet gentlemen, a kick of eaſe!
Send me to ſuch a maſter.
2 *Bro.* No more, I ſay!
We have one for thee, a ſoft-footed maſter;
One that wears wool in's toes[24].
Clown. Oh, gentlemen,
Soft garments may ye wear, ſoft ſkins may ye wed,
But as plump as pillows, both for white and red!
And now will I reveal a ſecret to you,
Since you provide for my poor fleſh ſo tenderly:
H'has hir'd mere rogues, out of his chamber-window,
To beat the Soldier, monſieur Shamont's brother—
1 *Bro.* That nothing concerns us, Sir.
Clown. For no cauſe, gentlemen,
Unleſs it be for wearing ſhoulder-points,
With longer taggs than his.
2 *Bro.* Is not that ſomewhat?
By'rlakin, Sir, the difference of long taggs
Has coſt many a man's life, and advanc'd other ſome.
Come, follow me!
Clown. See what a gull am I!
Oh, every man in his profeſſion!
I know a thump now as judiciouſly
As the proudeſt he that walks, I'll except none;
Come to a tagg, how ſhort I fall! I'm gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lapet.

Lapet. I have been ruminating with myſelf,
What honour a man loſes by a kick.
Why, what's a kick? the fury of a foot,
Whoſe indignation commonly is ſtamp'd
Upon the hinder quarter of a man,
Which is a place very unfit for honour,

---

24 *We have one for thee a ſoft-footed*
One that wears wool in's toes.
Clown. *Oh gentlemen,*
Soft garments may you wear, MASTER,
Soft ſkins may y' wed,
But plump, &c.] Thus, in defiance of meaſure, ſenſe, and even *rhime*, has this paſſage been exhibited.

The

The world will confeſs ſo much:
Then what diſgrace, I pray, does that part ſuffer,
Where honour never comes? I'd fain know that.
This being well forc'd, and urg'd, may have the pow'r
To move moſt gallants to take kicks in time,
And ſpurn out the duellos out o'th' kingdom:
For they that ſtand upon their honour moſt,
When they conceive there is no honour loſt,
(As, by a table that I have invented
For that purpoſe alone, ſhall appear plainly,
Which ſhews the vanity of all blows at large,
And with what eaſe they may be took of all ſides,
Numbering but twice o'er the letters *patience*,
From *P. A.* to *C. E.)* I doubt not but in ſmall time
To ſee a diſſolution of all blood-ſhed,
If the reform'd *kick* do but once get up:
For what a lamentable folly 'tis,
If we obſerve't, for every little juſtle,
Which is but the ninth part of a ſound thump,
In our meek computation, we muſt fight forſooth; yes!
If I kill, I'm hang'd; if I be kill'd myſelf,
I die for't alſo: Is not this trim wiſdom?
Now for the *con.* a man may be well beaten,
Yet paſs away his fourſcore years ſmooth after:
I had a father did it; and, to my power,
I will not be behind him.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. Oh, well met!
Lapet. Now a fine *punc*[illegible] two! I look for't duly.
Sham. I've been to ſe[illegible]
Lapet. Let me know your lodging, Sir:
I'll come to you once a-day; and uſe your pleaſure, Sir.
Sham. I'm made the fitteſt man for thy ſociety!
I'll live and die with thee: Come, ſhew me a chamber!
There is no houſe but thine, but only thine,
That's fit to cover me: I've took a blow, ſirrah.

Lapet.

Lapet. I would you had indeed! Why, you may ſee, Sir,
You'll all come to't in time, when my book's out.
Sham. Since I did ſee thee laſt, I've took a blow.
Lapet. Pho, Sir, that's nothing! I ha' took forty ſince.
Sham. What, and I charg'd thee thou ſhouldſt not?
Lapet. Ay, Sir,
You might charge your pleaſure; but they would give't me,
Whether I would or no.
Sham. Oh, I walk
Without my peace; I've no companion now!
Prithee reſolve me, (for I cannot aſk
A man more beaten to experience,
Than thou art in this kind) what manner of blow
Is held the moſt diſgraceful, or diſtaſteful?
For thou doſt only cenſure 'em by the hurt,
Not by the ſhame, they do thee: Yet, having felt
Abuſes of all kinds, thou mayſt deliver,
Though't be by chance, the moſt injurious one.
Lapet. You put me to't, Sir; but, to tell you truth,
They're all as one with me, little exception.
Sham. That little may do much; let's have it from you!
Lapet. With all the ſpeed I may: Firſt then, and foremoſt,
I hold ſo reverently of the *baſtinado*, Sir,
That if it were the deareſt friend i' th' world,
I'd put it into his hand.
Sham. Go to! I'll paſs that then.
Lapet. You're the more happy, Sir; 'would I were paſt it too:
But being accuſtom'd to't, it is the better carried.
Sham. Will you forward?
Lapet. Then there's your *ſouſe*, your *wherit*, and your *dowſt*,
Tugs on the hair, your *bob* o' th' lips, a whelp on't,
I ne'er could find much difference. Now your *thump*,
A thing deriv'd firſt from your hemp-beaters,

Takes

Takes a man's wind away moſt ſpitefully [25];
There's nothing that deſtroys a cholick like it,
For't leaves no wind i'th' body.

Sham. On, Sir, on!

Lapet. Pray give me leave; I'm out of breath, with thinking on't.

Sham. This is far off yet.

Lapet. For the *twinge* by th' noſe,
'Tis certainly unſightly, ſo my table ſays,
But helps againſt the head-ache, wondrous ſtrangely.

Sham. Is't poſſible?

Lapet. Oh, your *cruſh'd noſtrils* ſlakes your opilation,
And makes your pent pow'rs fluſh to wholeſome ſneezes.

Sham. I never thought there had been half that virtue
In a wrung noſe before.

Lapet. Oh, plenitude, Sir.
Now come we lower, to our *modern kick*,
Which has been mightily in uſe of late,
Since our young men drank coltsfoot; and I grant you
'Tis a moſt ſcornful wrong, 'cauſe the foot plays it:
But mark again, how we that take't requite it
With the like ſcorn, for we receive it backward;
And can there be a worſe diſgrace retorted?

Sham. And is this all?

Lapet. All but a *lug by th' ear*,
Or ſuch a trifle.

Sham. Happy ſufferer!
All this is nothing to the wrong I bear:
I ſee the worſt, diſgrace, thou never felt'ſt yet:
It is ſo far from thee thou canſt not think on't;
Nor dare I let thee know it, 'tis ſo abject.

Lapet. I would you would tho', that I might prepare for't!
For I ſhall ha't at one time or another.
If't be a *thwack*, I make account of that;

[25] *Takes a man's wind away moſt ſpitefully:*
There's nothing that deſtroys a cholick like it.] The particle *but* between theſe ſentences is ſo neceſſary to the humour of the paſſage, and to diſtinguiſh properly the good effects of the *thump* from the bad ones, that I look on it only as an accidental omiſſion of the preſs. *Seward.*

There's

There's no new-faſhion'd ſwap that e'er came up yet,
But I've the firſt on 'em, I thank 'em for't.

Enter the Lady and Servants.

Lady. Haſt thou enquir'd?

1 *Serv.* But can hear nothing, madam.

Sham. If there[26] be but ſo much ſubſtance in thee.
To make a ſhelter for a man diſgrac'd,
Hide my departure from that glorious woman,
That comes with all perfection about her,
So noble that I dare not be ſeen of her,
Since ſhame took hold of me: Upon thy life,
No mention of me! [*Exit.*

Lapet. I'll cut out my tongue firſt,
Before I'll loſe my life; there's more belongs to't.

Lady. See, there's a gentleman; enquire of him.

2 *Serv.* For monſieur Shamont, madam?

Lady. For whom elſe, Sir?

1 *Serv.* Why, this fellow dares not ſee him.

Lady. How!

1 *Serv.* Shamont, madam?
His very name's worſe than a fever to him;
And when he cries, there's nothing ſtills him ſooner:
Madam, your page of thirteen is too hard for him;
'Twas tried i'th' wood-yard.

Lady. Alas, poor grieved Merit!
What is become of him? If he once fail,
Virtue ſhall find ſmall friendſhip! farewell, then,
To ladies' worths, for any hope in men!
He lov'd for goodneſs, not for wealth or luſt,
After the world's foul dotage; he ne'er courted
The body, but the beauty of the mind,
A thing which common courtſhip never thinks on:
All his affections were ſo ſweet and fair,
There is no hope for fame, if he deſpair.
[*Exeunt Lady and Servants.*

26 *If there be but ſo much ſubſtance in thee.*] The verſe here wanting a ſyllable, and a note of exclamation at Shamont's ſurpriſe and ſhame to ſee his miſtreſs, ſeeming neceſſary, it is ſuppoſed an omiſſion and reſtor'd. *Seward.*

Seward reads, Ha! *if there, &c.*

Enter

Enter the Clown; he kicks Lapet.

Lapet. Good morrow to you again moſt heartily, Sir!
Cry you mercy, I heard you not; I was ſomewhat buſy.
Clown. He takes it as familiarly as an *ave*,
Or precious ſalutation: I was ſick
Till I had one [27], becauſe I am ſo us'd to't.
Lapet. However you deſerve, your friends and mine here
Give you large commendations i' this letter;
They ſay you will endure well.
Clown. I'd be loath
To prove 'em liars: I've endur'd as much
As mortal pen and ink can ſet me down for.
Lapet. Say you me ſo?
Clown. I know and feel it ſo, Sir;
I have it under black and white already;
I need no pen to paint me out.
Lapet. He fits me,
And hits my wiſhes pat, pat: I was never
In poſſibility to be better mann'd;
For he's half lame'd already; I ſee't plain,
But take no notice on't, for fear I make
The raſcal proud, and dear, t' advance his wages.
Firſt, let me grow into particulars with you!
What have you endur'd of worth? let me hear.
Clown. Marry, Sir,
I am almoſt beaten blind.
Lapet. That's pretty well
For a beginning; but many a mill-horſe
Has endur'd as much.
Clown. Shame o' th' miller's heart
For his unkindneſs then!
Lapet. Well, Sir, what then?
Clown. I have been twice thrown down ſtairs before ſupper.
Lapet. Pho! ſo have I; that's nothing.
Clown. Ay, but, Sir,

[27] *I was ſick*, &c.] Perhaps Lapet's ſpeech ſhould begin here. Was

Was yours, pray, before ſupper?
Lapet. There thou poſeſt me.
Clown. Ay, marry, that's it; 't had been leſs grief to me,
Had I but fill'd my belly, and then tumbled;
But to be flung down faſting, there's the dolor!
Lapet. It would have griev'd me, that indeed. Proceed, Sir!
Clown. I have been pluck'd and tugg'd by th' hair o' th' head
About a galſery, half an acre long.
Lapet. Yes, that's a good one, I muſt needs confeſs;
A principal good one that, an abſolute good one!
I have been trod upon, and ſpurn'd about,
But never tugg'd by th' hair, I thank my fates.
Clown. Oh, 'tis a ſpiteful pain.
Lapet. Peace; never ſpeak on't,
For putting men in mind on't!
Clown. To conclude,
I'm burſten, Sir; my belly will hold no meat.
Lapet. No? that makes amends for all.
Clown. Unleſs 't be puddings,
Or ſuch faſt food; any looſe thing beguiles me;
I'm ne'er the better for't.
Lapet. Sheeps' heads will ſtay with thee?
Clown. Yes, Sir, or chawdrons [28].
Lapet. Very well, Sir;
Your burſten fellows muſt take head of ſurfeits.
Strange things, it ſeems, you have endur'd.
Clown. Too true, Sir.
Lapet. But now the queſtion is, what you will endure Hereafter in my ſervice?
Clown. Any thing
That ſhall be reaſon, Sir, for I'm but froth;

[28] *Chaldrons.*] The orthography is *chawdrons*. We meet with the expreſſion in Macbeth: Mr. Steevens ſays it means *entrails*; and that it was 'a word formerly in common uſe in the books of cookery, in 'one of which, printed in 1597, is a receipt to make a pudding of 'a calf's *chaldron*.' *R.*

Much

Much like a thing new calv'd; or, come more nearer, Sir,
You've ſeen a cluſter of frog-ſpawns in April;
Ev'n ſuch a ſtarch am I, as weak and tender
As a green woman yet.

Lapet. Now I know this,
I will be very gently angry with thee,
And kick thee carefully.

Clown. Oh, ay, ſweet Sir!

Lapet. Peace, when thou'rt offer'd well! leſt I begin now.
Your friends and mine have writ here, for your truth
They'll paſs their words themſelves: And I muſt meet 'em. [*Exit.*

Clown. Then have you all:
As for my honeſty, there's no fear of that[29],
For I have never a whole bone about me. [*Exit.*

Muſick. Enter the Paſſionate Lord, rudely and careleſly apparelled, unbraced, and untruſſed; Cupid following.

Cupid. Think upon love, which makes all creatures handſome,
Seemly for eye-ſight! go not ſo diffuſedly[30]:
There are great ladies purpoſe, Sir, to viſit you.

Paſ. Grand plagues! Shut in my caſements, that the breaths
Of their coach-mares reek not into my noſtrils!
Thoſe beaſts are but a kind of bawdy fore-runners.

Cupid. It is not well with you, when you ſpeak ill of fair ladies.

Paſ. Fair miſchiefs! give me a neſt of [illegible] and take 'em!

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[29] *As for my honeſty, there is no fear of that,*
For I have never a whole bone about me.] Mr. Symmons obſerves that this is a very unaccountable reaſon for a man's being honeſt. It certainly is ſo in general, but not in this place. The Clown means by *honeſty* here, his *veracity* in the account he had given of himſelf, and all his bones being broke was a pretty ſtrong teſtimony of it. *Seward.*

[30] Diffuſedly;] i. e. *diſorderly*, or *negligently*; as in Henry V.
'——— ſwearing and ſtern looks, *diffus'd attire.*' *R.*

Happy

Happy is he, ſay I, whoſe window opens
To a brown baker's chimney[31]! he ſhall be ſure there
To hear the bird ſometimes after twilight[32].
What a fine thing 'tis, methinks, to have our garments
Sit looſe upon us thus, thus careleſly!
It is more manly and more mortifying;
For we're ſo much the readier for our ſhrouds:
For how ridiculous were't to have Death come,
And take a fellow pinn'd up like a miſtreſs!
About his neck a ruff, like a pinch'd lanthorn,
Which ſchool-boys make in winter; and his doublet
So cloſe and pent, as if he fear'd one priſon
Would not be ſtrong enough to keep his ſoul in,
But's tailor makes another;
And truſt me, (for I know't when I lov'd, Cupid)
He does endure much pain, for the poor praiſe
Of a neat-ſitting ſuit.

Cupid. One may be handſome, Sir,
And yet not pain'd, nor proud.

Paſ. There you lie, Cupid,
As bad as Mercury: There is no handſomeneſs,
But has a waſh of pride and luxury.
And you go there too, Cupid, away, diſſembler!
Thou tak'ſt the deed's part, which befools us all:

[31] *To a brown baker's chimney.*] We have the ſame alluſion in Shakeſpeare's Hamlet, where Ophelia, in her diſtraction, ſays, 'The 'owl was a baker's daughter.' *R.*

[32] *To hear the* bird ſometimes *after twilight.*] The deficiency of the meaſure firſt gave a ſuſpicion of ſome loſs in this line: In the next place *ſometimes* ſeems a degrading expletive, which has, I believe, excluded a noble poetical image. It muſt be obſerved that the melancholy fit, which ends in one of the fineſt ſongs that ever was penned, is now coming faſt upon him, therefore images of ſolemnity and horror though yet mixed with ſome degree of oddity, begin to ſeize him; and the reader will ſee what a ſmall change of letters, together with the reſtoring the monoſyllable which ſeems to have been accidentally dropt, will improve this into a very fine one:

——— *he ſhall be ſure there*
To hear the night-bird's ſummons *after twilight. Seward.*

The text being ſenſe, an improvement unwarranted ought not to ſuperſede it.—The *bird* refers to the *owl* mentioned two lines above.

Thy arrow heads ſhoot out ſinners[33]: Hence, away
And after thee I'll ſend a powerful charm,
Shall baniſh thee for ever.
Cupid. Never, never!
I am too ſure thine own. [*Exit.*

Paſ. [*ſings.*] Hence, all you vain delights,
As ſhort as are the nights
Wherein you ſpend your folly!
There's nought in this life ſweet,
If man were wiſe to ſee't,
But only melancholy;
Oh, ſweeteſt melancholy!
Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A ſigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's faſten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a ſound!

Fountain heads, and pathleſs groves,
Places which pale paſſion loves!
Moon-light walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, ſave bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
Theſe are the ſounds we feed upon;

---

[33] *Thy arrow* heads *ſhoot* out *ſinners.*] I believe every reader will aſſent to the change of *out* to *at*; but I have ventured at a greater change, and to read,

Thy arrows ſhoot at *ſinners*;——

Expunging *heads* as ſpurious, it injuring both ſenſe and meaſure, tho' it does not abſolutely deſtroy either. The way I ſuppoſe it to have crept into the text is this. 'Tis well known that the moſt common error of tranſcribers is their taking a word into a line that belongs to the next above or below. I ſuppoſe therefore the prompter to have accidentally inſerted *deeds* (which had no apoſtrophe in the former edition) into this line, which making abſolute nonſenſe, the editors of the firſt edition gave *heads* as an emendation. I think Mr. Sympſon thinks the *deed's part* unintelligible as well as I have amended. I am ſurpriſed that a married man ſhould be at a loſs to know what *deed* Cupid *incited to.* *Seward.*

We are not ſatisfied with Seward's alteration, particularly his obliteration of *heads: Thy arrow heads ſhoot out ſinners*, might mean to continue the idea of Cupid's *taking the deed's part*, and ſay that *his darts ſhot forth ſin.*

Then

Then ſtretch our bones in a ſtill gloomy valley:
Nothing's ſo dainty ſweet[34] as lovely melancholy.
[*Exit.*

Enter at another door Lapet, the Cupid's Brothers watching his coming.

1 *Bro.* So, ſo! the woodcock's ginn'd: Keep this door faſt, Brother.

2 *Bro.* I'll warrant this.

1 *Bro.* I'll go incenſe him inſtantly;
I know the way to't.

2 *Bro.* Will't not be too ſoon,
Think you, and make two fits break into one?

1 *Bro.* Pho! no, no; the tail of his melancholy
Is always the head of his anger, and follows
As cloſe as the report follows the powder.

Lapet. This is the appointed place, and the hour's ſtruck.
If I can get ſecurity for's truth,
I'll never mind his honeſty: Poor worm!
I durſt lay him by my wife, which is a benefit
Which many maſters ha' not: I ſhall ha' no maid
Now got with-child, but what I get myſelf,
And that's no ſmall felicity; in moſt places
They're got by th' men, and put upon the maſters:
Nor ſhall I be reſiſted when I ſtrike,
For he can hardly ſtand; theſe are great bleſſings!

Paſ. [*within.*] I want my food; deliver me a varlet!

Lapet. How now! from whence comes that?

Paſ. I am allow'd a carcaſe to inſult on:
Where is the villain?

Lapet. He means not me, I hope.

Paſ. My maintenance, raſcals! my bulk[35], my exhibition!

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[34] *Nothing's ſo dainty—*] Milton certainly took many of his ſentiments in his *Il Penſoroſo* from this ſong. We have here the plan which is there drawn out into larger dimenſions, and is one of the fineſt poetic buildings that England has to boaſt of. *Seward.*

[35] *Bulk.*] One of the ſignifications affixed to this word by Skinner, in his Etymologicon, is 'Vinter, *hinc* Hiſp. *Buche*, Ventriculus animalis, Belg. *Bulke*, Thorax.' *R.*

Lapet. Bleſs us all!
What names are theſe? 'Would I were gone again!

The Paſſionate Lord enters in fury with a truncheon.

Paſ. [*ſings.*] A curſe upon thee, for a ſlave!
Art thou here, and heardſt me rave?
Fly not ſparkles from mine eye,
To ſhew my indignation nigh[36]?
Am I not all foam and fire,
With voice as hoarſe as a town-crier?
How my back opes and ſhuts together
With fury, as old mens' with weather!
Couldſt thou not hear my teeth gnaſh hither?

Lapet. No, truly, Sir; I thought it had been a ſquirrel
Shaving a hazel-nut.

Paſ. Death; hell, fiends, and darkneſs!
I will thraſh thy mangy carcaſe.

Lapet. Oh, ſweet Sir!

Paſ. There cannot be too many tortures
Spent upon thoſe louſy quarters.

Lapet. Hold!—oh! [*Falls down for dead.*

Paſ. Thy bones ſhall rue, thy bones ſhall rue!
Thou naſty, ſcurvy, mungrel toad,
Miſchief on thee!
Light upon thee
All the plagues
That can confound thee,
Or did ever reign abroad!
Better a thouſand lives it coſt,
Than have brave anger ſpilt or loſt. [*Exit.*

Lapet. May I open mine eyes yet, and ſee him up?
I'll try a groan firſt: Oh!—Nay then, he's gone.
There was no other policy but to die;

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[36] *To ſhew my indignation nigh?*] *i. e.* The effects of indignation in beating the firſt he could meet with. Mr. Sympſon thinks we ſhould read *high*, which is indeed good ſenſe, but not neceſſary.

Seward

He

He would ha' made me elſe. Ribs, are you ſore?
I was ne'er beaten to a tune before.

Enter the Two Brothers.

1 *Bro.* Lapet!
Lapet. Again? [*Falls again.*
1 *Bro.* Look, look! he's flat again,
And ſtretch'd out like a corſe; a handful longer
Than he walks, truſt me, Brother.—Why, Lapet!—
I hold my life we ſhall not get him ſpeak now.—
Monſieur Lapet!—It muſt be a privy token,
If any thing fetch him, he's ſo far gone.—
We come to paſs our words for your man's truth.
Lapet. Oh, gentlemen, ye're welcome! I've been thraſh'd, i' faith.
2 *Bro.* How! thraſh'd, Sir?
Lapet. Never was Shrove-Tueſday bird
So cudgell'd, gentlemen.
1 *Bro.* Pray how? by whom, Sir?
Lapet. Nay, that I know not.
1 *Bro.* Not who did this wrong?
Lapet. Only a thing came like a warlike ſong.
1 *Bro.* What, beaten with a ſong?
Lapet. Never more tightly, gentlemen:
Such crotchets happen now and then; methinks,
He that endures well, of all waters drinks. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Soldier and Firſt Gentleman.

Sold. YES, yes; this was a madman, Sir, with you,
A Paſſionate Madman.
1 *Gent.* Who would ha' look'd for this, Sir?
Sold. And muſt be privileg'd; a pox privilege him!
I was never ſo dry-beaten ſince I was born,

And by a litter of rogues, mere rogues; the who[le]
twenty
Had not above nine elbows 'mongſt 'em [illegible]
And the moſt part of thoſe left-handed [illegible],
The very vomit, Sir, of hoſpitals,
Bridewells, and ſpital-houſes; ſuch naſty [illegible]
That if they'd been unfurniſh'd of club-trunchеons,
They might have cudgell'd me with their very [illegible]
It was ſo ſtrong and ſturdy: And ſhall this,
This filthy injury, be ſet off with *madneſs*?

1 *Gent.* Nay, take your own blood's counſel, Sir, hereafter;
I'll deal no further in't: If you remember,
It was not come to blows, when I adviſ'd you.

Sold. No; but I ever ſaid 'twould come to ſomething;
And 'tis upon me, thank him! Were he kin
To all the mighty emperors upon earth,
He has not now in life three hours to reckon!
I watch but a free time.

Enter Shamont.

1 *Gent.* Your noble brother, Sir. I'll leave you now. [*Exit.*

Sham. Soldier, I would I could perſuade my thoughts
From thinking thee a brother, as I can
My tongue from naming on't! Thou haſt no friend here,
But Fortune and thy own ſtrength; truſt to them!

Sold. How! what's the incitement, Sir[37]?

Sham. Treachery to Virtue,
Thy treachery, thy faithleſs circumvention.
Has Honour ſo few daughters, (never fewer!)
And muſt thou aim thy treachery at the beſt?
The very front of Virtue? that bleſs'd lady,
The Duke's ſiſter?
Created more for Admiration's cauſe,

[37] *S. H. How! what's, &c.*] This line is reſtored from the firſt folio.

Than

Than for Love's ends; whoſe excellency ſparkles
More in divinity, than mortal beauty;
And as much difference 'twixt her mind and body,
As 'twixt this earth's poor centre and the ſun:
And couldſt thou be ſo injurious to fair goodneſs,
Once to attempt to court her down to frailty?
Or put her but in mind that there is weakneſs,
Sin, and deſire, which ſhe ſhould never hear of?
Wretch, th'haſt committed worſe than ſacrilege,
In the attempting on't, and ought'ſt to die for't!

Sold. I rather ought to do my beſt to live, Sir.
Provoke me not! for I've a wrong ſits on me,
That makes me apt for miſchief: I ſhall loſe
All reſpects ſuddenly of friendſhip, brotherhood,
Or any found that way!

Sham. But 'ware me moſt;
For I come with a two-edg'd injury,
Both my diſgrace, and thy apparent falſhood!
Which muſt be dangerous.

Sold. I courted her, Sir:
Love ſtarve me with delays, when I confeſs it not!

Sham. There's nothing then but death
Can be a penance fit for that confeſſion.

Sold. But far from any vicious taint.

Sham. Oh, Sir,
Vice is a mighty ſtranger grown to courtſhip.

Sold. Nay, then, the fury of my wrong light on thee!

Enter Firſt Gentleman, and others.

1 *Gent.* Forbear! the Duke's at hand;
Here, hard at hand, upon my reputation!

Sold. I muſt do ſomething now. [*Exit.*

Sham. I'll follow you cloſe, Sir.

1 *Gent.* We muſt entreat you muſt not; for the Duke
Deſires ſome conference with you.

Sham. Let me go,
As ye are gentlemen!

2 *Gent.* Faith, we dare not, Sir.

Sham. Dare ye be falſe to honour, and yet dare not

Do a man juſtice? Give me leave!

1 *Gent.* Good ſweet Sir!

H'has ſent twice for you.

Sham. Is this brave, or manly?

1 *Gent.* I prithee, be conform'd!

Sham. Death——

Enter Duke.

2 *Gent.* Peace! he's come, in troth.

Sham. Oh, have you betray'd me to my ſlian, afreſh..

How am I bound to loath you!

Duke. Shamont, welcome!

I ſent twice.

2 *Gent.* But, my lord, he never heard on't.

Sham. Pray pardon him for his falſeneſs! I did, Sir,

Both times: I'd rather be found rude, than faithleſs.

Duke. I love that bluntneſs dearly: H'has no vice;

But is more manly than ſome other's virtue,

That lets it out only for ſhow or profit.

Sham. Will't pleaſe you quit me, Sir? I've urgent buſineſs!

Duke. Come, you're ſo haſty now! I ſent for you

To a better end.

Sham. And if it be an end,

Better or worſe, I thank your goodneſs for't.

Duke. I've ever kept that bounty in condition,

And thankfulneſs in blood, which well becomes

Both prince and ſubject, that where any wrong

Bears my impreſſion, or the haſty figure

Of my repented anger, I'm a law

Ev'n to myſelf, and doom myſelf moſt ſtrictly

To juſtice, and a noble ſatisfaction:

So that what you, in tenderneſs of honour,

Conceive to be loſs to you, which is nothing

But curious opinion, I'll reſtore again,

Altho' I give you the beſt part of Genoa,

And take to boot but thanks for your amends.

Sham. Oh, miſerable ſatisfaction!

Ten times more wretched than the wrong itſelf!

Never

Never was ill better made good with worſe!
Shall it be ſaid, that my poſterity
Shall live the ſole heirs of their father's ſhame?
And raiſe their wealth and glory from my ſtripes?
You have provided nobly, bounteous Sir,
For my diſgrace, to make it live for ever,
Out-lasting braſs or marble!
This is my fear's conſtruction, and a deep one,
Which neither argument nor time can alter:
Yet, I dare ſwear, I wrong your goodneſs in't, Sir,
And the moſt fair intent on't; which I reverence
With admiration, that in you, a prince,
Should be ſo ſweet and temperate a condition,
To offer to reſtore where you may ruin,
And do't with juſtice; and in me, a ſervant,
So harſh a diſpoſition, that I cannot
Forgive where I ſhould honour, and am bound to't.
But I have ever had that curioſity [38]
In blood, and tenderneſs of reputation,
Such an antipathy againſt a blow—
I cannot ſpeak the reſt! good Sir, diſcharge me!
It is not fit that I ſhould ſerve you more,
Nor come ſo near you: I'm made now for privacy,
And a retir'd condition; that's my ſuit,
To part from court for ever, my laſt ſuit;
And, as you profeſs bounty, grant me that, Sir!

Duke. I would deny thee nothing.

Gent. Health reward you, Sir! [*Exit.*

Duke. He's gone again already, and takes hold

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[38] *have ever had that* curioſity.] *Curioſity* has both in theſe Authors and Shakeſpeare been ſo often put where *courteſy* has ſeemed to the Editors of both the better word, that I begin to doubt whether we have not all been wrong in making the change, as in Lear;

' ——— permit
' The *curioſity* of nations to deprive me.'

I cannot now recollect where it has been altered in this edition. There is certainly a tolerable idea to be affixed to it, particularly in the paſſage above, ſo that I'll change it no more. *Seward.*

As *curioſity* has not only 'a *tolerable* idea affixed to it,' but is particularly expreſſive here, we cannot think Mr. Seward has diſplayed any *courteſy* in not altering it.

Of

Of any opportunity: Not riches
Can purchaſe him, nor honours, peaceably,
And force were brutiſh. What a great worth's gone
with him!
And but a gentleman? Well, for his ſake
I'll ne'er offend more those I cannot make
They were his words, and ſhall be dear to my memory
Say, I deſire to ſee him once again.
Yet ſtay! he's ſo well forward of his peace
'Twere pity to diſturb him: He would groan
Like a ſoul fetch'd again, and that were injury;
And I've wrong'd his degree too much already.
Call forth the gentlemen of our chamber inſtantly!

1 *Serv.* [*within.*] I ſhall, my lord.

Duke. I may forget again;
And therefore will prevent: The ſtrain of this
Troubles me ſo, one would not hazard more.

Enter Firſt Gentleman and divers others.

1 *Gent.* Your will, my lord?

Duke. Yes, I diſcharge you all.

2 *Gent.* My lord——

Duke. Your places ſhall be otherwiſe diſpos'd of.

4 *Gent.* Why, Sir?

Duke. Reply not! I diſmiſs you all:
You're gentlemen; your worths will find you fortunes;
Nor ſhall your farewell tax me of ingratitude.
I'll give you all noble remembrances,
As teſtimonies 'gainſt reproach and malice,
That you departed lov'd.

3 *Gent.* This is moſt ſtrange, Sir.

1 *Gent.* But how is your Grace furniſh'd, to be
diſmiſs'd?

Duke. Seek me out grooms,
Men more inſenſible of reputation,
Leſs curious and preciſe in terms of honour;
That, if my anger chance let fall a ſtroke,
As we're all ſubject to impetuous paſſions,
Yet it may paſs unmurmur'd, undiſputed,
And not with braver fury proſecuted. [*Exit.*

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* It ſhall be done, my lord.
3 *Gent.* Know you the cauſe, Sir?
1 *Gent.* Not I, kind gentlemen, but by conjectures;
And ſo much ſhall be yours when you pleaſe.
Gent. Thanks, Sir!
3 *Gent.* We ſhall i'th' mean time think ourſelves guilty
Of ſome foul fault, thro' ignorance committed.
1 *Gent.* No, 'tis not that, nor that way.
4 *Gent.* For my part,
I ſhall be diſinherited, I know ſo much.
1 *Gent.* Why, Sir? for what?
4 *Gent.* My ſire's of a ſtrange humour;
He'll form faults for me, and then ſwear 'em mine;
And commonly the firſt begins with lechery;
He knows his own youth's treſpaſs.
1 *Gent.* Before you go,
I'll come and take my leave, and tell you all, Sirs.
3 *Gent.* Thou wert ever juſt and kind. [*Exeunt.*
1 *Gent.* That's my poor virtue, Sir.;
And parcel valiant[39]; but it's hard to be perfect:
The chuſing of theſe fellows now will puzzle me,
Horribly puzzle me; and there's no judgment
Goes true upon man's outſide, there's the miſchief.
He muſt be touch'd, and tried, for gold or droſs;
There is no other way for't, and that's dangerous too:
But ſince I'm put in truſt, I will attempt it;
The Duke ſhall keep one daring man about him.

Enter a Gallant.

Soft! who comes here? A pretty bravery this!
Every one goes ſo like a gentleman,
'Tis hard to find a difference, but by the touch.
I'll try your metal ſure. [*Strikes him.*
Gal. Why, what do you mean, Sir?
1 *Gent.* Nay, an you underſtand it not, I do not.
Gal. Yes; 'would you ſhould well know!
I underſtand it for a box o'th' ear, Sir.

39 *And parcel valiant;*] *i. e.* In part, or partly valiant. *Seward.*

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* And, o' my troth, that's all I gave it for.
Gal. 'Twere beſt it be ſo!
1 *Gent.* This is a brave coward,
A jolly threat'ning coward; he ſhall be captain.
Sir, let me meet you an hour hence i'th' lob[illegible]
Gal. Meet you? the world might laugh [illegible]en, i'faith.
1 *Gent.* Lay by your ſcorn and pride (they'r[illegible] qualities)
And meet me; or I'll box you while I ha[illegible]ou,
And carry you gambril'd thither like a mu[illegible]
Gal. Nay, an you be in earneſt, here's my hand;
I will not fail you.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis for your own good——
Gal. Away!
1 *Gent.* Too much for your own good, Sir, a pox on you!
Gal. I prithee curſe me all day long ſo.
1 *Gent.* Hang you!
Gal. I'll make him mad; he's loth to curſe too much to me.
Indeed I never yet took box o'th' ear,
But it redounded, I muſt needs ſay ſo——
1 *Gent.* Will you be gone?
Gal. Curſe, curſe, and then I go.——
Look how he grins! I've anger'd him to th' kidnies.
[*Exit.*
1 *Gent.* Was ever ſuch a prigging coxcomb ſeen?
One might have beat him dumb now in this humour,

Enter a Plain Fellow.

And he'd ha' grin'd it out ſtill. Oh, here's one
Made to my hand, methinks looks like a craven[40];
Leſs pains will ſerve his trial; ſome ſlight juſtle.

[40] *Craven*;] i. e. *a coward.* So, in Philaſter, vol. i. p. 163,
Thou'rt a craven, *I warrant.*
Again, in Henry V. act iv. ſc. vii.
'Is it fit this ſoldier keep his oath?
'He is a *craven* and a villain elſe.'
R.

Fel. How! Take you that, Sir; and if that content you not——

1 *Gent.* Yes, very well, Sir; I deſire no more.

Fel. I think you need not; for you have not loſt by't. [*Exit.*

1 *Gent.* Who would ha' thought this would have prov'd a gentleman?
I'll never truſt long chins and little legs again;
I'll know 'em ſure for gentlemen hereafter:
A griſtle but in ſhow, but gave his cuff
With ſuch a fetch, and reach of gentry,
As if h' had had his arms before the flood.
I've took a villainous hard taſk upon me,
Now I begin to have a feeling on't.

Enter Lapet, and Clown his ſervant, and ſo habited.

Oh, here comes a tried piece: Now the reform'd kick!
The millions of punches, ſpurns and nips
That he has endur'd! His buttock's all black lead;
He's half a Negro backward; he was paſt a Spaniard
In Eighty-eight, and more Ægyptian like:
His table and his book come both out ſhortly,
And all the cowards in the town expect it.
So, if I fail of my full number now,
I ſhall be ſure to find 'em at church corners,
Where Dives and the ſuff'ring ballads hang[41].

Lapet. Well, ſince thou'rt of ſo mild a temper, of
So meek a ſpirit, thou mayſt live with me,
[illegible]ter times do ſmile on thy deſerts.—
[illegible]d I am got home again.

Clown. I'm happy
In your ſervice, Sir; you'll keep me from the hoſpital.

Lapet. So! bring me the laſt proof; this is corrected.

Clown. Ay, you're too full of your correction, Sir.

---

[41] *The ſuff'ring ballads;*] *i. e.* We ſuppoſe, *gallows poetry.* So, in Rowley's Noble Spaniſh Souldier, 1634,

'The king! ſhould I be bitter 'gainſt the king,
'I ſhall have ſcurvy ballads made of me,
'Sung to the *hanging tune.*'

R.

Lapet.

Lapet. Look I have perfect books within this half-hour!

Clown. Yes, Sir.

Lapet. Bid him put all the *thumps* in Pica Roman,
And with great T's, you vermin, as *thumps* should be

Clown. Then in what letter will you have your kicks?

Lapet. All in *Italica*; your backward blows,
All in *Italica*, you hermaphrodite!
When shall I teach you wit?

Clown. Oh, let it alone,
'Till you have some yourself, Sir!

Lapet. You mumble?

Clown. The victuals are lock'd up; I'm kept from mumbling. [*Exit.*

Lapet. He prints my blows upon pot-paper too, the rogue!
Which had been proper for some drunken pamphlet.

1 *Gent.* Monsieur Lapet! How the world rings of you, Sir!
Your name sounds far and near.

Lapet. A good report it bears,
For an enduring name.

1 *Gent.* What luck have you, Sir!

Lapet. Why, what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* I'm but thinking on't!
I've heard you wish this five year for a pl[illegible];
Now there's one fall'n, and freely without money;
And empty yet, and yet you cannot have't.

Lapet. No? what's the reason? I'll give mo[illegible]
Rather than go without, Sir.

1 *Gent.* That's not it, Sir:
The troth is, there's no *gentleman* must have it,
Either for love or money; 'tis decreed so:
I was heartily sorry when I thought upon you;
Had you not been a gentleman, I had fitted you.

Lapet. Who? I a gentleman? a pox, I'm none, Sir.

1 *Gent.* How!

Lapet. How! why, did you ever think I was?

1 *Gent.* What! not a gentleman?

Lapet.

Lapet. I would thou'dſt put it upon me, i'faith!
Did not my grandfather cry cony-ſkins?
My father aqua-vitæ? a hot gentleman!
All this I ſpeak on, i' your time and memory too;
Only a rich uncle died, and left me chattels:
You know all this ſo well too!

1 *Gent.* Pray excuſe me, Sir!
Ha' not you arms?

Lapet. Yes; a poor couple here,
That ſerve to thruſt in wild-fowl.

1 *Gent.* Herald's arms,
Symbols of gentry, Sir; you know my meaning;
They have been ſhewn and ſeen.

Lapet. They have?

1 *Gent.* Ay, ſex, have they.

Lapet. Why, I confeſs, at my wife's inſtigation once,
(As women love theſe herald's kickſhaws naturally)
I bought 'em; but what are they, think you? puffs.

1 *Gent.* Why, that's proper to your name, being *Lapet*,
Which is *La fart*, after the Engliſh letter.

Lapet. The herald, Sir, had much ado to find it.

1 *Gent.* And can you blame him?
Why, 'tis the only thing that puzzles the devil.

Lapet. At laſt, he look'd upon my name again;
And having well compar'd it, this he gave me;
The two cholics playing upon a wind-inſtrument.

1 *Gent.* An excellent proper one! But, I pray tell me,
How does he expreſs the cholics? they're hard things.

Lapet. The cholics? with hot trenchers at their bellies;
There's nothing better, Sir, to blaze a cholic.

1 *Gent.* And are not you a gentleman by this, Sir?

Lapet. No; I diſclaim't!
No belly-ache upon earth ſhall make me one;
He ſhall not think to put his gripes upon me,
And wring out gentry ſo, and ten pound firſt.

If

If the wind-inſtrument will make my wife one,
Let her enjoy't, for ſhe was a harper's grand-child!
But, Sir, for my particular, I renounce it.

1 *Gent.* Or to be call'd ſo?

Lapet. Ay, Sir, or imagin'd.

1 *Gent.* None fitter for the place: [illegible] hand!

Lapet. A hundred thouſand thanks, [illegible] bribe, Sir!

1 *Gent.* You muſt take heed of thinking [illegible]oward a gentleman now.

Lapet. Piſh! I am not mad, I warrant you! Nay, more, Sir;
If one ſhould twit me i'th' teeth that I am a gentleman,
Twit me their worſt, I am but one ſince Lammas;
That I can prove, if they would ſee my heart out.

1 *Gent.* Marry, in any caſe, keep me that evidence.

Enter Clown.

Lapet. Here comes my ſervant: Sir, Galoſhio
Has not his name for nought; he will be trod upon.
What ſays my printer now?

Clown. Here's your laſt proof, Sir;
You ſhall have perfect books now in a twinkling.

Lapet. Theſe marks are ugly.

Clown. He ſays, Sir, they're proper;
Blows ſhould have marks, or elſe they're noth[illegible] worth.

Lapet. But why a peel-crow here?

Clown. I told 'em ſo, Sir:
A ſcare-crow had been better.

Lapet. How, ſlave!—Look you, Sir!
Did not I ſay, this *wherit* and this *bob*,
Should be both Pica Roman.

Clown. So ſaid I, Sir;
Both *picked Romans*, and he has made 'em Welſh bills
Indeed, I know not what to make on 'em.

Lapet. Heyday! a *ſouſe*, *Italica*?

Clown. Yes, that may hold, Sir:
Souſe is a *bona roba*; ſo is *flops* too.

Lapet.

Lapet. But why ſtands *baſtinado* ſo far off here?
Clown. Alas, you muſt allow him room to lay about him, Sir.
Lapet. Why lies this *ſpurn* lower than that *ſpurn*, Sir?
Clown. Marry, this ſignifies one kick down ſtairs, Sir,
The other in a gallery: I aſk'd him all theſe queſtions.
1 *Gent.* Your book's name? prithee, Lapet, mind me!
You never told me yet.
Lapet. Marry, but ſhall, Sir:
'Tis call'd The Upriſing of the Kick,
And The Downfal of the Duello.
1 *Gent.* Bring that to paſs, you'll prove a happy member,
And do your country ſervice: Your young bloods
Will thank you then, when they ſee fourſcore.
Lapet. I hope
To ſave my hundred gentlemen a-month by't;
Which will be very good for the private houſe.
Clown. Look you! your Table's finiſh'd, Sir, already.
Lapet. Why then, behold my maſter-piece! See, ſee, Sir;
Here's all your blows, and blow-men whatſoever,
Set in their lively colours, givers and takers.
1 *Gent.* Troth, wondrous fine, Sir!
Lapet. Nay, but mark the poſtures!
The ſtanding of the takers I admire more than the givers:
They ſtand ſcornfully, moſt contumeliouſly; I like not them.
Oh, here's one caſt into a comely figure.
Clown. My maſter means him there that's caſt down headlong.
Lapet. How ſweetly does this fellow take his *dowſt!*
Stoops like a camel, that heroic beaſt,
At a great load of nutmegs: And how meekly
This other fellow here receives his *wherit!*

Clown. Oh, maſter, here's a fellow ſtands moſt gallantly,
Taking his *kick* in private behind the hangings,
And raiſing up his hips to't. But, oh, Sir,
How daintily this man lies trampled on!
'Would I were in thy place, whate'er thou art!
How lovely he endures it!

1 *Gent.* But will not
Theſe things, Sir, be hard to practiſe, think you?

Lapet. Oh, eaſy, Sir; I'll teach 'em in a dance.

1 *Gent.* How! in a dance?

Lapet. I'll loſe my new place elſe,
Whate'er it be; I know not what 'tis yet.

1 *Gent.* And now you put me in mind, I could employ it well,
For your grace, ſpecially: For the Duke's couſin
Is by this time in's violent fit of mirth;
And a device muſt be ſought out for ſuddenly,
To over-cloy the paſſion.

Lapet. Say no more, Sir!
I'll fit you with my ſcholars, new practitioners,
Endurers of the time.

Clown. Whereof I am one, Sir.

1 *Gent.* You carry it away ſmooth: Give me thy hand, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter the Two Brothers.

Paſ. [*within.*] HA, ha, ha!

2 *Bro.* Hark, hark! ho[w] his fit's grown!

Paſ. Ha, ha, ha!

1 *Bro.* Now let our ſiſter loſe no time, but ply it
With all the power ſhe has!

2 *Bro.* Her ſhame grows big, brother;

The

The Cupid's ſhape will hardly hold it longer;
'Twould take up half an ell of cheyney damaſk more,
And all too little; it ſtruts per'louſly;
There is no tamp'ring with theſe Cupids longer:
The mere conceit with woman-kind works ſtrong.

Paſ. Ha, ha, ha!

2 *Bro.* The laugh comes nearer now;
'Twere good we were not ſeen yet. [*Exeunt Brothers.*

Enter Paſſionate Lord and Baſe.

Paſ. Ha, ha, ha!
And was he baſtinado'd to the life? ha, ha, ha!
I prithee ſay, lord general, how did the raſcals
Entrench themſelves?

Baſe. Moſt deeply, politicly, all in ditches.

Paſ. Ha, ha, ha!

Baſe. 'Tis thought he'll ne'er bear arms i'th' field again:
H'has much ado to lift 'em to his head, Sir.

Paſ. I would he had!

Baſe. On either ſide round truncheons play'd ſo thick,
That ſhoulders, chines, nay flanks, were paid to th' quick.

Paſ. Well ſaid, lord general! ha, ha, ha!

Baſe. But pray how grew the diff'rence firſt betwixt you?

Paſ. There was never any, Sir; there lies the jeſt, man!
Only becauſe he was taller than his brother,
There's all my quarrel to him; and methought
He ſhould be beaten for't, my mind ſo gave me, Sir,
I could not ſleep for't: Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Another good jeſt quickly, while 'tis hot now;
Let me not laugh in vain! ply me, oh, ply me,
As you will anſwer't to my couſin Duke!

Baſe. Alas, who has a good jeſt?

Paſ. I fall, I dwindle in't.

Baſe. Ten crowns for a good jeſt!—Ha' you a good jeſt, Sir?

Enter Servant.

Serv. A pretty moral one.
Baſe. Let's ha't, whate'er it be!
Serv. There comes a Cupid
Drawn by ſix fools.
Baſe. That's nothing.
Paſ. Help it, help it then!
Baſe. I ha' known ſix hundred fools drawn by a Cupid.
Paſ. Ay, that, that, that's the ſmarter moral: Ha, ha, ha!
Now I begin to be ſong-ripe methinks.
Baſe. I'll ſing you a pleaſant air, Sir, before you ebb.

SONG.

Paſ. Oh, how my lungs do tickle! ha, ha, ha!
Baſe. Oh, how my lungs do tickle! oh, oh, ho, ho!
Paſ. Set a ſharp jeſt
Againſt my breaſt,
Then how my lungs do tickle!
As nightingales,
And things in cambrick rails,
Sing beſt againſt a prickle.
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Baſe. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ha!
Paſ. Laugh!
Baſe. Laugh!
Paſ. Laugh!
Baſe. Laugh!
Paſ. Wide!
Baſe. Loud!
Paſ. And
Baſe. A ſmile is for a ſimpering novice,
Paſ. One that ne'er taſted caveare,
Baſe. Nor knows the ſmack of dear anchovies.
Paſ. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Baſe. Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!

Paſ.

Paſ. A giggling waiting-wench for me,
That ſhews her teeth how white they be!
Baſe. A thing not fit for gravity,
For theirs are foul and hardly three.
Paſ. Ha, ha, ha!
Baſe. Ho, ho, ho!
Paſ. Democritus, thou ancient fleerer,
How I miſs thy laugh, and ha-ſenſe[42]!
Baſe. There you nam'd the famous jeerer,
That e'er jeer'd in Rome or Athens.
Paſ. Ha, ha, ha!
Baſe. Ho, ho, ho!
Paſ. How brave lives he that keeps a fool,
Altho' the rate be deeper!
Baſe. But he that is his own fool, Sir,
Does live a great deal cheaper.
Paſ. Sure I ſhall burſt, burſt, quite break,
Thou art ſo witty.
Baſe. 'Tis rare to break at court,
For that belongs to th' city.
Paſ. Ha, ha! my ſpleen is almoſt worn
To the laſt laughter.
Baſe. Oh, keep a corner for a friend;
A jeſt may come hereafter.

Enter Lapet and Clown, and four others, like fools, dancing, the Cupid leading, and bearing his table, and holding it up to Lapet at every ſtrain, and acting the poſtures.

Lapet. Twinge all now! twinge, I ſay!

[42] How *I miſs thy laugh, and* ha' ſince.] After ſome vain endeavours to make out a meaning here, I am forced to ſubſtitute *ha-ſenſe*, inſtead of *ha' ſince*, which I own a very odd expreſſion, yet I think not unſuitable to the comic humour of the ſong. *Ha* is the note of laughter, and therefore *ha-ſenſe* will ſignify the *laughing ſenſe*, or the ſenſe that was contained in Democritus's laughter. Democritus, like Epicurus, taught that the world was made by chance, and that ſouls dy'd with the bodies, and uſed to laugh at the follies of men in hunting fame and wealth with ſo much toil and trouble, both which they muſt ſo ſoon inevitably part with. *Seward.*

2 Strain.

Souſe upon Souſe.

3 Strain.

Douces ſingle.

4 Strain.

Juſtle ſides.

5 Strain.

Knee belly.

6 Strain.

Kickſee Buttock.

7 Strain.

Lapet. Downderry!

Enter the Soldier, his ſword drawn.

Sold. Not angry law, nor doors of braſs, ſhall keep me
From my wrong's expiation! To thy bowels
I return my diſgrace; and after turn
My face to any death that can be ſentenc'd. [*Exit.*

Baſe. Murder! oh, murder! ſtop the murderer there!

Lapet. I'm glad he's gone! h'has almoſt trod my guts out:
Follow him who liſt for me! I'll ha' no hand in't.

Clown. Oh, 'twas your luck and mine to be ſquelch'd, maſter:
H'has ſtamp'd my very puddings into pancakes.

Cupid. Oh, brothers, oh, I fear 'tis mortal! help, oh, help!
I'm made the wretched'ſt woman by this accident,
That ever love beguil'd!

Enter Two Brothers.

2 *Bro.* We are undone, Brother;
Our ſhames are too apparent. Away, receptacle
Of luxury and diſhonour! moſt unfortunate,
To make thyſelf but lackey to thy ſpoil[43],

[43] ——— *moſt unfortunate,*
To make thyſelf but lucky *to thy ſpoil.*] If there is a ſenſe in this expreſſion, it has eſcaped me; nor can I hit on any emendation very

After thy ſex's manner!—Lift him up, Brother:
He breathes not to our comfort; he's too waſted
Ever to chear us more. A ſurgeon ſpeedily!
Hence, the unhappieſt that e'er ſtept aſide!
She'll be a mother, 'fore ſhe's known a bride.

Cupid. Thou hadſt a moſt unfortunate conception,
Whate'er thou prov'ſt to be! In midſt of mirth
Comes ruin for a welcome to thy birth. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. This is a beautiful life now! Privacy,
The ſweetneſs and the benefit of eſſence.
I ſee there is no man but may make his Paradiſe;
And it is nothing but his love, and dotage
Upon the world's foul joys, that keeps him out on't:
For he that lives retir'd in mind and ſpirit,
Is ſtill in Paradiſe, and has his innocence
Partly allow'd for his companion too,
As much as ſtands with juſtice. Here no eyes
Shoot their ſharp-pointed ſcorns upon my ſhame:
They know no terms of reputation here,
No punctual limits, or preciſe dimenſions:
Plain down-right honeſty is all the beauty
And elegancy of life found amongſt ſhepherds;
For knowing nothing nicely, or deſiring it,
Quits many a vexation from the mind,
With which our quainter knowledge doth abuſe us.
The name of Envy is a ſtranger here,
That dries mens' bloods abroad, robs health and reſt:
Why, here's no ſuch fury thought on; no, nor falſhood,
That brotherly diſeaſe, fellow-like devil,
That plays within our boſom, and betrays us.

very ſatisfactory. If we read *lackey* for *lucky* it may become ſenſe, *viz. To make thyſelf* a lackey, *ſervant or miniſter of thy own ſpoil, a thing which wanton women frequently do.* I'm forced to ſubſtitute this, in the room of *lucky*, tho' not without wiſhing to have hit on ſomething more clear. *Seward.*

Enter Firſt Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* Oh, are you here?

Sham. La Nove! 'tis ſtrange to ſee thee.

1 *Gent.* I ha' rid one horſe to death, to find you out, Sir.

Sham. I am not to be found of any man
That ſaw my ſhame, nor ſeen long.

1 *Gent.* Good, your attention!
You ought to be ſeen now, and found out, Sir,
If ever you deſire, before your ending,
To perform one good office, nay, a dear one;
Man's time can hardly match it.

Sham. Be't as precious
As reputation, if it come from court,
I will not hear on't.

1 *Gent.* You muſt hear of this, Sir.

Sham. Muſt?

1 *Gent.* You ſhall hear it.

Sham. I love thee, that thou'lt die.

1 *Gent.* 'Twere nobler in me, than in you living: You
Will live a murderer, if you deny
This office.

Sham. E'en to death, Sir.

1 *Gent.* Why, then, you
Will kill your brother.

Sham. How?

1 *Gent.* Your brother, Sir.
Bear witneſs, Heav'n, this man deſtroys his brother,
When he may ſave him; his leaſt breath may ſave him!
Can there be wilfuller deſtruction?
He was forc'd to take a moſt unmanly wrong,
Above the ſuff'ring virtue of a ſoldier;
H'has kill'd his injurer, a work of honour!
For which, unleſs you ſave him, he dies ſpeedily.
My conſcience is diſcharg'd: I'm but a friend;
A brother ſhould go forward where I end. [*Exit.*

Sham. Dies?

Say

Say he be naught! that's nothing to my goodneſs,
Which ought to ſhine thro' uſe, or elſe it loſes
The glorious name 'tis known by. He's my brother;
Yet peace is above blood: Let him go! Ay,
But where's the no bleneſs of affection then?
That muſt be car'd for too, or I'm imperfect.
The ſame blood that ſtood up in wrath againſt him,
Now, in his miſery, runs all to pity:
I'd rather die than ſpeak one ſyllable
To ſave myſelf; but, living as I am,
There's no avoiding on't; the world's humanity
Expects it hourly from me. Curſe of Fortune!
I took my leave ſo well too—Let him die!
'Tis but a brother loſt—So pleaſingly
And ſwiftly I came off, 'twere more than irkſomeneſs,
To tread that path again, and I ſhall never
Depart ſo handſomely. But then where's poſterity?
The conſummation of our houſe and name?
I'm torn in pieces betwixt love and ſhame. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lapet, Clown, Poltrot, Moulbazon, and others, the new court-officers.

Lapet. Good morrow, fellow Poltrot[44], and Moulbazon;
Good morrow, fellows all!
Polt. Monſieur Lapet!
Lapet. Look, I've remember'd you; here's books apiece for you!
Moul. Oh, Sir, we dearly thank you,
Lapet. So you may;
There's two impreſſions gone already, Sirs,
Polt. What! no? in ſo ſhort a time?
Lapet. 'Tis as I tell you, Sir.
My Kick ſells gallantly, I thank my ſtars,
Clown. So does your Table; you may thank the moon too.

[44] *Poltrot.*] Perhaps it ſhould be *Poltroz.*

Lapet.

Lapet. 'Tis the book ſells the Table.
Clown. But 'tis the bookſeller
That has the money for 'em, I'm ſure o' that.
Lapet. 'Twill much enrich the company of Stationers;
'Tis thought 'twill prove a laſting benefit,
Like the Wiſe Maſters [45], and the Almanacks,
The Hundred Novels [46], and the Book of Cookery:
For they begin already to engroſs it,
And make it a ſtock-book, thinking indeed
'Twill prove too great a benefit and help
For one that's new ſet up: They know their way,
And make him warden e'er his beard be grey.
Moul. Is't poſſible ſuch virtue ſhould lie hid,
And in ſo little paper?
Lapet. How! why, there was the Carpenter,
An unknown thing; an odoriferous pamphlet,
Yet no more paper, by all computation,
Than Ajax Telamon would uſe at once;
Your Herring prov'd the like [47], able to buy
Another Fiſher's Folly, and your Paſquil [48]
Went not below the Mad-Caps of that time;
And ſhall my elaborate Kick come behind, think you?
Clown. Yes, it muſt come behind; 'tis in *Italica* too,
According to your humour.

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[45] *The Wiſe Maſters.*] The *Wiſe Maſters of Rome*, a book which hath frequently ſince been reprinted, and to this day much admired by the lower claſs of readers. *R.*

[46] *The Hundred Novels.*] Boccace's Decameron. *R.*

[47] *Your Herring.*] Probably either 'Naſhe's Lenten Stuff; containing the deſcription and firſt procreation and encreaſe of the 'town of Great Yarmouth in Norfolk; with a new play never 'played before, of the Praiſe of the *Red-Herring*, &c.' quarto 1599; or elſe, 'A *Herring's Tale*; containing a poetical fiction of divers 'matters worthie the reading;' quarto, 1598. *R.*

[48] *Paſquil.*] *Paſquil's Mad-Cap*, a pamphlet written by Nicholas Breton, an author who is mentioned before by our Authors; ſee note 50 on Wit Without Money. He wrote a ſecond part of this pamphlet, with the additional title of the 'Fool's Cap, with Paſ-'quil's Paſſion; begun by himſelf, and finiſhed by his friend Mor-'phorius;' quarto, 1600. *R.*

Lapet.

Lapet. Not in ſale, varlet?
Clown. In ſale, Sir? it ſhall ſail beyond 'em all, I tro.
Lapet. What have you there now? oh, page the twenty-firſt.
Clown. That page is come to his years; he ſhould be a ſerving-man.
Lapet. Mark how I ſnap up the *Duello* there[49]!
One would not uſe a dog ſo,
I muſt needs ſay; but's for the common good.
Clown. Nay, Sir, your commons ſeldom fight at ſharp,
But buffet in a warehouſe.
Lapet. This will ſave
Many a gentleman of good blood from bleeding, Sirs:
I have a curſe from many a barber-ſurgeon;
They'd give but too much money to call't in.
Turn to page forty-five; ſee what you find there.
Clown. Oh, out upon him!
Page forty-five! that's an old thief indeed!

Enter Duke, the Lady, and Firſt Gentleman.

Lapet. The Duke! clap down your books! Away, Galoſhio!
Clown. Indeeed I am too foul to be i' th' preſence!
They uſe to ſhake me off at the chamber-door ſtill. [*Ex.*
Lady. Good my Lord, grant my ſuit! let me not riſe
Without the comfort on't! I have not often
Been tedious in this kind.
Duke. Siſter, you wrong yourſelf,
And thoſe great virtues that your fame is made of,
To waſte ſo much breath for a murderer's life.
Lady. You cannot hate th' offence more than I do, Sir,
Nor the offender; the reſpect I owe
Unto his abſent brother makes me a ſuitor,
A moſt importunate ſiſter: Make me worthy
But of this one requeſt!
Duke. I am deaf
To any importunacy, and ſorry

49 *The Duello*;] A pamphlet by the famous Mr. Selden, entitled, 'The *Duello*, or Single Combat,' &c. firſt printed in quarto, 1610; reprinted in his Works. *R.*

For

For your forgetfulneſs: You never injur'd
Your worth ſo much; you ought to be rebuk'd for't!
Purſue good ways; end as you did begin!
'Tis half the guilt to ſpeak for ſuch a ſin.
Lady. This is Love's beggary right; that now is ours,
When ladies love, and cannot ſhew their powers. [*Exit.*
Duke. La Nove!
1 *Gent.* My Lord.
Duke. Are theſe our new attendants?
Lapet. We are, my lord; and will endure as much
As better men, my lord; and more, I truſt.
Duke. What's he?
1 *Gent.* My lord, a decay'd gentleman,
That will do any ſervice.
Duke. A decay'd one?
1 *Gent.* A renounc'd one, indeed, for this place only.
Duke. We renounce him then: Go, diſcharge him inſtantly!
He that diſclaims his gentry for mere gains,
That man's too baſe to make a vaſſal on.
Lapet. What ſays the Duke?
1 *Gent.* Faith, little to your comfort, Sir;
You muſt be a gentleman again.
Lapet. How!
1 *Gent.* There's no remedy.
Lapet. Marry, the fates forefend! ne'er while I breathe, Sir.
1 *Gent.* The Duke will have it ſo; there's no reſiſting;
He ſpied it i' your forehead.
Lapet. My wife's doing!
She thought ſhe ſhould be put below her betters now,
And ſued to ha' me a gentleman again.
1 *Gent.* And very likely, Sir.
Marry, I'll give you this comfort; when all's done,
You'll never paſs but for a ſcurvy one;
That's all the help you have. Come, ſhew your pace!
Lapet. The heavieſt gentleman that e'er loſt place:
Bear witneſs, I am forc'd to't. [*Exit.*
Duke. Tho' you've a coarſer title yet upon you

Than

Than thoſe that left your places, without blame,
'Tis in your power to make yourſelves the ſame.
I cannot make you gentlemen; that's a work
Rais'd from your own deſervings; merit, manners,
And in-born virtue does it: Let your own goodneſs
Make you ſo great, my power ſhall make you greater;
And, more t'encourage you, this I add again,
There's many grooms now exact gentlemen.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. Methinks 'tis ſtrange to me to enter here!
Is there in Nature ſuch an awful power,
To force me to this place? and make me do this?
Is man's affection ſtronger than his will?
His reſolution? was I not reſolv'd
Never to ſee this place more? do I bear
Within my breaſt one blood that confounds the other?
The blood of love, and will, and the laſt weakeſt?
Had I ten millions, I would give it all now,
I were but paſt it, or 'twould never come!
For I ſhall never do't, or not do't well,
But ſpoil it utterly betwixt two paſſions.—
Yonder's the Duke himſelf: I will not do't now,
Had twenty lives their ſeveral ſufferings in him. [*Exit.*

Duke. Who's that went out now?

Polt. I ſaw none, my lord.

Duke. Nor you?

Moul. I ſaw the glimpſe of one, my lord.

Duke. Whate'er it was, methought it pleas'd me ſtrangely,
And ſuddenly my joy was ready for't.
Did you not mark it better?

Polt. and Moul. Troth, my lord,
We gave no great heed to't.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. 'Twill not be anſwer'd!
It brings me hither ſtill, by main force, hither:

Either

Either I muſt give over to profeſs humanity,
Or I muſt ſpeak for him.
Duke. 'Tis here again:
No marvel 'twas ſo pleaſing! 'tis delight
And worth itſelf. Now it appears unclouded.
Sham. My lord—
He turns away from me! by this hand,
I am ill-us'd of all ſides! 'tis a fault
That Fortune ever had, t' abuſe a goodneſs.
Duke. Methought you were ſaying ſomewhat.
Sham. Mark the language!
As coy as Fate! I ſee 'twill ne'er be granted.
Duke. We little look'd in troth to ſee you here yet.
Sham. Not till the day after my brother's death, I think.
Duke. Sure ſome great buſineſs drew you.
Sham. No, in ſooth, Sir;
Only to come to ſee a brother die, Sir,
That I may learn to go too; and, if he deceive me not,
I think he will do well in't of a ſoldier,
Manly, and honeſtly; and if he weep then,
I ſhall not think the worſe on's manhood for't,
Becauſe he's leaving of that part that has it.
Duke. H'has ſlain a noble gentleman; think on't, Sir!
Sham. I would I could not, Sir.
Duke. Our kinſman too.
Sham. All this is but worſe, Sir.
Duke. When 'tis at worſt—
Yet, ſeeing thee, he lives!
Sham. My lord——
Duke. He lives!
Believe it as thy bliſs; he dies not for't:
Will this make ſatisfaction for things paſt?
Sham. Oh, my lord——
Duke. Will it? ſpeak!
Sham. With greater ſhame to my unworthineſs.
Duke. Riſe, then! we're even. I never found it harder
To keep juſt with a man: My great work's ended!
I knew your brother's pardon was your ſuit, Sir,
However

However your nice modeſty held it back.

Sham. I take a joy now to confeſs it, Sir.

Enter Firſt Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* My lord——

Duke. Hear me firſt, Sir, whatever your news be: Set free the Soldier inſtantly.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis done, my lord.

Duke. How!

1 *Gent.* In effect, 'twas part of my news too; There's fair hope of your noble kinſman's life, Sir.

Duke. What ſay'ſt thou?

1 *Gent.* And the moſt admir'd change That living fleſh e'er had! he's not the man, my lord: Death cannot be more free from paſſions [50], Sir, Than he is at this inſtant; he's ſo meek now, He makes thoſe ſeem paſſionate were never thought of; And, for he fears his moods have oft diſturb'd you, Sir, He's only haſty now for his forgiveneſs: And here, behold him, Sir!

Enter the Paſſionate Lord, the Cupid, and two Brothers.

Duke. Let me give thanks firſt! Our worthy couſin——

Paſ. Your unworthy trouble, Sir! For which, with all acknowledg'd reverence, I aſk your pardon; and for injury More known and wilful: I have choſe a wife, Without your counſel, or conſent, my lord.

Duke. A wife? where is ſhe, Sir?

Paſ. This noble gentlewoman——

Duke. How!

Paſ. Whoſe honour my forgetful times much wrong'd.

Duke. He's madder than he was.

50 ——*He's not the man, my lord;*
Death cannot, &c.] Here ſeems a line loſt here, the ſenſe to this effect:
——*He's not the man, my lord,*
HE WAS BEFORE THE SOLDIER WOUNDED HIM.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* I would ha' ſworn for him!

Duke. The Cupid, couſin?

Paſ. Yes, this worthy lady, Sir.

Duke. Still worſe and worſe!

1 *Bro.* Our ſiſter, under pardon, my lord.

Duke. What!

2 *Bro.* Which ſhape Love taught her to aſſume.

Duke. Is't truth then?

1 *Gent.* It appears plainly now, below the waiſt, my lord.

Duke. Shamont, didſt ever read of a She-Cupid?

Sham. Never in fiction yet; but it might hold, Sir;
For Deſire is of both genders.

Enter the Lady.

Duke. Make that good here!
I take thee at thy word, Sir.

Sham. Oh, my lord,
Love would appear too bold and rude from me;
Honour and admiration are her rights;
Her goodneſs is my ſaint, my lord.

Duke. I ſee
You're both too modeſt to beſtow yourſelves:
I'll ſave that virtue ſtill; 'tis but my pains: Come,
It ſhall be ſo. [*He joins Shamont's hand and his ſiſter's.*

Sham. This gift does but ſet forth my poverty.

Lady. Sir, that which you complain of is my riches.

Enter the Soldier.

Duke. Soldier, now every noiſe ſounds peace, thou'rt welcome!

Sold. Sir, my repentance ſues for your bleſt favour,
Which once obtain'd, no injury ſhall loſe it;
I'll ſuffer mightier wrongs.

Duke. Riſe, lov'd and pardon'd!
For where Hope fail'd, nay, Art itſelf reſign'd,
Th'haſt wrought that cure which ſkill could never find:
Nor did there ceaſe, but to our peace extend:
Never could wrongs boaſt of a nobler end! [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

OUR Poet bid us ſay, for his own part,
He cannot lay too much forth of his art;
But fears our over-acting Paſſions may,
As not adorn, deface his labour'd play:
Yet ſtill he's reſolute, for what is writ
Of Nicer Valour, and aſſumes the wit;
But for the love-ſcenes, which he ever meant
Cupid in's petticoat ſhould repreſent,
He'll ſtand no ſhock of cenſure. The play's good [51],
He ſays he knows it (if well underſtood):
But we (blind god) beg, if thou art divine,
Thou'lt ſhoot thy arrows round; this play was thine.

[51] *The play's good.*] In many reſpects *the play's good*, and written in the true ſpirit of our Authors; much true poetry, original fancy, uncommon pleaſantry, and every thing—but conſiſtency, and nature.

THE HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.
— fear still;
'Twill be revenge enough to keep you waking.
Ye have no mind of marriage, ha' ye!
La.P. — Surely no great mind now. —
Act V.
M. A. Rooker delin.
J. Collyer sculp.

THE

HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

Gardiner, in his Commendatory Verſes, aſcribes this Play to Fletcher alone. It was firſt printed in the folio of 1647. No alteration hath ever been made of it; nor hath it been acted, as we believe, within the memory of any perſon now living.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Duke of Orleans, *a ſpleenful detracting lord.*
Earl of Amiens, *brother-in-law to Orleans, a noble accompliſh'd gentleman, ſervant to Lamira.*
Montague, *the* Honeſt Man.
Longueville, Dubois, } *two faithful followers of Montague.*
Veramour [1], *the loving and loyal page of Montague.*
Laverdine, *a knaviſh courtier.*
La-Poop, *a cowardly ſea-captain.*
Malicorn, *a ſharking citizen.*
Two Lawyers.
Two Creditors.
Officers.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Ducheſs *of Orleans, a virtuous lady, and chaſte (but ſuſpected) wife to the Duke.*
Lamira, *a modeſt virgin, rich and noble.*
Charlotte, *Lamira's woman.*

SCENE, FRANCE.

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[1] *Voramer.*] So this name has been generally wrote in all the editions, only in one ſcene it is ſpelt *Veramor*, and in another *Veramour*; the one being a Latin, the other a French compound-word ſignifying *true love*. One of theſe therefore was undoubtedly the true name, which ſo well expreſſes the character. I have preferred the former. *Seward.*

Being a French ſtory, the *latter* ſeems to be preferable.

THE

HONEST MAN'S FORTUNE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Orleans and Amiens, at ſeverál doors.

Ami. MORROW, my lord of Orleans!

Orl. You ſalute me like a ſtranger [a]; *Brother* Orleans were, to me, a title more
Belonging whom you call the huſband of
Your ſiſter.

Ami. 'Would the circumſtances of
Your brotherhood had never offer'd cauſe
To make our converſation leſs familiar!
I meet you like a hindrance in your way!
Your great law-ſuit is now upon the tongue,
And ready for a judgment.

Orl. Came you from
The hall now?

Ami. Without ſtay. The court is full;
And ſuch a preſs of people does attend
The iſſue, as if ſome great man were brought
To his arraignment.

[a] *You ſalute me like a ſtranger.*] This ſcene was moſt part printed as proſe, and where the lines were ranged like verſe every one of them was wrong, ſo that the whole is now ranged anew. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's arrangements only extend to *the entrance of Montague, &c.*

Orl. Every mother's ſon
Of all that multitude of hearers, went
To be a witneſs of the miſery
Your ſiſter's fortunes muſt have come to, if
My adverſary, who did love her firſt,
Had been her huſband.

Ami. The ſucceſs may draw
A teſtimony from them, to confirm
The ſame opinion; but they went prepar'd
With no ſuch hope or purpoſe.

Orl. And did you
Entreat the number of them that are come,
With no ſuch hope or purpoſe?

Ami. Tuſh! your own
Experience of my heart can anſwer you.

Orl. This doubtful makes me clearly underſtand
Your diſpoſition.

Ami. If your cauſe be juſt,
I wiſh you a concluſion like your cauſe.

Orl. I can have[3] any common charity
To ſuch a prayer: From a friend I would
Expect a love to proſper in, without
Exceptions; ſuch a love as might make all
My undertakings thankful to't: Preciſely ju
Is ſeldom faithful in our wiſhes to
Another man's deſires. Farewell! [*Exit.*

Enter Montague, Dubois, Longueville, and Veramour.

Dubois. Here comes your adverſary's brother-in-law.

Long. The lord of Amiens.

Dubois. From the hall, I think.

Ami. I did ſo. Save your lordſhip!

[3] *I can have, &c.*] This ſpeech is obſcure, and has been ſtill further obſcured by the bad pointing. The ſenſe is this: Amiens having wiſhed Orleans ſucceſs if his cauſe be juſt, Orleans replies, 'that 'ſuch a wiſh might proceed from any common acquaintance, but a 'friend would wiſh a friend ſucceſs in *all* his undertakings; for he, 'who confines his good wiſhes to preciſe juſtice, is ſeldom ſincere in 'them.'

Mont. That's a wiſh,
My lord, as courteous to my preſent ſtate,
As ever honeſt mind was thankful for;
For now my ſafety muſt expoſe itſelf
To queſtion: Yet to look for any free
Or hearty ſalutation, Sir, from you,
Would be unreaſonable in me.

Ami. Why?

Mont. Your ſiſter is my adverſary's wife;
That nearneſs needs muſt conſequently draw
Your inclination to him.

Ami. I will grant
Him all the nearneſs his alliance claims;
And yet be nothing leſs impartial,
My lord of Montague.

Mont. Lord of Montague yet;
But, Sir, how long the dignity or ſtate
Belonging to it will continue, ſtands
Upon the dangerous paſſage of this hour;
Either for evermore to be confirm'd,
Or, like the time wherein 'twas pleaded, gone;
Gone with it, never to be call'd again!

Ami. Juſtice direct your proceſs to the end!
To both your perſons my reſpect ſhall ſtill
Be equal; but the righteous cauſe is that
Which bears my wiſhes to the ſide it holds:
Where-ever, may it proſper! [*Exit.*

Mont. Then my thanks[4]
Are proper to you: If a man may raiſe
A confidence upon a lawful ground,
I have no reaſon to be once perplex'd
With any doubtful motion. Longueville,
That lord of Amiens (didſt obſerve him?) has
A worthy nature in him.

Long. Either 'tis
His nature, or his cunning.

4 *Then my thanks, &c.*] This is alſo rather obſcure, but ſignifies, 'If you wiſh well to the juſt cauſe, you deſerve my thanks for mine 'is the rightful ſide.'

Mont. That's the vizard
Of moſt mens actions, whoſe diſſembled lives
Do carry only the ſimilitude
Of goodneſs on 'em; but for him,
Honeſt behaviour makes a true report
What diſpoſition does inhabit him,
Eſſential Virtue.

Long. Then 'tis pity that
Injurious Orleans is his brother.

Dubois. He's but his brother-in-law.

Long. Law? that's as bad.

Dubois. How is your law as bad? I rather will
The hangman thy executor, than that
Equivocation ſhould be ominous.

Enter Two Lawyers, and Two Creditors.

Long. Some of your Lawyers!

1 *Law.* What is ominous?

2 *Law.* Let no diſtruſt trouble your lordſhip's thought!

1 *Law.* The evidences of your queſtion'd land
Ha' not ſo much as any literal
Advantage in 'em to be made againſt
Your title.

2 *Law.* And your counſel underſtands
The buſineſs fully.

1 *Law.* They are induſtrious, juſt——.

2 *Law.* And very confident.

1 *Law.* Your ſtate endures
A voluntary trial; like a man
Whoſe honours are maliciouſly accus'd.

2 *Law.* The accuſation ſerves to clear his cauſe—

1 *Law.* And to approve his truth more.

2 *Law.* So ſhall all
Your adverſary's pleadings ſtrengthen your
Poſſeſſion.

1 *Law.* And be ſet upon record,
To witneſs the hereditary right
Of you and yours.

2 *Law.* Courage! you have the law.
Long. And you, the profits.
Mont. If diſcouragement
Could work upon me, your aſſurances
Would put me ſtrongly into heart again
But I was never fearful; and let Fate
Deceive my expectation, yet I am
Repar'd againſt dejection!
1 *Cred.* So are we.
2 *Cred.* We have receiv'd a comfortable hope
That all will ſpeed well.
Long. What is he, Dubois?
Dubois. A creditor.
Long. I thought ſo; for he ſpeaks
As if he were a partner in his ſtate.
Mont. Sir, I am largely indebted to your loves—
Long. More to their purſes.
Mont. Which you ſhall not loſe.
1 *Cred.* Your lordſhip——
Dubois. That's another Creditor.
1 *Cred.* Has intereſt in me.
Long. You have more of him.
1 *Cred.* And I have had ſo many promiſes
From theſe, and all your learned counſellors,
How certainly your cauſe will proſper, that——
Long. You brought no ſerjeants with you——
Dubois. To attend
His ill ſucceſs?
Mont. Good Sir, I will not be
Unthankful either to their induſtries,
Or your affections.
1 *Law.* All your land, my lord,
Is at the bar now; give me but ten crowns,
I'll ſave you harmleſs.
Long. Take him at his word!
If he does loſe, you're ſav'd by miracle:
For I ne'er knew a lawyer yet undone.
1 *Law.* Then now you ſhall, Sir, if this proſpers not.
Long. Sir, I beſeech you do not force your voice

To

To such a loudness; but be thrifty now!
Preserve it till you come to plead at bar;
It will be then more profitable in
The latter end, than the promise.
1 Law. Is
Not this a satisfaction to engage
Myself for this assurance; if he——
Mont. No, Sir; my ruin never shall import
Another's loss, if not by accident,
And that my purpose is not guilty of:
You are engag'd in nothing but your care. [*Exit. Law.*
Attend the procurator to the court;
Observe how things incline, and bring me word!
Long. I dare not, Sir; if I be taken there,
Mine ears will be in danger.
Mont. Why? hast thou
Committed something that deserves thine ears?
Long. No, but I fear the noise! my hearing will be
Perish'd by th' noise; it is as good to want
A member, as to lose the use——
Mont. The ornament is excepted.
Long. Well, my lord,
I'll put 'em to the hazard. [*Exit.*
1 Cred. Your desires
Be prosperous to you!
2 Cred. Our best prayers wait
Upon your fortune. [*Exeunt Creditors.*
Dubois. For yourselves, not him.
Mont. Thou canst not blame 'em; I am in their debts.
Ver. But had your large expence (a part whereof
You owe 'em) for unprofitable silks
And laces, been bestow'd among the poor,
That would have pray'd the right way, for you,
Not upon you——
Mont. For unprofitable silks
And laces? Now, believe me, honest boy,
Th' hast hit upon a reprehension that
Belongs unto me.
Ver. By my soul, my lord,
I had not so unmannerly a thought,

To

To reprehend you!

Mont. Why, I love thee for't;
Mine own acknowledgment confirms thy words:
For once, I do remember, coming from
The mercer's, where my purſe had ſpent itſelf
On thoſe unprofitable toys thou ſpeak'ſt of,
A man half naked with his poverty
Did meet me, and requeſted my relief:
I wanted whence to give it; yet his eyes
Spoke for him; thoſe I could have ſatisfied
With ſome unfruitful ſorrow (if my tears
Would not have added rather to his grief,
Than eas'd it), but the true compaſſion that
I ſhould have given I had not: This began
To make me think how many ſuch mens' wants
The vain ſuperfluous coſt I wore upon
My outſide would have cloath'd, and left myſelf
A habit as becoming. To encreaſe
This new conſideration, there came one
Clad in a garment plain and thrifty, yet
As decent as theſe fair dear follies, made
As if it were of purpoſe to deſpiſe
The vanity of ſhow; his purſe had ſtill
The power to do a charitable deed,
And did it.

Dubois. Yet your inclination, Sir,
Deſerv'd no leſs to be commended than
His action.

Mont. Prithee, do not flatter me!
He that intends well, yet deprives himſelf
Of means to put his good thoughts into deed,
Deceives his purpoſe of the due reward
That goodneſs merits. Oh, antiquity,
Thy great examples of nobility
Are out of imitation; or at leaſt
So lamely follow'd, that thou art as much
Before this age in virtue, as in time!

Dubois. Sir, it muſt needs be lamely follow'd, when
The chiefeſt men who love to follow it

Are

Are for the moſt part of ſimples.

Mont. Who are they?

Dubois. Soldiers, my lord, ſoldiers.

Mont. 'Tis true, Dubois;
But if the law diſables me no more
For noble actions than good purpoſes,
I'll practiſe how to exerciſe the worth
Commended to us by our anceſtors:
The poor neglected ſoldier ſhall command
Me from a lady's courtſhip, and the form
I'll ſtudy ſhall no more be taught me by
The tailor, but the ſcholar; that expence
Which hitherto has been to entertain
Th' intemperate pride and pleaſure of the taſte,
Shall fill my table more to ſatisfy,
And leſs to ſurfeit. What an honeſt work
It would be, when we find a virgin in
Her poverty and youth inclining to
Be tempted, to employ as much perſuaſion and
As much expence to keep her upright, as
Men uſe to do upon her falling!

Dubois. 'Tis charity
That many maids will be unthankful for;
And ſome will rather take it for a wrong,
To buy 'em out of their inheritance,
The thing that they were born to.

Enter Longueville.

Mont. Longueville,
Thou bring'ſt a chearful promiſe in thy face;
There ſtands no pale report upon thy cheek,
To give me fear or knowledge of my loſs;
'Tis red and lively. How proceeds my ſuit?

Long. That's, with leave, Sir,
A labour, that to thoſe of Hercules
May add another; or, at leaſt, be call'd
An imitation of his burning ſhirt:
For 'twas a pain of that unmerciful
Perplexity, to ſhoulder thro' the throng

Of

Of people that attended your ſucceſs,
My ſweaty linen fix'd upon my ſkin,
Still as they pull'd me took that with it; 'twas
A fear I ſhould have left my fleſh among 'em:
Yet I was patient, for, methought, the toil
Might be an emblem of the difficult
And weary paſſage to get out of law.
And, to make up the dear ſimilitude,
When I was forth ſeeking my handkerchief
To wipe my ſweat off, I did find a cauſe
To make me ſweat more; for my purſe was loſt
Among their fingers.

Dubois. There 'twas rather found.

Long. By them.

Dubois. I mean ſo.

Mont. Well, I will reſtore
Thy damage to thee. How proceeds my ſuit?

Long. Like one at broker's; I think, forfeited.
Your promiſing counſel at the firſt
Put ſtrongly forward with a labour'd ſpeed,
And ſuch a violence of pleading, that
His fee in ſugar-candy ſcarce will make
His throat a ſatisfaction for the hurt
He did it; and he carried the whole cauſe
Before him, with ſo clear a paſſage, that
The people in the favour of your ſide
Cried Montague, Montague! in the ſpite of him
That cried out *ſilence*, and began to laugh
Your adverſary's advocate to ſcorn;
Who, like a cunning footman, ſet me forth
With ſuch a temperate eaſy kind of courſe,
To put him into exerciſe of ſtrength,
And follow'd his advantages ſo cloſe,
That when your hot-mouth'd pleader thought h'had won,
Before he reach'd it he was out of breath,
And then the other ſtript him.

Mont. So, all's loſt?

Long. But how I know not; for, methought, I ſtood Confounded

Confounded with the clamour of the court,
Like one embark'd upon a storm at sea,
Where the tempestuous noise of thunder, mix'd
With roaring of the billows, and the thick
Imperfect language of the seamen, takes
His understanding and his safety both
Together from him.

Mont. Thou dost bring ill news!

Long. Of what I was unwilling to have been
The first reporter.

Mont. Didst observe no more?

Long. At least no better.

Mont. Then thou'rt not inform'd
So well as I am: I can tell thee that
Will please thee; for, when all else left my cause,
My very adversaries took my part.

Long. Whosoever told you that,
Abus'd you.

Mont. Credit me, he took my part
When all forsook me.

Long. Took it from you?

Mont. Yes;
I mean so: And I think he had just cause
To take it, when the verdict gave it him.

Dubois. His spirit would ha' sunk him, ere he could
Have carried an ill fortune of this weight
So lightly.

Mont. Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so;
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves
In any thing that's manly, than to make
Ill fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others.

Enter Lawyers.

Long. Here come they,
Whose very countenances will tell you how
Contemptible it is to others.

Mont. Sir!

Long.

Long. The *Sir* of knighthood may be given him,
Ere they hear you now.

Mont. Good Sir, but a word!

Dubois. How ſoon the loſs of wealth makes any man
Grow out of knowledge!

Long. Let me ſee: I pray, Sir,
Never ſtood you upon the pillory?

1 *Law.* The pillory?

Long. Oh, now I know you did not;
You've ears, I thought ye had loſt 'em: Pray, obſerve;
Here's one that once was gracious in your eyes!

1 *Law.* Oh, oh! my lord[5]!—I have an eye upon him.

Long. But ha' you ne'er a counſel to redeem
His land yet from the judgment?

2 *Law.* None but this;
A writ of error to remove the cauſe.

Long. No more of error! we have been in that
Too much already.

2 *Law.* If you will reverſe[6]
The judgment, you muſt truſt to that delay——

Long. Delay? indeed, he's like to truſt to that,
With you has any dealing.

2 *Law.* Ere the law
Proceeds to an *habere facias poſſeſſionem.*

Mont. That is a language, Sir, I underſtand not.

Long. Thou art a very ſtrange unthankful fellow,
To have taken fees of ſuch a liberal meaſure,
And then to give a man hard words for's money!

1 *Law.* If men will hazard their ſalvations,

---

[5] *Oh, my lord, have an eye upon him.*] What can this mean? was the Lawyer adviſing Montague to have an eye upon his ſervant Longueville? It ſeems an omiſſion, for two ſyllables are wanting to the verſe; and the *oh* being repeated which will well ſuit the ſolemn contempt of the Lawyer's countenance giving one, the other is abſolutely required by the ſenſe. I read therefore

Oh, oh! *my lord—I have an eye upon him.* *Seward.*

Perhaps this is ſpoken to ſome of the Lawyers' followers: The ſame words are repeated by a Creditor in the next page.

6 *If you will* reverſe.] Seward reads, *reſerve.*

What

What should I do, ? I've other buſineſs!

Mont. You are i'th' right; that's it you ſhould ſay, now
Proſperity was left me.

Enter Two Creditors.

1 *Cred.* Have an eye upon him! if
We loſe him now, he's gone for ever: Stay,
And dog him! I'll go fetch the officers.

Long. Dog him, you blood-hound? by this point, thou ſhalt
More ſafely dog an angry lion, than
Attempt him.

Mont. What's the matter?

Long. Do but ſtir
To fetch a ſerjeant, and, beſides your loſs
Of labour, I will have you beaten till
Thoſe caſements in your faces be falſe lights!

Dubois. Falſer than thoſe you ſell by!

Mont. Who gave you
Commiſſion to abuſe my friends thus?

Long. Sir,
Are thoſe your friends that would betray you?

Mont. 'Tis
To ſave themſelves, rather than betray me.

1 *Cred.* Your lordſhip makes a juſt conſtruction of it.

2 *Cred.* All our deſire is but to get our own.

Long. Your wives' deſires and yours do differ then.

Mont. So far as my ability will go,
You ſhall have ſatisfaction. Longueville!

Long. And leave yourſelf neglected? Every man
Is firſt a debtor to his own demands, being honeſt.

Mont. As I take it, Sir,
I did not entertain you for my couſellor.

Long. Counſel's the office of a ſervant, when
The maſter falls upon a danger, as
Defence is: Never threaten with your eyes!
They are no cockatrices. Do you hear?
Talk with the girdler, or the millener;

He

He can inform you of a kind of men
That firſt undid the profit of thoſe trades
By bringing up the form of carrying
Their morglays[7] in their hands; with ſome of thoſe
A man may make himſelf a privilege
To aſk a queſtion at the priſon-gates,
Without your good permiſſion.

2 *Cred.* By your leave!

Mont. Stay, Sir! what one example ſince the time
That firſt you put your hat off to me, have
You noted in me to encourage you
To this preſumption? By the juſtice now
Of thine own rule, I ſhould begin with thee;
I ſhould turn thee away ungratified
For all thy former kindneſſes, forget
Thou ever didſt me any ſervice.—'Tis not fear
Of being arreſted, makes me thus incline
To ſatisfy you; for you ſee by him,
I loſt not all defences with my ſtate:
The curſes of a man, to whom I am
Beholding, terrify me more than all
The violence he can purſue me with.—
Dubois, I did prepare me for the worſt;
Theſe two ſmall cabinets do comprehend
The ſum of all the wealth that it hath pleas'd
Adverſity to leave me; one as rich
As th' other, both in jewels: Take thou this,
And as the order put within it ſhall
Direct thee, diſtribute it half between
Thoſe Creditors, and th' other half among
My ſervants;—for, Sir, they're my creditors
As well as you are; they have truſted me
With their advancement. If the value fail
To pleaſe you all, my firſt encreaſe of means
Shall offer you a fuller payment. Be content
To leave me ſomething; and imagine that
Ye put a new beginner into credit.

7 *Morglays.*] *Morglay* was the ſword of Bevis of Southampton; and from thence a ſword, in antient writers, is frequently called by that name. See Every Man in his Humour, act iii. ſcene i. *R.*

Cred. So proſper our own bleſſings, as we wiſh
You to your merit!
Mont. Are your ſilences
Of diſcontent[8] or of ſorrow?
Dubois. Sir,
We would not leave you.
Long. Do but ſuffer us
To follow you, and what our preſent
Or induſtries hereafter can provide,
Shall ſerve you.
Mont. Oh, deſire me not to live
To ſuch a baſeneſs, as to be maintain'd
By thoſe that ſerve me! Pray begone!
Defend your honeſties to any man
That ſhall report you have forſaken me:
I pray, begone!—Why doſt thou weep, my boy?
[*Exeunt Servants and Creditors.*
Becauſe I do not bid thee go too?
Ver. No;
I weep, my lord, becauſe I would not go;
I fear you will command me.
Mont. No, my child,
I will not; that would diſcommend th' intent
Of all my other actions: Thou art yet
Unable to adviſe thyſelf a courſe,
Should I put thee to ſeek it; after that[9],
I muſt excuſe, or at the leaſt forgive,
Any uncharitable deed than can
Be done againſt myſelf.
Ver. Every day,
My lord, I tarry with you; I'll account
A day of bleſſing to me; for I ſhall
Have ſo much leſs time left me of my life
When I am from you; and if miſery
Befal you (which I hope ſo good a man
Was never born to) I will take my part,

[8] *Of* diſcontent.] Perhaps the original was, *diſcontent*MENT.

[9] *After that.*] This expreſſion is rather obſcure; but ſignifies, 'Should I diſmiſs you, *after that* cruelty, I ſhould have no right to 'complain of any injury done to myſelf.'

And

And make my willingneſs encreaſe my ſtrength
To bear it. In the winter I will ſpare
Mine own cloaths from myſelf to cover you;
And in the ſummer carry ſome of yours,
To eaſe you: I'll do any thing I can!

Mont. Why, thou art able to make Miſery
Aſham'd of hurting, when thy weakneſs can
Both bear it, and deſpiſe it. Come, my boy!
I will provide ſome better way for thee
Than this thou ſpeak'ſt of. 'Tis the comfort, that
Ill fortune has undone me into th' faſhion;
For now, in this age, moſt men do begin
To keep but one boy, that kept many men. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Orleans, Servant, and Ducheſs following.

Orl. Where is ſhe? call her!

Duch. I attend you, Sir.

Orl. Your friend, ſweet madam——

Duch. What friend, good my lord?

Orl. Your Montague, madam, he will ſhortly want
Thoſe courtly graces that you love him for:
The means wherewith he purchas'd this, and this,
And all his own proviſions, to the leaſt
Proportion of his feeding, or his cloaths,
Came out of that inheritance of land
Which he unjuſtly liv'd on; but the law
Has given me right in't, and poſſeſſion: Now
Thou ſhalt perceive his bravery vaniſh, as
This jewel does from thee now, and theſe pearls
To him that owes 'em.

Duch. You're the owner, Sir,
Of every thing that does belong to me.

Orl. No, not of him, ſweet lady.

Duch. Oh, good Heaven!

Orl. But in a while your mind will change, and be
As ready to diſclaim him, when his wants
And miſeries have periſh'd his good face,
And taken off the ſweetneſs that has made
Him pleaſing in a woman's underſtanding.

Duch. Oh, Heav'n, how gracious had Creation been

To women, who are born without defence,
If to our hearts there had been doors, thro' which
Our husbands might have look'd into our thoughts,
And made themselves undoubtful!

Orl. Made 'em mad!

Duch. With honest women?

Orl. Thou dost still pretend
A title to that virtue: Prithee let
Thy honesty speak freely to me now!
Thou know'st that Montague, of whose l.
I am the master, did affect thee first,
And should have had thee, if the strength
Had not prevail'd above thine own co
I have undone him! tell me, how th
Consider his ill fortune and my goo
Duch. I'll tell you justly: His r
An argument for pity and for tea
In all their dispositions that have
The honour and the goodness of
Yet that addition of prosperity
Which you have got by't, no indifferent man
Will malice or repine at, if the law
Be not abus'd in't. Howsoever, since
You have the upper fortune of him, 'twill
Be some dishonour to you to bear yourself
With any pride or glory over him.

Orl. This may be truly spoken; but in thee
It is not honest.

Duch. Yes; so honest, that
I care not if the chaste Penelope
Were now alive to hear me.

Enter Amiens.

Orl. Who comes there?

Duch. My brother.

Ami. Save you!

Orl. Now, Sir! you have heard
Of prosperous Montague?

Ami. No, Sir; I have heard
Of Montague, but of your prosperity.

Orl.

Orl. Is he diſtracted?
Ami. He does bear his loſs
With ſuch a noble ſtrength of patience, that
Had Fortune eyes to ſee him, ſhe would weep
For having hurt him, and pretending that
She did it but for trial of his worth,
Hereafter ever love him.
Orl. I perceive
You love him; and, becauſe I muſt confeſs
He does deſerve that, (tho', for ſome reſpects,
I have not given him that acknowledgment)
Yet in mine honour I did ſtill conclude
To uſe him nobly.
Ami. Sir, that will become
Your reputation, and make me grow proud
Of your alliance.
Orl. I did reſerve
The doing of this friendſhip 'till I had
His fortunes at my mercy, that the world
May tell him 'tis a willing courteſy.
Duch. This change will make me happy!
Orl. 'Tis a change;
Thou ſhalt behold it: Then obſerve me! When
That Montague had poſſeſſion of my land,
I was his rival, and at laſt obtain'd
This lady, who, by promiſe of her own
Affection to him, ſhould have been his wife;
I had her, and with-held her like a pawn,
'Till now my land is render'd to me again;
And ſince it is ſo, you ſhall ſee I have
The conſcience not to keep her: Give him her!
[*Draws.*
For, by the faithful temper of my ſword,
She ſhall not tarry with me.
Ami. Give me way!— [*Draws.*
Thou moſt unworthy man!—God!—Give me way[10]!
Or, by the wrong he does the innocent,
I'll end thy miſery and his wickedneſs
Together!

[10] *Thou moſt unworthy man—give me way.*] So former editions.

Duch. Stay, and let me juſtify
My huſband in that! I have wrong'd his b
[E
Never—all ſhames that can afflict me, f
Upon me, if I ever wrong'd you!
Orl. Didſt
Thou not confeſs it?
Duch. 'Twas to ſave your blood
From ſhedding: That has turn'd my h
He that beholds our thoughts as pla
Our faces, knows it, I did never hur
My honeſty, but by accuſing it.
Orl. Womens' conſents are ſoor
Than their denials; and I'll never
Her body, that prefers any defenc
Before the ſafety of her honour.—

Enter Servan

Shew forth that ſtranger.—Giv
Thou ſeeſt a danger ready to be tempted.
Duch. Caſt that upon me, rather than my ſhame;
And, as I am now dying, I will vow
That I am honeſt!
Orl. Put her out of doors!
But that I fear my land may go again
To Montague, I would kill thee! I am loth
To make a beggar of him that way[12]; or elſe—

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[11] ——— *I have wrong'd his bed.*
[Exeunt Amiens and Orleans.
Enter Orleans in amazement, the ſervants following him.
Never—all ſhames, &c.] Theſe ſtage-directions are not only wrong, but ridiculous. We believe that Amiens departs, ſhocked at the ſelf-accuſation of the Ducheſs, and that Orleans, with his drawn ſword, prepares to kill her, which occaſions her immediate recantation. What he ſays afterwards ſtrongly tends to confirm this interpretation;
Thou ſeeſt a danger ready to be tempted.
Her anſwer conveys the ſame idea;
Caſt that, &c.

[12] *To make a beggar of him that way*;] *i. e.* By forfeiting my life and eſtate to the king, give Montague an opportunity of begging it from him. If this is not the Poets meaning, it is dark to me. *Steward.*
It ſeems to be ironical.

Go!

Go! now you have the liberty of fleſh;
And you may put it to a double uſe,
One for your pleaſure, th'other to maintain
Your well-beloved; he will want; [*Exit Duch.*
In ſuch a charitable exerciſe
The virtue will excuſe you for the vice. [*Exit.*

Enter Amiens drawn, Montague and Veramour meeting,

Mont. What means your lordſhip?
Ver. For the love of Heav'n——
Ami. Thou haſt advantage of me; caſt away
This buckler!
Mont. So he is, Sir [13], for he lives
With one that is undone.—Avoid us, boy!
Ver. I'll firſt avoid my ſafety:
Your rapier ſhall be button'd [14] with my head,
Before it touch my maſter.
Ami. Montague!
Mont. Sir?
Ami. You know my ſiſter——
Mont. Yes, Sir.
Ami. For a whore.
Mont. You lie! and ſhall lie lower if you dare
Abuſe her honour.

Enter Ducheſs.

Duch. I am honeſt.
Ami. Honeſt?
Duch. Upon my faith, I am.
Ami. What did then

[13] *This* buckler.

Mont. *So he is, Sir.*] At firſt ſight, we imagined that ſome words, relative to Veramour, were wanting after the word BUCKLER: But, on further conſideration of Montague's reply, *So be is*, it appeared to convey one of the numerous contemptible puns which diſgrace this Comedy, particularly that intereſting character, and alluding to Veramour's being the *buckler* of a man that is *undone*, i. e. UNBUCKLED. A few lines lower he ſays, *You* LIE, *and ſhall* LIE *lower*; and on hearing the deciſion of the law-ſuit, he ſays, *My adverſary* TOOK *my part*; meaning punningly, *My adverſary* took *my eſtate* FROM *me*; with various others.

[14] *Button'd.*] Alluding to the *button* on a foil.

Perſuade thee to condemn thyſelf?
Duch. Your ſafety.
Ami. I had rather be expos'd
To danger, than diſhonour: Th' haſt betray'd
The reputation of my family
More baſely, by the falſeneſs of that word,
Than if thou hadſt deliver'd me aſleep
Into the hand of a baſe enemy. Relief
Will never make thee ſenſible of thy
Diſgraces: Let thy wants compel thee to it!
Duch. Oh, I'm a miſerable woman! *Exit Ami.*
Mont. Why, madam?
Are you utterly without means to relieve you?
Duch. I've nothing, Sir, unleſs by changing of
Theſe cloaths for worſe, and then at laſt the worſt
For nakedneſs.
Mont. Stand off, boy!—Nakedneſs
Would be a change to pleaſe us, madam, to
Delight us both.
Duch. What nakedneſs, Sir?
Mont. Why, the nakedneſs
Of body, madam; we were lovers once.
Duch. Never diſhoneſt lovers.
Mont. Honeſty
Has no allowance now to give ourſelves.
Duch. Nor you allowance againſt honeſty.
Mont. I'll ſend my boy hence: Opportunity
Shall be our ſervant. Come, and meet me firſt
With kiſſes like a ſtranger at the door,
And then invite me nearer, to receive
A more familiar inward welcome; where,
Inſtead of tapers made of virgin-wax,
Th' encreaſing flames of our deſires ſhall light
Us to a banquet; and, before the taſte
Be dull with ſatisfaction, I'll prepare
A nouriſhment compos'd of every thing
That bears a natural friendſhip to the blood,
And that ſhall ſet another edge upon't;
Or elſe, between the courſes of the feaſt
We'll dally out an exerciſe of time,

That

That ever as one appetite expires
Another may ſucceed it.
Duch. Oh, my lord,
How has your nature loſt her worthineſs?
When our affections had their liberty,
Our kiſſes met as temperately as
The hands of ſiſters or of brothers, that
Our bloods were then as moving[15]; then you were
So noble, that I durſt have truſted your
Embraces in an opportunity
Silent enough to ſerve a raviſher,
And yet come from you undiſhonour'd: How
You think me alter'd, that you promiſe your
Attempt ſucceſs, I know not; but were all
The ſweet temptations that deceive us ſet
On this ſide, and on that ſide all the tortures[16],
Theſe neither ſhould perſuade me, nor thoſe force.
Mont. Then miſery may waſte your body.
Duch. Yes;
But luſt ſhall never.
Mont. I have found you ſtill
As uncorrupted as I left you firſt.
Continue ſo, and I will ſerve you with
As much devotion as my word, my hand,
Or purſe can ſhew you! And, to juſtify
That promiſe, here is half the wealth I have!

[15] —— that

Our bloods were then as moving.] This ſeems very dark. To fling light upon it, I believe we ſhould read *tho'* for *that*, and interpret, Tho' our bloods were then from our being in youth and proſperity more ſtirring than they ought to be now. *Seward.*

The words will ſcarce bear this conſtruction of Seward; at leaſt, without changing *as* to *more*: 'Tho' our bloods were then *more* moving.' We think the old text may ſignify, 'That our bloods, like our kiſſes, were no more moving, ſenſual, or intemperate, than thoſe of brothers and ſiſters.'

[16] *The ſweet temptations that deceive us ſet*
On this ſide, and on that ſide all the waiters.] What is *waiters* in contraſt to temptations, it cannot mean merely ſervants to help him to force her; that is too poor an expreſſion to be admitted. 'Tis moſt probably corrupt, tho' I cannot find a word near the trace of the letters to ſupply its place. Several words occur, as *tortures, terrors, racks,* —— or *all that fright us.* I prefer the firſt. *Seward.*

Take

Take it! you owe me nothing, 'till you fall
From virtue; which the better to protect,
I have bethought me of a preſent means.—
Give me the letter!—This commends my boy
Into the ſervice of a lady, whoſe
Free goodneſs you have been acquainted with,
Lamira.

Duch. Sir, I know her.

Mont. Then believe
Her entertainment will be noble to you.
My boy ſhall bring you thither, and relate
Your manner of misfortune, if your own
Report needs any witneſs: So, I kiſs
Your hand, good lady!

Duch. Sir, I know not how
To promiſe; but I cannot be unthankful.

Mont. All that you can implore in thankfulneſs
Be yours, to make you the more proſperous!
Farewell, my boy!—I am not yet oppreſs'd,
Having the pow'r to help one that's diſtreſs'd. [*Exe.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Longueville and Dubois.

Long. WHAT ſhall we do now? ſwords are out of uſe,
And words are out of credit.

Dubois. We muſt ſerve.

Long. The means to get a ſervice will firſt ſpend
Our purſes; and, except we can allow
Ourſelves an entertainment, ſervice will
Neglect us: Now, 'tis grown into a doubt
Whether the maſter or the ſervant gives
The countenance.

Dubois. Then fall in with miſtreſſes!

Long. They keep more ſervants now, indeed, than men:
But yet the age is grown ſo populous
Of thoſe attendants, that the women are

Grown

Grown full too.

Dubois. What ſhall we propound ourſelves?

Long. I'll think on't.

Dubois. Do. Old occupations have
Too many ſetters-up to proſper; ſome
Uncommon trade would thrive now.

Long. We will ev'n
Make up ſome half a dozen proper men;
And ſhould not we get more than all
Your female ſinners?

Dubois. If the houſe be ſeated,
As it ſhould be, privately.

Long. Ay; but that would make
A multitude of witches.

Dubois. Witches? how, prithee?

Long. Thus; the bawds would all
Turn witches to revenge themſelves upon us;
And the women that come to us, for diſguiſes
Muſt wear beards; and that is, they ſay,
A token of a witch.

Dubois. What ſhall we then do?

Long. We muſt ſtudy on't with more conſideration.
Stay, Dubois! are not the lord of Orleans
And the lord of Amiens enemies?

Dubois. Yes; what of that?

Long. Methinks the factions of two ſuch great men
Should give a promiſe of advancement now,
To us that want it.

Dubois. Let the plot be thine,
And in the enterprize I'll ſecond thee.

Long. I have it! We will firſt ſet down ourſelves
The method of a quarrel, and make choice
Of ſome frequented tavern, or ſuch a place
Of common notice, to perform it in,
By way of undertaking, to maintain
The ſeveral honours of thoſe enemies:
Thou, for the lord of Orleans; I for Amiens.

Dubois. I like the project; and I think 'twill take
The better, ſince their difference firſt did riſe
From his occaſion whom we follow'd once.

Long.

Long. We cannot hope leſs, after the report,
Than entertainment or gratuity:
Yet thoſe are ends I do not aim at moſt.
Great ſpirits that are needy, and will thrive,
Muſt labour while ſuch troubles are alive. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Laverdine and La-Poop.

La-P. Slander is ſharper than the ſword!
I've fed theſe three days upon leaf-tobacco,
For want of other victuals.

Lav. You have liv'd
The honeſter, captain. But be not ſo dejected!
But hold up thy head, and meat will ſooner fall
In thy mouth.

La-P. I care not ſo much for meat,
So I had but good liquor, for which my guts
Croak like ſo many frogs for rain.

Lav. It ſeems
You are troubled with the wind-cholic, captain;
Swallow a bullet; it is preſent remedy,
I will aſſure you.

La-P. A bullet? I'll tell you, Sir[17]!
My paunch is nothing but a pile of bullets:
When I was in any ſervice, I ſtood between
My general and the ſhot, like a mud-wall:
I am all lead; from th' crown of the head to the
Soal of the foot, not a ſound bone about me.

Lav. It ſeems you've been in terrible hot ſervice,
Captain.

La-P. It has ever been
The fate of the Low-Country wars to ſpoil
Many a man; I ha' not been the firſt,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt. But, I'll tell you, Sir,
(Hunger has brought it into mind) I ſerv'd
Once at the ſiege of Breſt, ('tis memorable
To this day) where we were in great diſtreſs
For victuals; whole troops fainted more for want
Of food than for blood, and died; yet we were
Reſolv'd to ſtand it out. I myſelf was

[17] *A bullet?* If you be captain,
My paunch, &c.] So firſt folio.

But

But then gentleman of a company, and had
As much need as any man: And indeed
I'd periſh'd, had not a miraculous providence
Preſerv'd me.

Lav. As how, good captain?

La-P. Marry, Sir,
E'en as I was fainting and falling down
For want of ſuſtenance, the enemy
Made a ſhot at me, and ſtruck me full
In the paunch with a penny-loaf.

Lav. Inſtead of a bullet?

La-P. Inſtead of a bullet.

Lav. That was miraculous indeed!
And that loaf ſuſtain'd you?

La-P. Nouriſh'd me,
Or I had famiſh'd wi' the reſt.

Lav. You have done
Worthy acts, being a ſoldier. And now you ſhall
Give me leave to requite your tale, and to acquaint you
With the moſt notorious deeds that I've done,
Being a courtier: I proteſt, captain,
I'll lie no more than you have done.

La-P. I can
Endure no lies.

Lav. I know you cannot, captain,
Therefore I will only tell you of ſtrange things:
I did once a deed of charity, for itſelf;
I aſſiſted a poor widow in a ſuit,
And obtain'd it; yet, I proteſt, I took not
A penny for my labour.

La-P. It is no
Such ſtrange thing.

Lav. By Mars, captain, but it is,
And a very ſtrange thing too, in a courtier;
It may take the upper-hand of your penny-loaf
For a miracle. I could have told you
How many ladies have languiſh'd for my love,
And how I was once ſolicited by
The mother, the daughter, and grandmother; out of
The leaſt of which I might have digg'd myſelf

A for-

A fortune; they were all great ladies, for two of them
Were ſo big I could hardly embrace them;
But I was ſluggiſh in my riſing courſes,
And therefore let them paſs. What means I had
Is ſpent upon ſuch as had the wit to cheat me;
That wealth being gone, I've only bought experience
With it, with a ſtrong hope to cheat others.—
But ſee, here comes the much-declined Montague,
Who'd all the manor-houſes, which were the body
Of his eſtate, o'erthrown by a great wind!

Enter Montague and Mallicorn.

La-P. How! by a great wind?
Was he not overthrown by law?

Lav. Yes, marry was he;
But there was terrible puffing and blowing
Before he was o'erthrown, if you obſerv'd;
And believe it, captain, there is no wind ſo dangerous
To a building as a lawyer's breath.

La-P. What's he with him?

Lav. An eminent citizen, monſieur Mallicorn:
Let's ſtand aſide, and liſten their deſign!

Mal. Sir, profit is the crown of labour; 'tis
The life, the ſoul of the induſtrious merchant:
In it he makes his Paradiſe, and for't neglects
Wife, children, friends, parents, nay, all the world,
And delivers up himſelf to th' violence of ſtorms,
And to be toſſed into unknown airs.
As there's no faculty ſo perilous,
So there is none ſo worthy profitable[18].

[18] *So there is none ſo worthy profitable.*] *i. e.* Profit is the moſt worthily profitable of any faculty. This is little more than to ſay, *profit is profit.* But the abſurdity is not chargeable upon the original. Almoſt the whole act has been hitherto printed as proſe, and where the meaſure is not eaſily reſtored, there the ſenſe too is frequently deficient; and where both fail together, there is the fulleſt proof of a corruption. Both in this place are very eaſily amended by adding or rather reſtoring two particles:

As there's no faculty ſo perilous,
So there is none ſo worthy as the *profitable.* *Seward.*

Seward's addition, in our opinion, injures both meaſure and ſenſe. The two lines ſignify, 'As there is no profeſſion incurs ſo much 'danger as the Merchant, ſo there is none ſo reputably lucrative.' Montague's anſwer proves this.

Mont.

Mont. Sir, I am very well poſſeſt of it[19];
And what of my poor fortunes remains,
I would gladly hazard upon the ſea; it cannot
Deal worſe with me than the land, though't ſink
Or throw it in the hands of pirates. I have yet
Five hundred pounds left, and your honeſt
And worthy acquaintance may make me a young merchant:
The one moiety of what I have I'd gladly
Adventure.

Mal. How! adventure? you ſhall hazard
Nothing; you ſhall only join with me in certain
Commodities that are ſafe arriv'd unto
The quay: You ſhall neither be in doubt of danger
Nor damage; but, ſo much money diſburs'd,
So much receive. Sir, I would have you conceive
I purſue it not for any good your money will
Do me, but merely out of mine own freeneſs
And courteſy to pleaſure you.

Mont. I can
Believe no leſs; and you expreſs
A noble nature, ſeeking to build up
A man ſo ruin'd as myſelf.

Lav. Captain, here's ſubject
For us to work upon, if we have wit:
You hear that there is money yet left, and 'tis
Going to be laid out in rattles, bells,
Hobby-horſes, brown paper, or ſome ſuch-like ſale
Commodities; now it would do better in our purſes,
Upon our backs in good gold-lace and ſcarlet;
And then we might purſue our projects, and our
Devices towards my lady Annabella.
Go to! there is a conceit newly landed:
Hark! I ſtand in good reputation with him,
And therefore may the better cheat him: Captain,
Take a few inſtructions from me.

[19] *Poſſeſt of it.*] That is, *acquainted with* or *informed of it.* So, in Every Man in his Humour, act i. ſc. v. Bobadil ſays, 'Poſſeſs no 'gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.' *R.*

Mont.

Mont. What money
I have's at your diſpoſing; and upon twelve,
I'll meet you at the palace with it.
Mal. I'll there
Expect you; and ſo I take my leave.
Lav. You apprehend me? [*Exit Mal.*
La-P. Why, d'ye think I'm a dunce?
Lav. Not a dunce, captain;
But you might give me leave to miſdoubt that
Pregnancy in a ſoldier, which is proper and
Hereditary to a courtier: But proſecute it;
I will both ſecond and give credit to it.—
Good monſieur Montague! I would your whole
Revenues lay within the circuit of
Mine arms, that I might as eaſily beſtow,
Or reſtore it unto you as my courteſy!
La-P. My zealous wiſhes, Sir, do accompany his
For your good fortunes.
Lav. Believe it, Sir, our
Affection towards you is a ſtrong bond of friendſhip.
Mont. To which I ſhall moſt willingly ſeal. But, believe me,
Gentlemen, in a broken eſtate the bond
Of friendſhip oft is forfeited; but that
It is your free and ingenuous nature to renew it.
Lav. Sir, I will amply extend myſelf to your uſe,
And am very zealouſly afflicted, as not
One of your leaſt friends, for your crooked fate:
But let it not ſeize you with any dejection;
You have, as I hear, a ſufficient
Competency left, which, well diſpos'd,
May erect you as high in the world's
Account as ever.
Mont. I can't live to hope it,
Much leſs enjoy it: Nor is it any part
Of my endeavour; my ſtudy is to render
Ev'ry man his own, and to contain myſelf
Within the limits of a gentleman.
Lav. I have the grant of an office given me by

Some

Some noble favourites of mine in court;
There ſtands but a ſmall matter between me
And it: If your ability be ſuch
To lay down the preſent ſum, out of the love
I bear you, before any other man,
It ſhall be confirm'd yours.

Mont. I've heard you often ſpeak of ſuch a thing;
If't be aſſur'd to you, I'll gladly deal in it:
That portion I have I would not hazard
Upon one courſe, for I ſee the moſt certain
Is uncertain.

La-P. Having money, Sir,
You could not light upon men that could give
Better direction. There's at this time a friend
Of mine upon the ſeas (to be plain with you,
He is a pirate) that hath wrote to me
To work his freedom; and by this gentleman's
Means, whoſe acquaintance is not ſmall at court,
We have the word of a worthy man for't: only there is
Some money to be ſuddenly diſburs'd;
And if your happineſs be ſuch to make it up,
You ſhall receive treble gain by't,
And good aſſurance for it.

Mont. Gentlemen,
Out of the weakneſs of my eſtate you ſeem
To have ſome knowledge of my breaſt, that would,
If it were poſſible, advance my declin'd fortunes,
To ſatisfy all men of whom I have
Had credit; and I know no way better
Than theſe which you propoſe: I have ſome money
Ready under my command; ſome part of it is
Already promis'd, but the remainder is
Yours to ſuch uſes as are propounded.

Lav. Appoint ſome certain place of meeting;
For theſe affairs require expedition.

Mont. I'll make't my preſent buſineſs: At twelve I am
To meet Mallicorn, the merchant, at the palace,
(You know him, Sir) about ſome negotiation
Of the ſame nature; there I will be ready
To tender you that money, upon ſuch

Conditions as we ſhall conclude of.

Lav. The care
Of it be yours, ſo much as the affair
Concerns you!

Mont. Your caution is effectual; and till then
I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Lav. Good Mr. Montague!
[*Within a clamour,* Down with their weapons!

Enter Longueville and Dubois, their ſwords drawn; Servants and others between them.

Ser. Nay, gentlemen, what mean you? Pray be quiet!
Have ſome reſpect unto the houſe.

Long. A treacherous ſlave!

Dubois. Thou doſt revile thyſelf, baſe Longueville!

Long. I ſay thou art a villain, and a corrupt one,
That haſt ſome ſeven years fed on thy maſter's trencher,
Yet ne'er bred'ſt good blood towards him; for if thou hadſt,
Thou'dſt have a ſounder heart.

Dubois. So, Sir! you can
Uſe your tongue ſomething nimbler than your ſword.

Long. 'Would you could uſe your tongue well of your maſter, friend!
You might have better employment for your ſword.

Dubois. I ſay
Again, and I will ſpeak it loud and often,
That Orleans is a noble gentleman,
With whom Amiens is too light to poiſe the ſcale.

Long. He is the weaker, for taking of a praiſe
Out of thy mouth.

Dubois. This hand ſhall ſeal his merit
At thy heart.

Lav. Part them, my maſters, part them!

Serv. Part them, Sir?
Why do you not part them? you ſtand by
Wi' your ſword in your hand, and cry, *part 'em!*

Lav. Why,
You muſt know, my friend, my cloaths are better than yours;

And

And, in a good ſuit, I do ne'er uſe to part any body.

La-P. And it is diſcretion.

Lav. Ay, marry is it, captain.

Long. Dubois, tho' this place
Privilege thee, know, where next we meet,
The blood, which at thy heart flows, drops at thy feet!

Dubois. I would not ſpend it better [*Exit Long.*
Than in this quarrel, and on ſuch a hazard.

Enter Amiens in haſte; his ſword drawn.

Ami. What uproar is this? Muſt my name here be queſtion'd
In tavern-brawls, and by affected ruffians?

Lav. Not we indeed, Sir.

Dubois. Fear cannot make me ſhrink out of your fury,
Tho' you were greater than your name doth make you;
I'm one, and the oppoſer: If your ſwoln rage
Have aught in malice to enforce, expreſs it.

Ami. I ſeek thee not; nor ſhalt thou ever gain
That credit, which a blow from me would give thee.
By my ſoul, I more deteſt that fellow
Which took my part than thee, that he durſt offer
To take my honour in his feeble arms,
And ſpend it in a drinking-room. Which way went he?

Lav. That way, Sir.—I would you would after!
For I do fear we ſhall have ſome more ſcuffling.

Ami. I'll follow him; and, if my ſpeed o'ertake him.
I ſhall ill thank him for his forwardneſs. [*Exit.*

Lav. I'm glad he's gone; for I don't love to ſee
A ſword drawn in the hand of a man that looks
So furious; there's no jeſting with edge tools:
How ſay you, captain?

La-P. I ſay, 'tis better jeſting
Than to be in earneſt with them.

Enter Orleans.

Orl. How now?
What is the difference? They ſay there have been
Swords drawn, and in my quarrel: Let me know
That man, whoſe love is ſo ſincere to ſpend

His blood for my ſake! I will bounteouſly
Requite him.
Lav. We were all of your ſide;
But there he ſtands begun it.
Orl. What's thy name?
Dubois. Dubois.
Orl. Give me thy hand! Thou haſt receiv'd no hurt?
Dubois. Not any; nor were this body
Stuck full of wounds, I ſhould not count them hurts,
Being taken in ſo honourable a cauſe
As the defence of my moſt worthy lord.
Orl. The dedication of thy love to me
Requires my ample bounty: Thou art mine;
For I do find thee made unto my purpoſes.
Monſieur Laverdine, pardon my neglect!
I not obſerved you. And how runs rumour?
Lav. Why,
It runs, my lord, like a footman without a cloak,
To ſhew that what's once rumour'd it can't be hid [20].
Orl. And what ſay the rabble?
Am not I the ſubject of their talk?
Lav. Troth, my lord,
The common mouth ſpeaks foul words.
Orl. Of me,
For turning away my wife, do they not?
Lav. Faith,
The men do a little murmur at it, and ſay,
'Tis an ill precedent in ſo great a man.
Marry, the women, they rail outright.
Orl. Out upon them, rampallions [21]! I will keep

[20] *To ſhew that what's once rumour'd* it cannot *be hid.*] Several pages together here have been hitherto printed as proſe; even Longueville's ſpeech at his *exit*, which ends in rhyme. Here the reader will ſee that what contributed to ſpoil the meaſure, hurt the ſenſe alſo, and both are reſtored together,

To ſhew that what's once rumour'd can't *be hid. Seward.*

Neither the ſenſe or meaſure would be injured by the old text: The nominative abſolute is common in our old writers. A few lines lower we find, *The women,* THEY *rail.*

[21] *Rampallions.*] The meaning of this word is pretty obvious. It is uſed by Sir John Falſtaff, ſpeaking to the Hoſteſs, in the Second Part of Henry IV. act. ii. ſcene i. *R.*

Myſelf

Myſelf ſafe enough out of their fingers.
But what ſay my pretty jolly compos'd gallants,
That cenſure every thing more deſperate
Than it is dangerous? what ſay they?
Lav. Marry,
They're laying wagers what death you ſhall die;
One offers to lay five hundred pounds (and yet
H'had but a groat about him, and that was in
Two two-pences too) to any man that would
Make't up a ſhilling, that you were kill'd with a piſtol
Charged with white powder [22]; another offer'd
To pawn his ſoul for five ſhillings, (and yet
Nobody would take him) that you were ſtabb'd to death,
And ſhould die with more wounds than Cæſar.
Orl. And who ſhould be the butchers that ſhould do it?
Montague, and his aſſociates?
Lav. So
It is conjectur'd.
La-P. And, believe it, ſweet prince,
It is to be fear'd, and therefore prevented.
Orl. By turning
His purpoſe on himſelf? were not that the way?
Lav. The moſt direct path for your ſafety:
For where doth Danger ſit more furious
Than in a deſperate man?
La-P. And being you have
Declin'd his means [23], you have encreas'd his malice.
Lav. Beſides the general report that ſteams
In every man's breath, and ſtains you all o'er
With infamy, that Time, the devourer of all things,
Cannot eat out.
La-P. Ay, for that former familiarity
Which he had with your lady.
Lav. Men ſpeak't as boldly as words of compliment;

[22] White powder.] *White powder* was generally imagined to occaſion no ſound when uſed in diſcharging a piſtol. Some of the conſpirators in Queen Elizabeth's time, confeſſed, that their intention was to have murdered the Queen with fire-arms charged in this manner. *R.*

[23] *Declin'd his means*;] i. e. Been the cauſe of their declenſion.

Good morrow, good even, or *God ſave you, Sir,*
Are not more uſual: If the word *cuckold* had been
Written upon your forehead in great capital letters,
It could not have been dilated with more confidence.
Orl. He ſhall not ſleep another night; I'll have
His blood, tho't be requir'd at my hands again!
Lav. Your lordſhip may, and without hazarding
Your own perſon: Here's a gentleman in whoſe looks
I ſee a reſolution to perform it.
Dubois. Let his lordſhip
Give me but his honourable word for my life,
I'll kill him as he walks.
Lav. Or piſtol him
As he ſits at meat——
La-P. Or at game——
Lav. Or as he's drinking——
Dubois. Any way.
Orl. Wou't thou?
Call what is mine thine own! Thy reputation ſhall not
Be brought in queſtion for't, much leſs thy life;
It ſhall be nam'd a deed of valour in thee,
Not murder: Farewell! [*Exit.*
Dubois. I need no more encouragement;
It is a work I will perſuade myſelf
That I was born to.
Lav. And you may perſuade
Yourſelf too that you ſhall be pay'd by it,
Being that it is for his honourable lordſhip.
Dubois. But you muſt yield me means, how, when
and where.
Lav. That ſhall be our taſks; nay, more, we will
Be agents with thee: This hour we are to meet him,
On the receipt of certain monies, which
Indeed we purpoſe honeſtly to cheat him of,
And that's the main cauſe I would have him ſlain:
Who works with ſafety makes a double gain. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Longueville, Amiens following him.

Ami. Stay, Sir! I've took ſome pains to overtake you.
Your name is Longueville?

Long.

Long. I have the word
Of many honeſt men for't.—I crave your lordſhip's pardon!
Your ſudden apprehenſion on my ſteps
Made me to frame an anſwer unwitting, and
Unworthy your reſpect.
Ami. D' you know me?
Long. Yes, my lord.
Ami. I know not you; nor am I well pleas'd to make
This time, as the affair now ſtands, the induction
Of your acquaintance. You're a fighting fellow?
Long. How, my lord?
Ami. I think I too much grace you;
Rather you are a fellow dares not fight,
But ſpit and puff and make a noiſe, whilſt
Your trembling hand draws out your ſword, to lay it
Upon andirons, ſtools, or tables, rather
Than on a man.
Long. Your honour may beſt ſpeak this; yet,
With little ſafety, if I thought it ſerious.
Ami. Come, you're a very braggart;
And you have given me cauſe to tell you ſo:
What weakneſs have you ever ſeen in me
To prompt yourſelf, that I could need your help?
Or what other reaſons could induce you to it?
You ne'er yet had a meal's meat from my table,
Nor, as I remember, from my wardrobe
Any caſt ſuit.
Long. 'Tis true.
I ne'er durſt yet have ſuch a ſervile ſpirit
To be the minion of a full-ſwoln lord,
But always did deteſt ſuch ſlavery:
A meal's meat? or a caſt ſuit? I'd firſt eat the ſtones,
And from ſuch rags the dunghills do afford
Pick me a garment.
Ami. I've miſtook the man!
His reſolute ſpirit proclaims him generous;
He has a noble heart, as free to utter
Good deeds as to act them; for had he not been right,
And of one piece, he would have crumpled, curl'd,

And ſtruck himſelf out of the ſhape of man
Into a ſhadow.—But, prithee tell me,
If no ſuch fawning hope did lead thee on
To hazard life for my ſake,
What was it that incited thee? tell me; ſpeak i
Without the imputation of a ſycophant!

Long. Your own deſert; and with it was join'd
Th' unfeigned friendſhip that I judg'd you ever
Held unto my former lord.

Ami. The noble Montague?

Long. Yes;
The noble and much-injur'd Montague.

Ami. To ſuch a man as thou art, my heart ſhall be
A caſket: I will lock thee up there, and
Eſteem thee as a faithful friend,
The richeſt jewel that a man enjoys:
And, being thou didſt follow once my friend,
And in thy heart ſtill doſt, not with his fortunes
Caſting him off, thou ſhalt go hand in hand
With me, and ſhare as well in my
Ability as love: 'Tis not my end
To gain men for my uſe, but a true friend. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dubois.

Dubois. There's no ſuch thriving way to live in grace,
As to have no ſenſe of it; his back nor belly
Shall not want warming that can practiſe me miſchief!
I walk now with a full purſe, grow high and wanton,
Prune and briſk myſelf in the bright ſhine
Of his good lordſhip's favours; and for what virtue?
For faſhioning myſelf a murderer.
Oh, noble Montague, to whom I owe
My heart, with all my beſt thoughts, tho' my tongue
Have promis'd t' exceed the malice of thy deſtiny,
Never in time of all my ſervice knew I
Such a ſin tempt thy bounty! thoſe that did feed
Upon thy charge, had merit or elſe need.

Enter Laverdine and La-Poop, with diſguiſes.

Lav. Dubois! moſt proſperouſly met!

Dubois.

Dubois. How now?
Will he come this way?
Lav. This way, immediately;
Therefore, thy aſſiſtance, dear Dubois!
Dubois. What, have you cheated him of the money you ſpoke of?
Lav. Fough! as eaſily as a ſilly country wench
Of her maidenhead; we had it in a twinkling.
Dubois. 'Tis well. Captain, let me help you; you muſt be
Our leader in this action.
La-P. Tut! fear not;
I'll warrant you, if my ſword hold, we'll make
No ſweating ſickneſs of it[24].
Dubois. Why, that's well ſaid.
But let's retire a little, that we may come
On the more bravely. This way, this way! [*Exe.*

Enter Montague in the hands of Three Officers, and Three Creditors.

1 *Cred.* Officers, look to him; and be ſure you take
Good ſecurity before he part from you!
Mont. Why, but, my friends,

---

24 *No* ſweating ſickneſs *of it.*] The *Sweating Sickneſs*, called *Sudor Anglicus*, and *Febris Ephemera Britannica*, is by ſome ſuppoſed to have been a diſorder peculiarly incident to the Engliſh nation. It firſt appeared in the year 1485, and afterwards in 1506, 1517, 1528, and 1551, and each time made a prodigious havock in the human ſpecies. Dr. Mead ſuppoſes it originally to have been imported by the French troops, brought over by Henry VII. who caught the infection from others, about that time returned from the ſiege of Rhodes. The violence of the diſeaſe eluded every effort made by the phyſicians to ſtop the progreſs of it. Thoſe who were attacked by it ſeldom lived more than twenty-four hours, and many were carried off in half the time. The moſt ſingular circumſtance attending it was this, which is related by ſeveral writers, That the natives of every other Country but England eſcaped it, and that thoſe natives who fled into foreign climates were purſued by it, and fell victims to its malignity. Dr. Mead ſuppoſes it to have been a ſpecies of the Peſtilence.—A very poetical and accurate account of its ſymptoms and effects may be read in Dr. Armſtrong's Art of Preſerving Health, book iii. line 532, &c. *R.*

You

You take a ſtrange courſe with me! the ſums I owe you
Are rather forgetfulneſs, (they are ſo ſlight)
Than want of will or honeſty to pay you.

1 *Cred.* Ay, Sir, it may be ſo; but we muſt be paid,
And we will be paid before you 'ſcape:
We've wife and children, and a charge; and you
Are going down the wind, as a man may ſay;
And therefore it behoves us to look to't
In time.

2 *Cred.* Your cloak here would ſatisfy me;
Mine is not above a three-pound matter,
Beſides th' arreſt.

3 *Cred.* 'Faith, and mine is much
About that matter too; your girdle and hanger,
And your beaver, ſhall be ſufficient bail for it.

1 *Cred.* If you have ever a plain black ſuit at home,
This ſilken one, with your ſilk ſtockings, garters,
And roſes, ſhall pacify me too; for I
Take no delight, if I've a ſufficient pawn,
To caſt any gentleman in priſon; therefore
'Tis but an untruſſing matter, and you are free.
We are no unreaſonable creatures, you ſee:
For mine own part, I proteſt I'm loth to put you
To any trouble for ſecurity.

Mont. Is there
No more of you? he would next demand my ſkin.

1 *Cred.* No, Sir;
Here are no more of us, nor do any of us
Demand your ſkin; we know not what to do with it;
But it may be, if you ow'd your glover
Any money, he knew what uſe to make of it.

Mont. Ye dregs of baſeneſs, vultures amongſt men,
That tire[24] upon the hearts of generous ſpirits——

1 *Cred.* You do us wrong, Sir; we tire no generous ſpirits;
We tire nothing but our hacknies.

---

24 *That* tire *upon, &c.*] So, in Decker's Match Me in London, 1631,

' —— the vulture *tires*
' Upon the eagle's heart.' R.

Enter

Enter Mallicorn.

Mont. But here comes one made of another piece!
A man well meriting that free-born name
Of Citizen. Welcome, my deliverer!
I am fallen into the hands of blood-hounds, that
For a ſum leſſer than their honeſties,
Which is nothing, would tear me out of my ſkin.
Mal. Why, Sir, what is the matter?
1 *Cred.* Why, Sir,
The matter is, that we muſt have our money;
Which if we can't have, we'll ſatisfy ourſelves
With his carcaſe, and be paid that ways.
You had as good, Sir, not have been ſo peremptory.
Officer, hold faſt!
1 *Officer.* The ſtrenuous fiſt
Of Vengeance now is clutch'd; therefore fear nothing!
Mal. What may be the debt in groſs?
Mont. Some forty crowns;
Nay, rather not ſo much: 'Tis quickly caſt.
Mal. 'Tis ſtrange to me, that your eſtate ſhould have
So low an ebb, to ſtick at ſuch ſlight ſums.
Why, my friends, you are too ſtrict in your accounts,
And call too ſudden on this gentleman;
He has hopes left yet to pay you all.
1 *Cred.* Hopes?
Ay, marry! bid him pay his friends with hopes,
And pay us with current coin! I knew
A gallant once that fed his creditors
Still with hopes, and bid 'em they ſhould fear
Nothing, for he had 'em tied in a ſtring;
And truſt me, ſo he had indeed, for at laſt
He and all his hopes hopt in a halter.
Mont. Good Sir,
With what ſpeed you may, free me
Out of the company of theſe ſlaves, that have
Nothing but their names to ſhew 'em men.
Mal. What would
You wiſh me do, Sir? I proteſt I ha' not

The

The preſent ſum (ſmall as it is) to lay down for you;
And for giving my word, my friends no later
Than yeſternight made me take bread and eat it,
That I ſhould not do it for any man breathing i'th' world:
Therefore I pray hold me excus'd!
Mont. You do not ſpeak
This ſeriouſly?
Mal. As e'er I ſaid my prayers,
I proteſt to you.
Mont. What may I think of this?
Mal. Troth, Sir, thought's free for any man; we abuſe
Our betters in it; I have done it myſelf.
Mont. Truſt me, this ſpeech of yours doth much amaze me!
Pray leave this language; and out of that
Same ſum you lately did receive of me,
Lay down as much as may diſcharge me.
Mal. You're
A merry man, Sir; and I am glad you take your
Croſſes ſo temperately. Fare you well, Sir!
And yet I have ſomething more to ſay to you;
A word in your ear, I pray! To be plain with you,
I did lay this plot to arreſt you, to enjoy
This money I have of yours with the more ſafety.
I'm a fool to tell you this now; but, in good faith,
I could not keep it in; and the money would
Ha' done me little good elſe. An honeſt citizen
Cannot wholly enjoy his own wife for you;
They grow old before they have true uſe of them,
Which is a lamentable thing, and truly
Much hardens the hearts of us citizens
Againſt you. I can ſay no more, but am
Heartily ſorry for your heavineſs;
And ſo I take my leave. [*Exit.*
1 *Cred.* Officers,
Take hold on him again! for monſieur Mallicorn
Will do nothing for him, I perceive.

Enter

Enter Dubois, La-Poop, and Laverdine.

Dubois. Nay, come,
My maſters, leave dancing of the old meaſures,
And let's aſſault him bravely!

Lav. By no means;
For it goes againſt my ſtomach to kill a man
In an unjuſt quarrel.

La-P. It muſt needs
Be a clog to a man's conſcience all his life-time.

Lav. It muſt indeed, captain: Beſides, do you not
See he has gotten a guard of friends about him,
As if he had ſome knowledge of our purpoſe?

Dubois. Had he a guard of devils, as I think 'em
Little better, my ſword ſhould do the meſſage that
It came for.

Lav. If you will be ſo deſperate,
The blood lie upon your own neck, for we'll
Not meddle in't!

Dubois. I am your friend and ſervant;
Struggle with me, and take my ſword.—

[*Dubois runs upon Montague, and ſtruggling yields him his ſword; the Officers draw; Laverdine and La-Poop in the ſcuffling retire; Montague chaſeth them off the ſtage, himſelf wounded.*

Noble Sir, make your way! You've ſlain an Officer.

Mont. Some one of them has certainly requited me;
For I do loſe much blood.

1 *Officer.* Udſprecious!
We've loſt a brother: Purſue the gentleman!

2 *Officer.* I'll not meddle with him: You ſee what comes on't;
Beſides, I know he'll be hang'd, ere he be taken.

1 *Officer.* I tell thee, yeoman, he muſt be taken
Ere he be hang'd.—He is hurt in the guts;
Run afore therefore, and know how his wife
Will rate his ſauſages a-pound.

3 *Officer.* Stay, brother!
I may live; for ſurely I find I am but hurt
In the leg, a dangerous kick on the ſhin-bone. [*Exe.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lamira, Ducheſs, and Veramour.

Lam. YOU ſee, lady,
What harmleſs ſports our country life affords;
And tho' you meet not here with city dainties,
Or courtly entertainment, what you have
Is free and hearty.

Duch. Madam, I find here
What is a ſtranger to the court, content;
And receive courteſies done for themſelves,
Without an expectation of return,
Which binds me to your ſervice.

Lam. Oh, your love!
My homely houſe, built more for uſe than ſhow,
Obſerves the golden mean, equally diſtant
From glittering pomp, and ſordid avarice:
For maſques, we will obſerve the works of Nature;
And in the place of viſitation, read;
Our phyſic ſhall be wholeſome walks; our viands
Nouriſhing, not provoking; for I find
Pleaſures are tortures that leave ſtings behind.

Duch. You have a great eſtate.

Lam. A competency
Sufficient to maintain me and my rank;
Nor am I, I thank Heav'n, ſo courtly bred
As to employ the utmoſt of my rents
In paying tailors for fantaſtic robes;
Or, rather than be ſecond in the faſhion,
Eat out my officers and my revenues
With grating uſury; my back ſhall not be
The baſe on which your ſoothing citizen
Erects his ſummer-houſes; nor, on th' other ſide,
Will I be ſo penuriouſly wiſe,

As

As to make money, that's my ſlave, my idol;
Which yet to wrong, merits as much reproof,
As to abuſe our ſervant.

Duch. Yet, with your pardon,
I think you want the crown of all contentment.

Lam. In what, good madam?

Duch. In a worthy huſband.

Lam. God[25]! it is ſtrange the galley-ſlave ſhould praiſe
His oar, or ſtrokes; or you, that have made ſhipwreck
Of all delight upon this rock call'd Marriage,
Should ſing encomiums on it.

Duch. Madam, tho'
One fall from's horſe and break his neck, will you
Conclude from that it is unfit to ride?
Or muſt it follow, becauſe Orleans
My lord is pleas'd to make his paſſionate trial
Of my ſuſpected patience, that my brother
(Were he not ſo, I might ſay worthy Amiens)
Will imitate his ills, that cannot fancy[26]
What's truly noble in him?

Lam. I muſt grant
There's as much worth in him as can be look'd for
From a young lord; but not enough to make
Me change my golden liberty, and conſent
To be a ſervant to it, as wives are
To the imperious humours of their lords.
Methinks, I'm well: I riſe and go to bed,
When I think fit; eat what my appetite
Deſires, without control; my ſervants' ſtudy
Is my contentment, and to make me merry

[25] —— *It is ſtrange the galley ſlave ſhould praiſe.*] This verſe wants a ſyllable which the reader muſt ſupply by ſome note of exclamation at the beginning. It being common in all the editions of our Authors to leave daſhes for exclamatory particles, and for every ſpecies of leſſer oaths. *Seward.*

We have ſupplied the deficiency; and, we do not doubt, with the Author's own word.

[26] *That* cannot *fancy.*] Seward ſilently reads,
That you can't *fancy*, &c.

Their

Their furtheſt aims; my ſleeps are enquir'd after,
My riſing-up ſaluted with reſpect:
Command and liberty now wait upon
My virgin ſtate; what would I more? change all
And for a huſband? no! theſe freedoms die,
In which they live, with my virginity:
'Tis in their choice, that's rich, to be a wife,
But not, being yoak'd, to chuſe the ſingle life.—
Veramour[26]!

Ver. Madam.

Lam. How like you the country?

Ver. I like the air of it well, madam; and the rather,
Becauſe, as on Iriſh timber your ſpider will
Not make his web, ſo, for aught I ſee yet,
Your cheater, pandar, and informer, being in
Their diſpoſitions too foggy for
This piercing climate, ſhun it, and chuſe rather
To walk in miſts i'th' city.

Lam. Who did you
Serve firſt, boy?

Ver. A rich merchant's widow; and was
By her preferr'd to a young court-lady.

Duch. And what
Difference found you in their ſervice?

Ver. Very much;
For look, how much my old city madam gave
To her young viſitants, ſo much my lady
Receiv'd from her hoary court-ſervants.

Lam. And what
Made you to leave her?

Ver. My father, madam, had
A deſire to have me a tall-man, took me from thence.

Lam. Well, I perceive you inherit the wag, from your father.

---

[26] *But not being youk'd to chuſe the ſingle life.*

Ver. *Madam.*] By this reading Veramour ſhould firſt ſpeak to the lady, which from the propriety of the thing, from the ſenſe of the context, and from the meaſure, it is plain he did not; but that his name ſhould be inſerted in the end of the lady's ſpeech, and the firſt call to him. *Seward.*

Ver.

Ver. Doves beget doves, and eagles eagles, madam:
A citizen here, tho' left ne'er ſo rich,
Seldom at the beſt proves a gentleman;
The ſon of an advocate, tho' dubb'd, like's father,
Will ſhew a reliſh
Of his deſcent, and the father's thriving practice;
As I've heard, ſhe that of a chambermaid
Is metamorphoſed into a madam,
Will yet remember how oft her daughter
By her mother ventur'd to lie upon the ruſhes,
Before ſhe could get in that which makes many ladies.
Duch. But what think you of your late maſter?
Ver. Oh, madam! [*Sighs.*
Lam. Why do you ſigh? you're ſorry that you left him;
He made a wanton of you.
Ver. Not for that;
Or if he did, for that my youth muſt love him.
Oh, pardon me, if I ſay liberty
Is bondage, if compar'd with his kind ſervice;
And but to have power now to ſpeak his worth
To its deſert, I ſhould be well content
To be an old man when his praiſe were ended:
And yet, if at this inſtant you were pleas'd
I ſhould begin, the livery of age
Would take his lodging upon this head
Ere I ſhould bring it to a period.
In brief, he is a man (for Heav'n forbid
That I ſhould ever live to ſay he *was*)
Of ſuch a ſhape as would make one belov'd
That never had good thought; and to his body
He hath a mind of ſuch a conſtant temper,
In which all virtues throng to have a room;
Yet 'gainſt this noble gentleman, this Montague,
(For in that name I comprehend all goodneſs)
Wrong, and the wreſted law, falſe witneſſes,
And Envy ſent from hell, have roſe in arms,
And, tho' not pierc'd, batter'd his honour'd ſhield.

What ſhall I ſay? I hope you will forgive me,
That if you were but pleas'd to love,
I know no Juno worthy ſuch a Jove[27].

Enter Charlotte with a letter.

Lam. It is well yet that I've the ſecond place
In your affection. From whence?

Charl. From the lord Amiens, madam.

Lam. 'Tis welcome, tho' it bear his uſual language.
I thought ſo much; his love-ſuit ſpeaks his health.
What's he that brought it?

Charl. A gentleman of good rank, it ſeems.

Lam. Where is he?

Charl. Receiving entertainment in your houſe,
Sorting with his degree.

Lam. 'Tis well.

Charl. He waits
Your ladyſhip's pleaſure.

Lam. He ſhall not wait long.—
I'll leave you for a while.—Nay, ſtay you, boy;
Attend the lady. [*Exeunt Lam. and Charl.*

Ver. 'Would I might live once
To wait on my poor maſter!

Duch. That's a good boy!
This thankfulneſs looks lovely on thy forehead;
And in it, as a book, methinks I read

[27] *That* if you were but *pleas'd to love,*
I know no Juno worthy ſuch a Jove.] Both the ſenſe and meaſure of the firſt line are ſo lame that there can, I think, be no doubt of a corruption. That which is moſt natural for Veramour to ſay as a proper compliment to Lamira, and a proper wiſh for reſtoring his beloved maſter to wealth and proſperity; this, I ſay, will exactly fill up the meaſure; and tho' it departs more than I could wiſh from the trace of the letters, yet a few blots in the original copy might eaſily cauſe ſuch a difference; I hope that I ſhall only reſtore that original in reading,

That unleſs you yourſelf *were pleas'd to love.*

Lamira's anſwer evidently requires ſome reading to this purport.
Seward.

The *ſenſe* of the firſt line is clear, and the text ſhould not be violated. Lamira's anſwer refers to Veramour's affection, not to Montague's.

Inſtructions

Inſtructions for myſelf, that am his debtor,
And would do much that I might be ſo happy
To repair that which to our grief is ruin'd.
Ver. It were a work a king might glory in,
If he ſaw with my eyes. If you pleaſe, madam,
(For ſure to me you ſeem unapt to walk)
To ſit, altho' the churliſh birds deny
To give us muſic in this grove, where they
Are prodigal to others, I'll ſtrain my voice
For a ſad ſong; the place is ſafe and private.
Duch. 'Twas my deſire: Begin, good Veramour!

Muſic, a ſong; at the end of it, enter Montague fainting, his ſword drawn.

Duch. What's he, Veramour?
Ver. A goodly perſonage.
Mont. Am I yet ſafe? or is my flight a dream?
My wounds and hunger tell me that I wake:
Whither have my fears borne me? No matter where;
Who hath no place to go to, cannot err!
What ſhall I do? Cunning Calamity,
That others' groſs wits uſes to refine,
When I moſt need it, dulls the edge of mine.
Duch. Is not this Montague's voice?
Ver. My maſter's? fy!
Mont. What ſound was that? Piſh!
Fear makes the wretch think every leaf o'th' jury.
What courſe to live? beg? better men have done it,
But in another kind: Steal? Alexander,
Tho' ſtil'd a conqueror, was a proud thief,
Tho' he robb'd with an army. Fy, how idle
Theſe meditations are! tho' thou art worſe
Than Sorrow's tongue can ſpeak thee, thou art ſtill,
Or ſhouldſt be, honeſt Montague.
Duch. 'Tis too true.
Ver. 'Tis he!
What villain's hands did this? Oh, that my fleſh
Were balm! in faith, Sir, I would pluck it off
As readily as this! Pray you accept

My will to do you ſervice: I have heard
The mouſe once ſav'd the lion in his need,
As the poor ſcarab[28] ſpoil'd the eagle's ſeed[29].
Duch. How do you?
Mont. As a forſaken man.
Duch. Do not ſay ſo! take comfort;
For your misfortunes have been kind in this,
To caſt you on a hoſpitable ſhore,
Where dwells a lady——
Ver. She to whom, good maſter,
You preferr'd me.
Duch. In whoſe houſe, whatſoe'er
Your dangers are, I'll undertake your ſafety.
Mont. I fear that I'm purſued; and doubt that I,
In my defence, have kill'd an Officer.
Ver. Is that all? There's no law under the ſun
But will, I hope, confeſs, one drop of blood
Shed from this arm is recompence enough,
Tho' you had cut the throats of all the catchpoles
In France, nay, in the world.
Mont. I would be loth
To be a burden, or feed like a drone
On the induſtrious labour of a bee;
And baſer far I hold it to owe for
The bread I eat, what's not in me to pay:
Then, ſince my full fortunes are declin'd[30],
To their low ebb, I'll faſhion my high mind.
It was no ſhame to Hecuba, to ſerve
When Troy was fir'd: If't be in your power
To be a means to make her entertain me[31],

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[28] *Scarab.*] See note 49 on the Elder Brother.

[29] Spil'd *the eagles ſeed.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[30] *Then ſince my* full, *&c.*] Seward, for the ſake of meaſure, reads, *Then ſince my* ONCE full *fortunes are declin'd.*

[31] *To be a means to make her* entertainment.] This miſtake of the ſubſtantive *entertainment* for *entertain me*, has run through the former editions. It has been objected to this paſſage—How could Montague be perſonally unknown or want a recommendation to Lamira, when he had expreſly recommended to her both the perſons he ſpeaks to.

Had

(And far from that I was; but to ſupply
My want with habit fit for him that ſerves)
I ſhall owe much to you.
Duch. Leave that care to me.
Ver. Good Sir, lean on my ſhoulder. Help, good madam!
Oh, that I were a horſe for half an hour,
That I might carry you home on my back!
I hope you'll love me ſtill?
Mont. Thou doſt deſerve it, boy.
That I ſhould live to be thus troubleſome!
Duch. Good Sir, 'tis none.
Ver. Trouble? moſt willingly I would be chang'd
Like Apuleius, wear his aſs's ear [32],
Provided I might ſtill this burden bear.
Duch. 'Tis a kind boy!
Mont. I find true proof of it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Amiens and Longueville, with a paper.

Ami. You'll carry it?
Long. As I live, altho' my packet
Were like Bellerophon's. What have you ſeen
In me or my behaviour, ſince your favours
So plentifully ſhower'd upon my wants,
That may beget diſtruſt of my performance?
Ami. Nay, be not angry! if I entertain'd
But the leaſt ſcruple of your love, or courage,
I would make choice of one which my eſtate
Should do me right in this [33]: Nor can you blame me,

Had the poets foreſeen the objection, an additional line might have taken it clearly off. Since it is very common, for perſons of remarkable goodneſs living at great diſtances, and perſonally unknown to each other, to contract great friendſhips merely from character and the intercourſe of mutual friends; or perhaps what is ſtill a greater band of friendſhip, their concurrence in the ſame works of charity and benevolence. *Seward.*

Surely the abſurdity is too groſs to be ſo eaſily removed.

[32] *Like* Apuleius, *&c.*] See *Apulcius's Golden Aſſe*, tranſlated into Engliſh by William Adlington, 1571. *R.*

[33] *I would make choice of one* which *my eſtate*
Should do me right in this.] Thus the former editions, but I believe

If in a matter of ſuch conſequence
I am ſo importunate.

Long. Good my lord,
Let me prevent your further conjurations
To raiſe my ſpirit! I know this is a challenge
To be deliver'd unto Orleans' hand;
And that my undertaking ends not there,
But I muſt be your ſecond, and in that
Not alone ſearch your enemy, meaſure weapons,
But ſtand in all your hazards, as our bloods
Ran in the ſelf-ſame veins; in which if I
Better not your opinion, as a limb
That's putrified and uſeleſs, cut me off,
And underneath the gallows bury it!

Ami. At full you underſtand me, and in this
Bind me, and what is mine, to you and yours:
I will not ſo much wrong you as to add
One ſyllable more; let it ſuffice I leave
My honour to your guard, and in that prove
You hold the firſt place in my heart and love! [*Exit.*

Long. The firſt place in a lord's affection? very good!
And how long doth that laſt? perhaps the changing
Of ſome three ſhirts i' th' tennis-court. Well, it were
Very neceſſary that an order were taken
(If 'twere poſſible) that younger brothers
Might have more wit, or more money; for now,
Howe'er the fool hath long been put upon him
That inherits, his revenue hath bought him
A ſpunge, and wiped off the imputation:
And for the underſtanding of the younger,
Let him get as much rhetorick as he can,
To grace his language, they will ſee he ſhall

---

lieve without a poſſibility of any rational interpretation: I read,

——— *with my eſtate,*

i. e. I would have a *ſecond* in this duel that ſhould deliver my challenge and join in the fight with boldneſs and intrepidity, though it coſt me my whole eſtate to procure one. Longueville's anſwer to this has infinite beauty and energy. *Seward.*

Seward's reading is very bald, and will ſcarce convey the ſenſe he annexes to it, at leaſt not in the ſtile of our Authors. The old reading would better bear it.

Enter

Enter Dubois.

Have gloſs little enough to ſet out his bark.
Stand, Dubois! Look about! is all ſafe?

Dubois. Approach not near me but with reverence,
Laurel, and adorations! I have done
More than deſerves a hundred thanks.

Long. How now?
What's the matter?

Dubois. With this hand, only aided by this brain,
Without an Orpheus' harp, redeem'd, from hell's
Three-headed porter, our Euridice.

Long. Nay, prithee, ſpeak ſenſe! this is like the ſtale
Bragart in a play.

Dubois. Then, in plain proſe, thus, and with as little action as thou canſt deſire; the three-headed porter were three inexorable catchpoles, out of whoſe jaws, without the help of Orpheus' harp, bait or bribe (for thoſe two ſtrings make the muſick that mollifies thoſe flinty furies), I reſcued our Euridice; I mean my old maſter Montague.

Long. And is this all?
A poor reſcue! I thought thou hadſt revers'd
The judgment for his overthrow in his ſuit;
Or wrought upon his adverſary Orleans,
Taken the ſhape of a ghoſt, frighted his mind
Into diſtraction, and, for the appeaſing of
His conſcience, forc'd him to make reſtitution
Of Montague's lands, or ſuch like. Reſcued[34]? 'Slight,
I would
Have hired a chrocheteur[35] for two cardecues,

[34] ——— *Or ſuch like* reſcue;] The old folio reads,
——— *or ſuch like* reſcued;
The late editions have made it tolerable ſenſe, though I believe it a wrong conjecture, the more natural and more ſpirited reading may be given without changing a letter, only by different points—I read,
——— *or ſuch like*; reſcued? *Slight*
I would have hired, &c. *Seward.*

[35] *Have hired* acrocheture.] The true word here not being underſtood, is printed wrong in all the editions, it ſhould be a *chrocheteur*, i. e. *a porter*. *Seward.*

To have done ſo much with his whip!

Dubois. You would, Sir?

And yet 'tis more than three on their foot-cloths durſt do
For a ſworn brother, in a coach.

Long. Beſides,
What proofs of it? for aught I know, this may be
A trick; I had rather have him a priſoner,
Where I might viſit him, and do him ſervice,
Than not at all, or I know not where.

Dubois. Well, Sir, the end will ſhew it. What's that? a challenge?

Long. Yes; where is Orleans? tho' we fight in jeſt,
He muſt meet with Amiens in earneſt.—Fall off!
We are diſcover'd!—My horſe, garſon, ha!

Dubois. Were it not in a houſe, and in his preſence
To whom I owe all duty——

Long. What would it do?
Prate, as it does; but be as far from ſtriking,
As he that owes it, Orleans.

Dubois. How?

Long. I think thou art his porter,
Set here to anſwer creditors, that his lordſhip
Is not within, or takes the diet. I am ſent,
And will grow here until I have an anſwer,
Not to demand a debt of money, but
To call him to a ſtrict account for wrong
Done to the honours of a gentleman,
Which nothing but his heart-blood ſhall waſh off.

Dubois. Shall I hear this?

Long. And more; that if I may not
Have acceſs to him, I will fix this here,
To his diſgrace and thine——

Dubois. And thy life with it.

Long. Then have the copies of it paſted on poſts,
Like pamphlet-titles, that ſue to be ſold;
Have his diſgrace talk for tobacco-ſhops,
His picture baffled——

Dubois. All reſpect away!
Were't in a church—— [*Draw both.*

Long. This is the book I pray with.

Enter

Enter Orleans.

Orl. Forbear, upon your lives!

Long. What, are you rous'd?
I hope your lordſhip can read (tho' he ſtain not
His birth with ſcholarſhip).—Doth it not pleaſe you now?
If you're a right monſieur, muſter up
The reſt of your attendance, which is a page,
A cook, a pandar, coachman, and a footman,
(In theſe days, a great lord's train) pretending I am
Unworthy to bring you a challenge; inſtead of anſwering it,
Have me kick'd.

Dubois. If he does, thou deſerv'ſt it.

Long. I dare you all to touch me! I'll not ſtand ſtill.
What anſwer you?

Orl. That thou haſt done to Amiens
The office of a faithful friend, which I
Would cheriſh in thee, were he not my foe.
However, ſince on honourable terms
He calls me forth, ſay I will meet with him;
And by Dubois, ere ſun-ſet, make him know
The time and place, my ſword's length, and whatever
Scruple of circumſtance he can expect.

Long. This anſwer comes unlook'd-for. Fare you well!
Finding your temper thus, 'would I had ſaid leſs! [*Ex.*

Long. Now comes thy love to the teſt.

Dubois. My lord, 'twill hold,
And in all dangers prove itſelf true gold. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Laverdine, La-Poop, Mallicorn, and Servant.

Serv. I will acquaint my lady with your coming.
Pleaſe you repoſe yourſelves here.

Mal. There's a teſter;
Nay, now I am a wooer, I muſt be bountiful.

Serv. If you would have two three-pences for it, Sir,
To give ſome of your kindred as you ride,
I'll ſee if I can get them; we uſe not
(Tho' ſervants) to take bribes. [*Exit.*

Lav.

Lav. Then thou'rt unfit
To be in office, either in court or city.
La-P. Indeed corruption is a tree, whoſe branches
Are of an unmeaſurable length; they ſpread ev'ry where,
And the dew that drops from thence hath infected
Some chairs and ſtools of authority.
Mal. Ah, captain,
Lay not all the fault upon officers;
You know you can ſhark, tho' you be out of action,
Witneſs Montague!
Lav. Hang him! he's ſafe enough:
You had a hand in't too, and have gain'd by him.
But I wonder you citizens, that keep
So many books, and take ſuch ſtrict accounts
For every farthing due to you from others,
Reſerve not ſo much as a memorandum
For the courteſies you receive.
Mal. Would you have
A citizen book thoſe? Thankfulneſs is
A thing we are not ſworn to in our indentures;
You may as well urge conſcience.
Lav. Talk
No more of ſuch vanities! Montague
Is irrecoverably ſunk: I would
We had twenty more to ſend after him. The ſnake
That would be a dragon, and have wings, muſt eat;
And what implieth that, but this, that in
This cannibal age, he that would have
The ſuit of wealth, muſt not care whom he feeds on?
And, as I've heard, no fleſh battens better
Than that of a profeſſed friend; and he
That would mount to honour, muſt not make dainty
To uſe the head of his mother, back of his father,
Or neck of his brother, for ladders to his preferment:
For but obſerve, and you ſhall find for th' moſt part,
Cunning Villainy ſit at a feaſt as principal gueſt,
And innocent Honeſty wait as a contemn'd ſervant
With a trencher.
La-P. The ladies!

Enter

Enter Montague, Lamira, Ducheſs, Charlotte, and Veramour.

Mont. Do you ſmell nothing?
Charl. Not I, Sir.
Mont. The carrion of knaves is very ſtrong in my noſtrils.
Lav. We came to admire; and find Fame was a niggard,
Which we thought prodigal in your report[36],
Before we ſaw you.
Lam. Tuſh, Sir! this courtſhip's old.
La-P. I'll fight for thee, ſweet wench;
This is my tongue, and wooes for me.
Lam. Good man of war,
Hands off! if you take me, it muſt be by ſiege,
Not by an onſet: And for your valour, I
Think that I have deſerv'd few enemies,
And therefore need it not.
Mal. Thou need'ſt nothing, ſweet lady,
But an obſequious huſband; and where wilt thou find him,
If not i' th' city? We are true Muſcovites
To our wives, and are ne'er better pleas'd than when
They uſe us as ſlaves, bridle and ſaddle us: Have me!
Thou ſhalt command all my wealth as thine own;
Thou ſhalt ſit like a queen in my warehouſe; and
My factors, at the return with my ſhips, ſhall pay thee
Tribute of all the rarities of th' earth;
Thou ſhalt wear gold, feed on delicates; the firſt
Peaſcods, ſtrawberries, grapes, cherries, ſhall——
Lam. Be mine: I apprehend what you would ſay.
Thoſe dainties, which the city pays ſo dear for,
The country yields for nothing, and as early;
And, credit me, your far-fet[37] viands pleaſe not

[36] *Which we thought prodigal in our report.*] Former editions. Mr. Sympſon concurred in the correction. *Seward.*

[37] *Far-fet.*] Seward alters *fet* to *fetch'd*; but *fet* is right; it was the language of the times. So, in Roger Aſcham's Works, p. 13. 'And

My appetite better than thoſe that are near hand.
Then, for your promis'd ſervice and ſubjection
To all my humours when I am your wife,
(Which, as it ſeems, is frequent in the city)
I cannot find what pleaſure they receive
In uſing their fond huſbands like their maids:
But, of this, more hereafter! I accept
Your proffer kindly, and yours: My houſe ſtands open
To entertain you; take your pleaſure in it,
And eaſe after your journey!

Duch. Do you note
The boldneſs of the fellows?

Lam. Alas, madam!
A virgin muſt in this be like a lawyer;
And as he takes all fees, ſhe muſt hear all ſuitors;
The one for gain, the other for her mirth:
Stay with the gentlemen! we'll to the orchards.

[*Exe. Lamira, Ducheſs, Ver: and Charlotte.*

La-P. Zounds! what art thou?

Mont. An honeſt man, tho' poor:
And look they like to monſters? are they ſo rare?

Lav. Roſe from the dead?

Mal. Do you hear, monſieur Serviteur?
Didſt thou never hear of one Montague,
A prodigal gull, that liveth about Paris?

Mont. So, Sir!

Lav. One that after the loſs of his main eſtate
In a law-ſuit, bought an office in the court?

La-P. And ſhould have letters of mart, to have
The Spaniſh treaſure as it came from the Indies?
Were not thou and he twins? Put off thy hat;
Let me ſee thy forehead.

Mont. Tho' you take privilege
To uſe your tongues, I pray you hold your fingers!
'Twas your baſe coz'nage made me as I am;

' And therefore, againſt a deſperate evill began to ſeeke for a deſ-
' perate remedie; which was *fet* from Rome, a ſhop always open to
' any miſchief, as you ſhall perceive in theſe few leaves, if you marke
' them well.' *R.*

And,

And, were you ſomewhere elſe, I would take off
This proud film from your eyes, that will not let you
Know I am Montague.

Enter Lamira behind the arras.

Lam. I'll obſerve this better.

Lav. And art thou he? I'll do thee grace; give me
Thy hand! I'm glad thou haſt ta'en ſo good a courſe:
Serve God, and pleaſe thy miſtreſs; if I prove
To be thy maſter, as I'm very likely,
I will do for thee.

Mal. Faith, the fellow
Is well made for a ſervingman, and will no doubt
Carry a chine of beef with a good grace.

La-P. Prithee be careful of me in my chamber:
I will remember thee at my departure.

Mont. All this I can endure, under this roof;
And ſo much owe I her, whoſe now I am,
That no wrong ſhall incenſe me to moleſt
Her quiet houſe. While you continue here,
I will not be aſham'd to do you ſervice
More than to her, becauſe ſuch is her pleaſure.
But you that have broke thrice, and fourteen times
Compounded for two ſhillings in the pound,
Know I dare kick you in your ſhop! Do you hear?
If ever I ſee Paris, tho' an army
Of muſty murrions [37], ruſty brown bills and clubs,
Stand for your guard—I have heard of your tricks.
And you that ſmell of amber at my charge,
And triumph in your cheat—well, I may live
To meet thee! be it among a troop of ſuch
That are upon the fair face of the court
Like running ulcers, and before thy whore,
Trample upon thee!

37 *Of* muſty murrions, *&c.*] So in Philaſter, vol. i. p. 183.
We are thy myrmidons, thy guard, thy roarers!
And when thy noble body is in durance,
Thus do we clap our muſty murrions *on,*
And trace the ſtreets in terror.
R.

La-P. This a language for
A livery? take heed; I am a captain.
Mont. A coxcomb, are you not? That thou and I,
To give proof which of us dares moſt, were now
In midſt of a rough ſea, upon a piece
Of a ſplit ſhip, where only one might ride,
I would——
But fooliſh anger makes me talk like a player!
[*Lamira from the arras.*
Lam. Indeed, you act a part doth ill become you,
My ſervant[38]; is this your duty?
Mont. I crave your pardon,
And will hereafter be more circumſpect.
Lav. Oh, the power of a woman's tongue! It hath done
More than we three with our ſwords durſt undertake;
Put a madman to ſilence.
Lam. Why, ſirrah, theſe
Are none of your comrades, to drink with in the cellar;
One of them, for aught you know, may live
To be your maſter.
La-P. There is ſome comfort yet.
Lam. Here's choice of three: A wealthy merchant—
Mal. Hem!
She's taken; ſhe hath ſpied my good calf,
And many ladies chuſe their huſbands by that.
Lam. A courtier that's in grace; a valiant captain;
And are theſe mates for you? Away, begone!
Mont. I humbly pray you will be pleas'd to pardon!
And, to give ſatisfaction to you, madam,
(Altho' I break my heart) I will confeſs
That I have wrong'd them too, and make ſubmiſſion.
Lam. No; I'll ſpare that. Go, bid the cook haſte ſupper.
[*Exit Mont.*
La-P. Oh, brave lady, thou'rt worthy to have ſervants,
To be commandreſs of a family, that know'ſt how
To uſe and govern it.
Lav. You ſhall have many miſtreſſes

[38] *Doth ill become* you, *my ſervant.*] Seward expunges *you.*

That

That will ſo miſtake, as to take
Their horſe-keepers and footmen inſtead of their huſbands;
Thou art none of thoſe.
Mal. But ſhe that can make
Diſtinction of men, and knows when ſhe hath gallants
And fellows of rank and quality in her houſe——
Lam. Gallants indeed, if't be the gallants' faſhion
To triumph in the miſeries of a man,
Of which they are the cauſe! one that tranſcends
(In ſpite of all that Fortune hath, or can be, done)
A million of ſuch things as you!—My doors
Stand open to receive all ſuch as wear
The ſhape of gentlemen; and my gentlier nature
(I might ſay weaker) weighs not the expence
Of entertainment: Think you I'll forget yet
What's due unto myſelf? do not I know,
That you have dealt wi' poor Montague, but like
Needy commanders, cheating citizens,
And perjur'd courtiers? I am much mov'd, elſe uſe not
To ſay ſo much: If you will bear yourſelves
As fits ſuch you would make me think you are,
You may ſtay; if not, the way lies before you. [*Exit.*
Mal. What think you of this, captain?
La-P. That this is
A bawdy-houſe, with pinnacles and turrets,
In which this diſguis'd Montague goes to rut *gratis*;
And that this is a landed pandreſs, and makes
Her houſe a brothel for charity.
Mal. Come, that's no miracle;
But from whence derive you the ſuppoſition?
Lav. Obſerve but th' circumſtance[39]! You all know,
That in the height of Montague's proſperity,
He did affect, and had his love return'd by
This lady Orleans: Since her divorcement,
And his decay of eſtate [40], 'tis known they've met;

[39] *The* circumſtance.] Seward reads, *the* circumſtances.

[40] *It is known they have met, not ſo much as his boy* but *is wanting.*] Here again the text, as hitherto printed, would by no means run into any ſort of meaſure, and the ſenſe is almoſt as much injured. Striking out

Not ſo much as his boy but is wanting; and that this
Can be any thing elſe than a mere plot for
Their night-work, is above my imagination
To conceive.

Mal. Nay, it carries probability:
Let's obſerve it better; but yet wi' ſuch caution,
As our prying be not diſcover'd! here's all things
To be had without coſt, and therefore
Good ſtaying here.

La-P. Nay, that is true; I would
We might wooe her twenty years, like Penelope's ſuitors.
Come, Laverdine! [*Exeunt Mal. & La-P.*

Lav. I follow inſtantly.—
Yonder he is. The thought of this boy

Enter Veramour.

Hath much cool'd my affection to his lady;
And by all conjectures this is a diſguis'd whore:
I'll try if I can ſearch this mine.—Page!

Ver. Your pleaſure, Sir?

Lav. Thou art a pretty boy.

Ver. And you a brave man:
Now I'm out of your debt.

Lav. Nay, prithee ſtay!

Ver. I am in haſte, Sir.

Lav. By the faith of a courtier——

Ver. Take heed what ye ſay! you've taken a ſtrange oath.

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out *but* will do but little, for there want ſome words to connect the two ſentences; the firſt evidently relating to the meeting of lady Orleans and Montague in Paris; and the ſecond to their being at Lamira's country-ſeat. The words that firſt occurred, as abſolutely neceſſary to the ſenſe, perfectly ſuited the meaſure, and made the whole ſpeech run very eaſily into it. I read, therefore,

——— *'tis known they've met;*
And here they are together, *not ſo much as*
His boy is wanting.——— *Seward.*

We think the old text may very probably and aptly ſignify, 'Tis 'known they've met, met alone, *hit very boy abſent:* And this muſt 'be a plot for their intrigue.' The old text alſo is here as reducible to meaſure, as many other parts of the play.

Lav.

Lav. I have not ſeen a youth that hath pleas'd me better:
I would thou couldſt like me, ſo far as to leave
Thy lady and wait on me! I would maintain thee
I'th' braveſt cloaths——

Ver. Tho' you took them up
On truſt, or bought 'em at the broker's?

Lav. Or any way.
Then thy employments ſhould be ſo neat and cleanly——
Thou ſhouldſt not touch a pair of pantables
In a month; and thy lodging——

Ver. Should be in a brothel.

Lav. No; but in mine arms.

Ver. That may be
The circle of a bawdy-houſe, or worſe.

Lav. I mean thou ſhouldſt lie with me.

Ver. Lie with you?
I had rather lie with my lady's monkey! 'twas never
A good world, ſince our French lords learn'd
Of the Neapolitans, to make their pages
Their bedfellows; it doth more hurt to th' ſuburb ladies,
Than twenty dead vacations. 'Tis ſupper-time, Sir. [*Exit.*

Lav. I thought ſo!
I know by that 'tis a woman; for becauſe
Peradventure ſhe hath made trial of the monkey,
She prefers him before me, as one unknown: Well,
Theſe are ſtrange creatures[41], and have ſtrange deſires;
And men muſt uſe ſtrange means to quench ſtrange fires. [*Exit.*

[41] *Theſe are* ſtanding *creatures, and have ſtrange deſires;*
And men muſt uſe ſtrange means to quench ſtrange fires.] The old folio had printed this as proſe; the late editors found out that theſe two lines rhymed, and therefore ſhould be printed as verſe, but they did not obſerve, that there was a corrupt word in the firſt line equally injurious both to ſenſe and meaſure, for what is *ſtanding creatures?* We muſt indiſputably read,

——ſtrange *creatures*—— *Seward.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Montague alone, in mean habit.

Mont. NOW, Montague! who diſcerns thy ſpirit now,
Thy breeding, or thy blood? here's a poor cloud
Eclipſeth all thy ſplendor: Who can read
In thy pale face, dead eye, or lenten ſuit,
The liberty thy ever-giving hand
Hath bought for others, manacling itſelf
In gyves of parchment indiſſoluble?
The greateſt-hearted man, ſupplied with means,
Nobility of birth, and gentleſt parts,
Ay[42], tho' the right-hand of his ſovereign,
If Virtue quit her ſeat in his high ſoul,
Glitters but like a palace ſet on fire,
Whoſe glory whilſt it ſhines but ruins him;
And his bright ſhow, each hour to aſhes tending,
Shall at the laſt be rak'd up like a ſparkle,
Unleſs mens' lives and fortunes feed the flame.
Not for my own wants tho' blame I my ſtars,
But ſuffering others to caſt love on me,
When I can neither take, nor thankful be,
My lady's woman, fair and virtuous,
Young as the preſent month, ſolicits me
For love and marriage; now, being nothing worth—

Enter Veramour.

Ver. Oh, maſter! I have ſought you a long hour:
Good faith, I never joy'd out of your ſight!
For Heav'n's ſake, Sir, be merry, or elſe bear
The buffets of your fortunes with more ſcorn!
Do but begin to rail; teach me the way,

[42] I *though*, &c.] Folios. Seward, YEA *though*.

And

And I'll ſit down, and help your anger forth.
I've known you wear a ſuit full worth a lordſhip;
Give to a man, whoſe need ne'er frighted you
From calling of him *friend*, five hundred crowns,
Ere ſleep had left your ſenſes to conſider
Your own important preſent uſes: Yet,
Since, I have ſeen you with a trencher wait,
Void of all ſcorn; therefore I'll wait on you.

Mont. 'Would Heav'n thou were leſs honeſt!

Ver. 'Would to Heav'n
You were leſs worthy! I am ev'n wi' ye, Sir.

Mont. Is not thy maſter ſtrangely fall'n, when thou
Serv'ſt for no wages, but for charity?
Thou doſt ſurcharge me with thy plenteous love;
The goodneſs of thy virtue ſhewn to me,
More opens ſtill my diſability
To quit thy pains: Credit me, loving boy,
A free and honeſt nature may be oppreſs'd,
Tir'd with courteſies from a liberal ſpirit,
When they exceed his means of gratitude.

Ver. But 'tis a due in him that, to that end,
Extends his love or duty.

Mont. Little world
Of virtue, why doſt love and follow me?

Ver. I will follow you thro' all countries[43];
I'll run (faſt as I can) by your horſe-ſide,
I'll hold your ſtirrup when you do alight,
And without grudging wait 'till you return:
I will quit offer'd means, and expoſe myſelf
To cold and hunger, ſtill to be with you;
Fearleſs I'll travel thro' a wilderneſs;
And when you're weary, I will lay me down
That in my boſom you may reſt your head;
Where, whilſt you ſleep, I'll watch, that no wild beaſt
Shall hurt or trouble you; and thus we'll breed
A ſtory to make every hearer weep,
When they diſcourſe our fortunes and our loves.

Mont. Oh, what a ſcoff might men of women make,

[43] *I will follow*, &c.] There is great reſemblance in this ſcene to Philaſter and Bellario.

If they did know this boy!—But my deſire
Is, that thou wouldſt not (as thou uſeſt ſtill,
When, like a ſervant, I 'mong ſervants ſit)
Wait on my trencher, fill my cups with wine:
Why ſhouldſt thou do this, boy? prithee, conſider,
I am not what I was.

Ver. Curs'd be the day
When I forget that Montague was my lord,
Or not remember him my maſter ſtill!

Mont. Rather curſe me, with whom thy youth hath ſpent
So many hours, and yet untaught to live
By any worldly quality.

Ver. Indeed,
You never taught me how to handle cards,
To cheat and cozen men with oaths and lies,
Thoſe are the worldly qualities to live:
Some of our ſcarlet gallants teach their boys
Theſe worldly qualities.
Since ſtumbling Fortune then leaves Virtue thus,
Let me leave Fortune, ere be vicious!

Mont. Oh, lad, thy love will kill me!

Ver. In truth,
I think in conſcience I ſhall die for you.
Good maſter, weep not! do you want aught, Sir?
Will you have any money? here's ſome ſilver,
And here's a little gold; 'twill ſerve to play,
And put more troubleſome thoughts out of your minds
I pray, Sir, take it! I'll get more with ſinging,
And then I'll bring it you: My lady ga't me;
And, by my ſoul, it was not covetouſneſs,
But I forgot to tell you ſooner on't.

Mont. Alas, boy, thou'rt not bound to tell it me,
And leſs to give it; buy thee ſcarfs and garters!
And when I've money, I will give thee a ſword:
Nature made thee a beauteous cabinet,
To lock up all the goodneſs of the earth.

Enter Charlotte.

Ver. I've loſt my voice with the very ſight of

This

This gentlewoman! Good Sir, ſteal away! you
Were wont to be a curious avoider
Of womens' company.
Mont. Why, boy, thou dar'ſt truſt me
Any where, dar'ſt thou not?
Ver. I'd rather truſt you by
A roaring lion, than a ravening woman.
Mont. Why, boy?
Ver. Why, truly, ſhe devours more man's fleſh.
Mont. Ay, but ſhe roars not, boy?
Ver. No, Sir? why ſhe
Is never ſilent but when her mouth is full.
Charl. Monſieur Montague!
Mont. My ſweet fellow! ſince
You pleaſe to call me ſo.
Ver. Ah, my conſcience, ſhe
Would be pleas'd well enough to call you bed-fellow.
Oh, maſter, do not hold her by the hand ſo!
A woman is a lime-buſh, that catcheth all
She toucheth.
Charl. I do moſt dangerouſly ſuſpect
This boy to be a wench: Art thou not one?
Come hither, let me feel thee.
Ver. With all my heart.
Charl. Why doſt thou pull off thy glove?
Ver. Why, to feel whether
You be a boy, or no.
Charl. Fy, boy! go to!
I'll not look your head, nor comb your locks
Any more, if you talk thus.
Ver. Why, I'll ſing to you
No more then.
Charl. Fy upon't, how ſad you are!
A young gentleman that was the very ſun of France—
Mont. But I'm
In the eclipſe now.
Charl. Suffer himſelf to be o'er-run with
A lethargy of melancholy and diſcontent!

Rouze up thy ſpirit, man, and ſhake it off:
A noble ſoul is like a ſhip at ſea,
That ſleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm;
But when ſhe rages, and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with ſkill and majeſty.
I would turn a fool, or poet, or any thing,
Or marry, to make you merry: Prithee let's walk!—
Good Veramour, leave thy maſter and me;
I've earneſt buſineſs with him.

Ver. Pray do you leave
My maſter and me! we were very merry before you came.
He does not covet womens' company:
What have you to do with him? Come, Sir, will you go?
And I'll ſing to you again. I'faith, his mind
Is ſtronger than to credit womens' vows,
And too pure to be capable of their loves.

Charl. The boy is jealous. Sweet lad, leave us! my lady
Call'd for you, I ſwear: That's a good child! there is
A piece of gold for thee; go, buy a feather!

Ver. There's two pieces for you; do you go and buy one,
Or what you will, or nothing, ſo you go!—
Nay then, I ſee you'd have me go, Sir! why,
I'faith I will, now I perceive you love her
Better than you do me: But, Heaven bleſs you!
Whatever you do, or intend, I know you are
A very Honeſt Man! [*Exit.*

Charl. Still ſhall I wooe thee, whilſt thy ears reply
I cannot, or *I will not marry thee?*
Why haſt thou drawn the blood out of my cheeks,
And given a quicker motion to my heart?
Oh, thou haſt bred a fever in my veins,
Call'd Love, which no phyſician can cure!
Have mercy on a maid, whoſe ſimple youth——

Mont. How your example, faireſt, teacheth me
A ceremonious idolatry! [*Kneels.*

By all the joy of love, I love thee better
Than I or any man can tell another!
And will expreſs[43] the mercy which thou crav'ſt;
I will forbear to marry thee. Conſider,
Thou'rt Nature's heir in feature, and thy parents'
In fair inheritances: Riſe with theſe thoughts,
And look on me; but with a woman's eye:
A decay'd fellow, void of means and ſpirit.

Charl. Of ſpirit?

Mont. Yes; could I elſe tamely live[44],
Forget my father's blood, wait, and make legs,
Stain my beſt breeches with the ſervile drops
That fall from others' draughts?

Charl. This vizard wherewith thou wouldſt hide thy ſpirit
Is perſpective, to ſhew it plainlier:
This undervalue of thy life, is but
Becauſe I ſhould not buy thee. What more ſpeaks
Greatneſs of man than valiant patience,
That ſhrinks not under his fate's ſtrongeſt ſtrokes?
Theſe Roman deaths, as falling on a ſword,
Opening of veins, with poiſon quenching thirſt,
Which we erroneouſly do ſtile the deeds
Of the heroic and magnanimous man,
Was dead-ey'd Cowardice, and white-cheek'd Fear;
Who doubting Tyranny, and fainting under
Fortune's falſe lottery, deſperately run
To Death, for dread of Death; that ſoul's moſt ſtout,
That, bearing all miſchance, dares laſt it out.
Will you perform your word, and marry me,
When I ſhall call you to't?

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43 *And* will *expreſs.*] Seward reads, *And* to *expreſs.*

44 *Of ſpirit?*
Yes, could I tamely live.] The ſyllable wanting here to the meaſure is equally advantageous to the ſenſe. I therefore read,
Yes, could I elſe *tamely live, &c.*
The ſentiments of the next ſpeech deſerve to have been plac'd to a more conſpicuous character than a lady's woman. *Seward.*

Enter Longueville, with a riding-rod.

Mont. I'faith, I will.

Charl. Who's this alights here?

Long. With leave, fair creature,
Are you the lady-miſtreſs of the houſe?

Charl. Her ſervant, Sir.

Long. I pray then favour me,
To inform your lady, and duke Orleans' wife,
A buſineſs of import awaits 'em here,
And craves for ſpeedy anſwer.

Charl. Are you in poſt, Sir?

Long. No; I'm in ſattin, lady;
I would you would be in poſt.

Charl. I will return, ſweet. [*Exit.*

Long. Honeſt friend, do you belong to the houſe?—I pray
Be cover'd.

Mont. Yes, Sir, I do.

Long. Ha! dream'ſt thou, Longueville?
Sure it is not he!—Sir, I ſhould know you.

Mont. So ſhould I you, but that I am aſham'd:
But, tho' thou know'ſt me, prithee, Longueville,
Mock not my poverty! Pray remember yourſelf:
Shews it not ſtrangely for thy cloaths to ſtand
Without a hat to mine? Mock me no more.

Long. The pox embroider me all over, Sir,
If ever I began to mock you yet.
The plague upon me, why ſhould I wear velvet
And ſilver lace? 'Sdeath, I will tear it off.

Mont. Why, madman?

Long. Put on my hat? Yes,
When I'm hang'd I will! I could break my head,
For holding eyes that knew not you at firſt!
But, Time and Fortune, run your courſes with him;
He'll laugh and ſcorn you, when you ſhew moſt hate[45]!

[45] *He'll laugh and* ſtorm *you.*] How eaſily *ſcorn* was altered to *ſtorm* by a miſtake of the printer; but how much a properer word *ſcorn* is in the place, every reader will ſee, tho' *ſtorm* has hitherto all the former editions. *Seward.*

Enter Lamira, Ducheſs, Laverdine, La-Poop, Mallicorn, Veramour, and Charlotte.

Lam. You're a fair monſieur.
Long. Do you mock me, lady?
Lam. Your buſineſs, Sir, I mean.
Duch. Regard yourſelf,
Good monſieur Longueville!
Lam. You are
Too negligent of yourſelf and place; cover
Your head, ſweet monſieur!
Long. Miſtake me not, fair ladies;
'Tis not to you, nor you, that I ſtand bare.
Lav. Nay, ſweet dear monſieur, let it not be to us then!
La-P. A pox of compliment!
Mal. And pox of manners!
Pray hide your head; your gallants uſe to do't.
Long. And you your foreheads! Why, you needful acceſſary raſcals,
That cannot live without your mutual knaveries,
More than a bawd, a pandar, or a whore,
From one another, how dare you ſuſpect
That I ſtand bare to you? What make you here?
Shift your houſe, lady, of 'em; for I know 'em;
They come to ſteal your napkins, and your ſpoons:
Look to your ſilver bodkin, gentlewoman,
'Tis a dead utenſil; and, page, beware your pockets!
My reverence is unto this man, my maſter;
Whom you, with proteſtations and oaths,
As high as Heav'n, as deep as Hell, which would
Deceive the wiſeſt man of honeſt nature,
Have cozen'd and abus'd: But, I may meet you,
And beat you one with th' other!
Mont. Peace! no more!
Long. Not a word, Sir.
Lav. I'm ſomething thick of hearing;
What ſaid he?
La-P. I hear him, but regard him not,
Mal. Nor I; I'm never angry faſting,

Long.

Long. My love
Keeps back my duty. Nobleſt lady, if
Huſband or brother merit love from you,
Prevent their dangers! this hour brings to trial
Their hereto-ſleeping hates: By this time, each
Within a yard is of the other's heart;
And met to prove their cauſes and their ſpirits
With their impartial ſwords' points: Haſte and ſave,
Or never meet them more, but at the grave!

Duch. Oh, my diſtracted heart! that my wreck'd honour
Should for a brother's, or a huſband's life,
Thro' thy undoing, die!

Lam. Amiens engag'd?
If he miſcarry, all my hopes and joys,
I now confeſs it loudly, are undone:
Caroch, and haſte! one minute may betray
A life more worth than all time can repay.

[*Exeunt Ladies and Mont.*

Mal. Humph! monſieur Laverdine purſues this boy
Extremely. Captain, what will you do?

La-P. Any thing
But follow to this land-ſervice: I'm a ſea-captain,
You know, and to offer to part 'em, without
We could do't like watermen with long ſtaves,
A quarter of a mile off, might be dangerous.

Mal. Why then, let us retire and pray for 'em!
I am reſolv'd to ſtop here; your intent[46]?
Abus'd more than we have been we can't be,
Without they fall to flat beating on's.

[*Exeunt Mal. and La-P.*

Lav. And that were
Unkindly done, i'faith.

Ver. Curſe me, but you're
The troubleſomeſt aſs that e'er I met with!
Retire! you ſmell like a woman's chamber,
That's newly up, before ſhe've pinch'd her vapours
In with her cloaths.

Lav. I will haunt thee like

[46] *I am reſolv'd to ſtop your intent.*] Amended by Seward.

Thy grandame's ghoſt; thou ſhalt ne'er reſt for me!
Ver. Well, I perceive 'tis vain to conceal a ſecret from you:
Believe it, Sir, indeed I am a woman.
Lav. Why, la! I knew it; this prophetical tongue
Of mine never fail'd me: My mother
Was half a witch; ne'er any thing that ſhe
Foreſpake but came to paſs. A woman! how happy
Am I? Now we may lawfully come together,
Without fear of hanging! Sweet wench, be gracious!
In honourable ſort I wooe, no otherwiſe.
Ver. Faith, the truth is, I've lov'd you long——
Lav. See, ſee!
Ver. But durſt not open it.
Lav. By Heaven, I think ſo [47]!
Ver. But, briefly, when you bring it to the teſt,
If there be not one gentleman in this houſe
Will challenge more int'reſt in me than you can,
I am at your diſpoſure. [*Exit.*
Lav. Oh, Fortunatus,
I envy thee not for cap, or pouch! this day
I'll prove my fortune,
In which your lady doth elect her huſband,
Who will be Amiens; 'twill ſave my wedding-dinner.
Pauvre La-Poop and Mallicorn! If all fail,
I will turn citizen: A beauteous wife
Is the horn-book to the richeſt tradeſman's life. [*Exe.*

Enter Dubois, Orleans, Longueville, Amiens, two Lacquies, a Page with two piſtols.

Dubois. Here's a good even piece of ground, my lords:
Will you fix here?
Orl. Yes; any where.—Lacquey,
Take off my ſpurs!—Upon a bridge, a rail
But my ſword's breadth, upon a battlement,

47 *I think ſo*] Seward reads, *I thought ſo.*

I'll

I'll fight this quarrel!

Dubois. O' the ropes, my lord?

Orl. Upon a line.

Dubois. So all our country duels
Are carried, like a firework on a thread.

Orl. Go, now; ſtay with the horſes! And, do you hear?
Upon your lives, till ſome of us come to you,
Dare not to look this way!

Dubois. Except you ſee
Strangers or others, that by chance or purpoſe
Are like to interrupt us.

Orl. Then give warning.

Long. Who takes a ſword? The advantage is ſo ſmall,
As he that doubts hath the free leave to chuſe.

Orl. Come, give me any, and ſearch me: 'Tis not
The ground, weapon, or ſeconds, that can make
Odds in thoſe fatal trials, but the cauſe.

Ami. Moſt true; and, but it is no time to wiſh
When men are come to do, I would deſire
The cauſe 'twixt us were other than it is;
But where the right is, there prevail our ſwords!
And if my ſiſter have out-liv'd her honour,
I do not pray I may out-live her ſhame.

Orl. Your ſiſter, Amiens, is a whore, at once!

Ami. You oft have ſpoke that ſenſe to me before,
But never in this language, Orleans;
And when you ſpoke it fair, and firſt, I told you
That it was poſſible you might be abus'd:
But now ſince you forget your manners, you ſhall find,
If I tranſgreſs my cuſtom, you do lie!
And are a villain! which I had rather yet
My ſword had prov'd, than I been forc'd to ſpeak.—
Nay, give us leave!—And ſince you ſtand ſo haughtily
And highly on your cauſe, let you and I,
Without engaging theſe two gentlemen,
Singly determine it!

Long. My lord, you'll pardon us!

Dubois. I truſt your lordſhips

Mayn't do us that affront.
Ami. As how?
Dubois. We kiſs
Your lordſhip's hand, and come to ſerve you here
With ſwords.
Long. My lord, we underſtand ourſelves.
Dubois. We've had the honour to be call'd unto
The buſineſs, and we muſt not now quit it
On terms.
Ami. Not terms of reaſon?
Long. No;
No reaſon for the quitting of our calling.
Dubois. True;
If I be call'd to't, I muſt aſk no reaſon.
Long. Nor hear none neither, which is leſs:
It is a favour, if my throat be cut,
Your lordſhip does me; which I never can,
[*A noiſe within, crying*, Down with their ſwords!
Nor muſt have hope how to requite.—What noiſe?
What cry is that? My lord, upon your guard!
Some treachery is afoot.

Enter Ducheſs, Lamira, and Montague.

Duch. Oh, here they are!
My lord—Dear lady, help me! help me all!
I have ſo woeful intereſt in both,
I know not which to fear for moſt; and yet
I muſt prefer my lord. Dear brother,
You are too underſtanding, and too noble,
To be offended when I know my duty,
Tho' ſcarce my tears will let me ſee to do it.
Orl. Out, loathed ſtrumpet!
Duch. Oh, my deareſt lord,
If words could on me caſt the name of whore,
I then were worthy to be loathed: But,
Know your unkindneſs cannot make me wicked;
And therefore ſhould leſs uſe that power upon me.
Orl. Was this your art, to have theſe actors come,
To make this interlude? Withdraw, cold man!
And,

And, if thy ſpirit be not frozen up,
Give me one ſtroke yet at thee for my vengeance!
Ami. Thou ſhalt have ſtrokes, and ſtrokes, thou glorious man[47],
'Till thou breath'ſt thinner air than that thou talk'ſt.
Lam. My lord! count Amiens!
Duch. Princely huſband!
Orl. Whore!
Lam. You wrong her, impudent lord! Oh, that I had
The bulk of thoſe dull men! look, how they ſtand,
And no man will revenge an innocent lady!
Ami. You hinder it, madam.
Lam. I would hinder you;
Is there none elſe to kill him?
Duch. Kill him, madam?
Have you learn'd that bad language? Oh, repent,
And be the motive rather both kill me[48].
Orl. Then die, my infamy!
Mont. Hold, bloody man!
Orl. Art thou there, baſiliſk?
Mont. To ſtrike thee dead,
But that thy fate deſerves ſome weightier hand.
Dubois. Sweet my lord!
Orl. Oh, here's a plot!
You bring your champions with you! the adultreſs
With the adulterer! Out, howling——
Dubois. Good my lord!
Orl. Are you her Grace's countenancer, lady,
The receiver to the poor vicious couple?
Dubois. Sweet my lord!
Orl. Sweet raſcal, didſt not thou tell me, falſe fellow,
This Montague here was murder'd?
Dubois. I did ſo;
But he was falſer, and a worthleſs lord,

[47] *Glorious*;] i. e. *Vain, proud*, in the ſenſe of the French *glorieux*.

[48] *And be the motive, rather both kill me.*] *i. e.* and rather perſuade them *both to kill me*. The expreſſion for want of *that* being inſerted, is ſo obſcure, that the former editors did not underſtand it, and therefore added a comma, which utterly deprived it of all meaning.

Seward

Like thy foul ſelf, that would have had it ſo.
Long. Orleans, 'tis true; and ſhall be prov'd upon thee.
Mont. Thy malice, duke, and this thy wicked nature,
Are all as viſible as thou; but I,
Born to contemn thy injuries, do know,
That tho' thy greatneſs may corrupt a jury,
And make a judge afraid, and carry out
A world of evils with thy title, yet
Thou art not quiet at home; thou bear'ſt about thee
That that doth charge thee, and condemn thee too.
The thing that grieves me more, and doth indeed
Diſpleaſe me, is, to think that ſo much baſeneſs
Stands here to have encounter'd ſo much honour.
Pardon me, my lord, what late my paſſion ſpake,
When you provok'd my innocence!
Orl. Yes, do!
Oh, flattery becomes him better than
The ſuit he wears; give him a new one, Amiens!
Ami. Orleans,
'Tis here no time nor place to jeſt or rail
Poorly with you; but I will find a time to
Whiſper you forth to this, or ſome fit place,
As ſhall not hold a ſecond interruption.
Mont. I hope your lordſhip's honour and your life
Are deſtin'd unto higher hazards; this
Is of a meaner arm.
Dubois. Yes, faith, or none.
Long. He is not fit to fall by an honeſt ſword:
A prince, and lie?
Dubois. And ſlander? and hire men
To publiſh the falſe rumours he hath made?
Long. And ſtick 'em on his friends, and innocents?
Dubois. And practiſe 'gainſt their lives after their fames?
Long. In men that are the matter of all lewdneſs,
Bawds, thieves, and cheaters, it were monſtrous!
Dubois. But in a man of blood how more conſpicuous!
Ami. Can this be?

Duch.

Duch. They do ſlander him.
Orl. Hang them, a pair of railing hangbies!
Long. How! Stand, Orleans! ſtay! Give me piſtols, boy!
Hinder me not! by Heavens, I will kill him!
Duch. Oh, ſtay his fury!
Ami. Longueville, my friend!
Long. Not for myſelf, my lord, but for mankind,
And all that have an intereſt to virtue,
Or title unto innocence.
Ami. Why, hear me!
Long. For Juſtice' ſake——
Ami. That cannot be.
Long. To puniſh
His wife's, your honour's, and my lord's wrongs here,
Whom I muſt ever call ſo: For your loves,
I ſwear, I'll ſacrifice——
Ami. Longueville,
I did not think you a murderer before.
Long. I care not what you thought me!
Ami. By Heaven, if thou attempt
His life, thy own is forfeit!
Mont. Fooliſh frantick man,
The murder will be of us, not him.
Duch. Oh, Heav'n!
Mont. We could have kill'd him, but we would not take
The juſtice out of Fate's—Singe but
A hair of him, thou dieſt!
Long. No matter. [*Shoots.*
Ami. Villain!
Dubois. My lord, your ſiſter's ſlain.
Ami. Biancha!
Mont. Oh, hapleſs and moſt wretched chance!
Lam. Stand'ſt thou
Looking upon the miſchief thou haſt made?
Thou godleſs man, feeding thy blood-ſhot eyes
With the red ſpectacle, and art not turn'd
To ſtone with horror? Hence, and take the wings

Of thy black infamy, to carry thee
Beyond the ſhoot of looks, or ſound of curſes,
Which will purſue thee[49] till thou haſt out-fled
All but thy guilt.

Orl. Oh, wiſh it off again; for I am crack'd
Under the burden, and my heart will break.
How heavy guilt is, when men come to feel!
If you could know the mountain I ſuſtain
With horror[50], you would each take off your part,
And more, to eaſe me. I can't ſtand! forgive
Where I have wrong'd, I pray!

Ami. Look to him, Montague.

Long. My lords and gentlemen, the lady's well,
But for fear; unleſs that have ſhot her:
I have the worſt of it, that needs would venture
Upon a trick had like to ha' coſt my guts.
Look to her! ſhe'll be well: It was but powder
I charg'd with, thinking that a guilty man
Would have been frighted ſooner; but I'm glad
He's come at leaſt.

Lam. How is Biancha? well?

Ami. Lives ſhe? See! Siſter!—Doth ſhe breathe[51].

Duch. Oh, gentlemen, think you I can breathe,
That am reſtored to the hateful ſenſe
Of feeling in me my dear huſband's death?
Oh, no, I live not; life was that I left,
And what you have call'd me to is death indeed:
I cannot weep ſo faſt as he doth bleed!

Dubois. Pardon me, madam; he is well.

Duch. Ha! my huſband?

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[49] *Which will purſue thee* ſtill:
Thou haſt out fled, &c.] Amended by Seward.

[50] ——*The mountain I ſuſtain*
With *horror, you would each*, &c.] Seward reads,
——*The mountain I ſuſtain*
Of *horror, &c.*

[51] Lam. *How is Biancha? well?*
Ami. *Lives ſhe? See ſiſter, doth ſhe breathe?*] Seward reads,
Lam. *How is Biancha! well?*
Lives ſhe? See—Ami. *Siſter—She doth breathe.*

Orl. I cannot ſpeak whether my joy or ſhame
Be greater; but I thank the Heav'ns for both.
Oh, look not black upon me, all my friends!
To whom I will be reconcil'd, or grow
Unto this earth, till I have wept a trench
That ſhall be great enough to be my grave;
And I will think them too moſt manly tears,
If they do move your pities. It is true,
Man ſhould do nothing that he ſhould repent;
But if he have, and ſay that he is ſorry,
It is a worſe fault if he be not truly.

Lam. My lord, ſuch ſorrow cannot be ſuſpected:
Here, take your honour'd wife, and join your hands.
She hath married you again!
And, gentlemen, I do invite you all
This night to take my houſe; where, on the morrow,
To heighten more the reconciling feaſt,
I'll make myſelf a huſband and a gueſt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Montague and Charlotte.

Charl. WELL, now, I'm ſure you're mine.

Mont. I'm ſure I'm glad
I've one to own then: You will find me honeſt,
As theſe days go, enough; poor without queſtion,
Which beggars hold a virtue; give me meat,
And I ſhall do my work, elſe knock my ſhoes off,
And turn me out again.

Charl. You are a merry fellow.

Mont. I have no great cauſe.

Charl. Yes, thy love to me,

Mont. That's as we make our game.

Charl. Why, you repent then?

Mont. Faith, no; worſe than I am I cannot be;
Much better I expect not: I ſhall love you,

And,

And, when you bid me go to bed, obey,
Lie ſtill or move, as you ſhall miniſter;
Keep a four-nobles nag, and a Jack-Merlin[51],
Learn to love ale, and play at two-hand Iriſh;
And there's then all I aim at.

Char. Nay, ſweet fellow,
I'll make it ſomething better.

Mont. If you do,
You'll make me worſe:
Now I am poor, and willing to do well,
Hold me in that courſe! of all the king's creatures,
I hate his coin; keep me from that, and ſave me!
For if you chance, out of your houſewifery,
To ſave a hundred pound or two[52], beſtow it
In plumb-broth ere I know it; elſe I take it,
Seek out a hundred men that want this money,
Share it among 'em, they'll cry *noble Montague!*
And ſo I ſtand again at livery!

Charl. You've pretty fancies, Sir; but, married once,
This charity will fall home to yourſelf.

Mont. I would it would! I am afraid my looſeneſs
Is yet ſcarce ſtopt, tho' it have nought to work on
But the mere air of what I have had.

Charl. Pretty!

Mont. I wonder, ſweetheart, why you'll marry me;
I can ſee nothing in myſelf deſerves it,
Unleſs the handſome wearing of a band,
For that's my ſtock now, or a pair of garters,
Neceſſity will not let me loſe.

Charl. I ſee, Sir,
A great deal more; a handſome man, a huſband,
To make a right good woman truly happy.

Mont. Lord, where are my eyes? Either you are fooliſh,

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[51] *Keep a four-nobles nag, and a Jack Merling.*] *i. e.* turn falk'ner, a *Merlin*, being a ſpecies of hawk. The meaſure was all confus'd in the former editions. *Seward.* The firſt folio reads, BLACK *Merling.*

[52] *To* leave *a hundred pound.*] So former editions.

As wenches once a-year are, or far worſe,
Extremely virtuous: Can you love a poor man
That relies on cold meat, and caſt ſtockings,
One only ſuit to his back, which now is mewin
But what will be the next coat will poſe Triſtra
If I ſhould levy from my friends a fortune,
I could not raiſe ten groats to pay the prieſt now.

Charl. I'll do that duty: 'Tis not means nor money
Makes me purſue your love; were your mind bankrupt,
I would ne'er love you.

Enter Lamira.

Mont. Peace, wench! here's my lady.

Lam. Nay, never ſhrink i'th' wetting, for my preſence!
D'ye find her willing, Montague?

Mont. Willing, madam?

Lam. How dainty you make of it! Do not I know
You two love one another?

Mont. Certain, madam,
I think ye've revelations of theſe matters:
Your ladyſhip cannot tell me when I kiſs'd her.

Lam. But ſhe can, Sir.

Mont. But ſhe will not, madam;
For when they talk once, 'tis like fairy-money,
They get no more cloſe kiſſes.

Lam. Thou art wanton.

Mont. Heav'n knows I need not; yet I would be luſty;
But, by my ſoul, my provender ſcarce pricks me.

Lam. It ſhall be mended, Montague: I'm glad
You're grown ſo merry.

Mont. So am I too, madam.

Lam. You two will make a pretty handſome conſort.

Mont. Yes, madam, if my fiddle fail me not.

Lam. Your fiddle! why your fiddle? I warrant, thou mean'ſt madly.

Mont. Can you blame me? Alas, I am in love!

Charl.

Charl. 'Tis very well, Sir!
Lam. How long have you been thus?
Mont. How? thus in love?
Lam. You're very quick, Sir! No;
I mean thus pleaſant.
Mont. E'er ſince I was poor.
Lam. A little wealth would change you then?
Mont. Yes, lady,
Into another ſuit, but never more
Into another man; I'll bar that mainly.
The wealth I get henceforward ſhall be charm'd
For ever hurting me; I'll ſpend it faſting.
As I live, noble lady, there is nothing,
I've found, directly cures the melancholy,
But want and wedlock: When I had ſtore of money,
I ſimper'd ſometime, and ſpoke wondrous wiſe,
But never laugh'd out-right; now I am empty,
My heart ſounds like a bell, and ſtrikes at both ſides.
Lam. You're finely temper'd, Montague.
Mont. Pardon, lady,
If any way my free mirth have offended!
'Twas meant to pleaſe you; if it prove too ſaucy,
Give it a frown, and I am ever ſilenc'd.
Lam. I like it paſſing well; pray follow it!
This is my day of choice, and ſhall be yours too;
'Twere pity to delay you. Call to the ſteward,
And tell him 'tis my pleaſure he ſhould give you
Five hundred crowns; make yourſelf handſome, Montague;
Let none wear better cloaths; 'tis for my credit:
But pray be merry ſtill!
Mont. If I be not,
And make a fool of twice as many hundreds,
Clap me in canvas, lady! [*Exeunt.*

Enter La-Poop, Laverdine, and Mallicorn.

Lav. I'm ſtrangely glad I've found the myſtery
Of this diſguis'd boy out; I ever truſted
It was a woman, and how happily

I've found it ſo! and for myſelf, I'm ſure,
One that would offer me a thouſand pound now
(And that's a pretty ſum to make one ſtagger)
In ready gold for this concealment, could not
Buy my hope of her. She's a dainty wench,
And ſuch a one I find I want extremely,
To bring me into credit: Beauty does it.

Mal. Say we ſhould all meach here [53], and ſtay the feaſt now,
What can the worſt be? We have play'd the knaves;
That's without queſtion.

La-P. True; and, as I take it,
This is the firſt truth we told theſe ten years, and
For any thing I know, may be the laſt:
But, grant we're knaves, both baſe and beaſtly knaves——

Mal. Say ſo then.

Lav. Well.

La-P. And likewiſe
Let it be conſider'd, we have wrong'd,
And moſt maliciouſly, this gentlewoman
We caſt to ſtay with, what muſt we expect now?

Mal. Ay, there's the point; we would expect good eating.

La-P. I know we would, but we may find good beating.

Lav. You ſay true, gentlemen; and, by my ſoul,
Tho' I love meat as well as any man,
I care not what he be, if a beat a God's name [54],
Such crab-ſauce to my meat will turn my palate.

Mal. There's all the hazard; for the frozen Montague
Has now got ſpring again and warmth in him,
And, without doubt, dares beat us terribly.
For, not to mince the matter, we are cowards,
And have, and ſhall be beaten, when men pleaſe.

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[53] *Meach.*] See note 55 on the Scornful Lady. The word is variouſly ſpelt.

[54] *If a* eat *a God's name.*] The ſenſe requires us to read, *If a* BEAT *a God's name.*

To

To call us into cudgeling.
La-P. I feel
We're very prone that way.
Lav. The ſons of Adam.
La-P. Now, here then reſts the ſtate o'th' queſtion;
Whether we yield our bodies for a dinner
To a ſound dog-whip (for, I promiſe ye,
If men be given to correction,
We can expect no leſs), or quietly
Take a hard egg or two, and ten mile hence
Bait in a ditch? this we may do ſecurely;
For, to ſtay hereabout will be all one,
If once our moral miſchiefs come in memory.
Mal. But, pray ye hear me: Is not this the day
The virgin lady doth elect her huſband?
Lav. The dinner is to that end.
Mal. Very well then;
Say we all ſtay, and ſay we all 'ſcape this whipping,
And be well entertain'd, and one of us
Carry the lady!
La-P. 'Tis a ſeemly ſaying,
I muſt confeſs; but if we ſtay, how fitly
We may apply it to ourſelves (i'th' end)
Will aſk a Chriſtian fear: I cannot ſee,
If I ſay true, what ſpecial ornaments
Of art or nature (lay aſide our lying,
Whoring, and drinking, which are no great virtues)
We are endued withal, to win this lady.
Mal. Yet women go not by the beſt parts ever;
That I have found directly.
Lav. Why ſhould we fear then?
They chuſe men as they feed: Sometimes they ſettle
Upon a white-broth'd face, a ſweet ſmooth gallant,
And him they make an end of in a night;
Sometimes a gooſe; ſometimes a groſſer meat,
A rump of beef, will ſerve 'em at ſome ſeaſon,
And fill their bellies too, tho' without doubt
They're great devourers; ſtock-fiſh is a diſh,
If it be well dreſs'd, for the toughneſs' ſake

Will make the proudeſt of 'em long and leap for't;
They'll run mad for a pudding, ere they'll ſtarve.

La-P. For my own part, I care not, come what ca come;
If I be whipt, why ſo be it! if cudgell'd,
I hope I ſhall out-live it: I am ſure
'Tis not the hundredth time I have been ſerv'd ſo,
And yet, I thank Heav'n, I'm here.

Mal. Here's reſolution!

La-P. A little patience, and a rotten apple,
Cures twenty worſe diſeaſes: What ſay you, Sir?

Lav. Marry, I ſay, Sir, if I had been acquainted
With lamming [55] in my youth, as you have been,
With whipping, and ſuch benefits of nature,
I ſhould do better; as I am, I'll venture:
And if it be my luck to have the lady,
I'll uſe my fortune modeſtly; if beaten,
You ſhall not hear a word; one I am ſure of,
And if the worſt fall, ſhe ſhall be my phyſick.
Let's go then, and a merry wind be with us!

Mal. Captain, your ſhoes are old; pray put 'em off,
And let one fling 'em after us. Be bold, Sirs;
And howſoe'er our fortune falls, let's bear
An equal burden! if there be an odd laſh,
We'll part it afterwards.

La-P. I'm arm'd at all points. [*Exeunt.*

Enter four Servants, with a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Then my lady will have a bedfellow to-night?

2 *Serv.* So ſhe ſays: Heaven, what a dainty arm-full
Shall he enjoy, that has the launching of her!
What a fight ſhe will make!

3 *Serv.* Ay, marry, boys,
There will be ſport indeed! there will be grappling!
She has a murderer lies in her prow,
I am afraid will fright his main-maſt, Robin.

4 *Serv.* Who doſt thou think ſhall have her, of thy conſcience?

55 *Lamming.*] i. e. *beating.* *Seward.*

Thou

Thou art a wiſe man.

3 *Serv.* If ſhe go the old way,
The way of lot, the longeſt cut ſweeps all
Without queſtion.

1 *Serv.* She has loſt a friend of me elſe.
What think ye of the courtier?

2 *Serv.* Hang him, hedge-hog!
H'has nothing in him but a piece of Euphues [57],
And twenty dozen of twelvepenny ribband, all
About him; he is but one pedlar's ſhop
Of gloves and garters, pick-teeth and pomander.

3 *Serv.* The courtier! marry, God bleſs her, Steven, ſhe is not
Mad yet; ſhe knows that trindle-tail too well;
He's creſt-fall'n, and pin-buttock'd, with leaping laundreſſes.

4 *Serv.* The merchant? ſure ſhe will not be ſo baſe
To have him.

1 *Serv.* I hope ſo; Robin, he'll ſell us all
To th' Moors to make mummy. Nor the captain?

4 *Serv.* Who? potgun? that's a ſweet youth, indeed!
Will he ſtay, think ye?

3 *Serv.* Yes, without queſtion,
And have half din'd too ere the grace be done.
He's good for nothing in the world but eating,
Lying and ſleeping; what other men devour
In drink he takes in pottage: They ſay h'has been
At ſea; a herring-fiſhing, for without doubt

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[57] *A piece of* Euphues.] *Euphues*, or the *Anatomy of Wit*, was the title of a romance wrote by Lilly, author of ſeveral plays in queen Elizabeth's reign. His ſtile was ſtiff, pedantic, and affected, but was in ſuch vogue that Mr. Blount, who publiſhed ſix of his plays, ſays, that Lilly's *Euphues* and his *England* taught the court a new language, and the lady who could not *parlè Euphuiſm* was as little regarded as ſhe that now there ſpeaks not French. Here is a banter upon the court for this practice; but it would much have improved it if Laverdine had frequently made uſe of this affected ſtile, and *Euphuiſm* had made part of his character through the whole play. The account of Lilly is taken from Mr. Dodſley's Preface to his Collection of Old Plays, and Mr. Sympſon quotes it alſo from Langbain. *Seward.*

He

He dares not hail an eelboat, i'th' way of war.

2 *Serv.* I think ſo; they would beat him off with butter.

3 *Serv.* When he brings in a prize, unleſs it be Cockles, or Calais ſand to ſcour with,
I'll renounce my five mark a-year,
And all the hidden art I have in carving,
To teach young birds to whiſtle Walſingham[58]:
Leave him to the lime-boats! Now, what think you
Of the brave Amiens?

1 *Serv.* That's a thought indeed.

2 *Serv.* Ay, marry, there's a perſon fit to feed
Upon a diſh ſo dainty; and he'll do't,
I warrant him, i'th' nick, boys; h'has a body
World without end.

4 *Serv.* And ſuch a one my lady
Will make no little of. But is not Montague
Married to-day?

3 *Serv.* Yes, faith, honeſt Montague
Muſt have his bout too.

2 *Serv.* He's as good a lad
As ever turn'd a trencher: Muſt we leave him?

3 *Serv.* He's too good for us, Steven. I'll give him health
To his good luck to-night i'th' old beaker,
And it ſhall be ſack too.

4 *Serv.* I muſt have a garter;
And, boys, I have beſpoke a poſſet; ſomebody
Shall give me thanks for't! 't has a few toys in't
Will raiſe commotions in a bed, lad.

1 *Serv.* Away! my lady. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Orleans and Ducheſs, arm in arm, Amiens, Lamira, Charlotte like a bride, Montague brave, Laverdine, Longueville, Dubois, Mallicorn, and La-Poop.

Lam. Seat yourſelves, noble lords and gentlemen;

[58] *To whiſtle* Walſingham.] *Walſingham*, in Norfolk, a place formerly famous for the pilgrimages to the rood, or croſs, of Our Lady there. *R.*

You

You know your places. Many royal welcomes
I give your Grace! How lovely ſhews this change!
My houſe is honour'd in this reconcilement.
Orl. Thus, madam, muſt you do;
My lady now ſhall ſee you made a woman,
And give you ſome ſhort leſſons for your voyage.
Take her inſtructions, lady; ſhe knows much.
Lam. This becomes you, Sir.
Duch. My lord muſt have his will.
Orl. 'Tis all I can do now, ſweetheart. Fair lady,
This to your happy choice!—Brother Amiens,
You are the man I mean it to.
Ami. I'll pledge you.
Orl. And with my heart.
Ami. With all my love I take it.
Lam. Noble lords,
I'm proud ye've done this day ſo much content,
And me ſuch eſtimation, that this hour
(In this poor houſe) ſhall be a league for ever:
For ſo I know ye mean it.
Ami. I do, lady.
Orl. And I, my lord.
Omnes. You've done a work of honour.
Ami. Give me the cup! Where this health ſtops, let that man
Be either very ſick or very ſimple;
Or I am very angry. Sir, to you!
Madam, methinks this gentleman might ſit too;
He would become the beſt on's.
Orl. Pray ſit down, Sir:
I know the lady of the feaſt expects not
This day ſo much old cuſtom.
Lam. Sit down, Montague!
Nay, never bluſh for th'-matter.
Mont. Noble madam,
I have two reaſons 'gainſt it, and I dare not:
Duty to you firſt, as you are my lady,
And I your pooreſt ſervant; next, the cuſtom
Of this day's ceremony.

Lam.

Lam. As you are my ſervant,
I may command you then?
Mont. To my life, lady.
Lam. Sit down, and here! I'll have it ſo.
Ami. Sit down, man;
Never refuſe ſo fair a lady's offer.
Mont. It is your pleaſure, madam, not my pr[illegible]
And I obey. I'll pledge you now, my lord.
Monſieur Longueville!
Long. I thank you, Sir.
Mont. This to my lady,
And her fair choice to-day, and happineſs!
Long. 'Tis a fair health; I'll pledge you tho' I ſink for't.
Lam. Montague, you are too modeſt: Come, I'll add
A little more wine t' you; 'twill make you merry.
This to the good I wiſh you!
Mont. Honour'd lady,
I ſhall forget myſelf with this great bounty.
Lam. You ſhall not, Sir. Give him ſome wine.
Ami. By Heav'n,
You are a worthy woman; and that man
Is bleſt can come near ſuch a lady.
Lam. Such a bleſſing
Wet weather wiſhes [59].

[59] *Such a bleſſing wet weather* waſhes.] I believe an extreme genteel anſwer of Lamira's has been turned into abſolute nonſenſe in all the editions by the odd connection of the printer's or tranſcriber's ideas between *wet weather and waſhing*. Inſtead of receiving Amiens's compliment in the ſenſe he meant it, of the man being bleſt who ſhould *come near*, i. e. marry and enjoy Lamira; ſhe anſwers, a traveller caught in a ſhower of rain might indeed *wiſh* ſuch a bleſſing, *i. e.* of coming near me, as I have a warm houſe to receive him. 'Tis the great excellency of poetry to expreſs this ſo conciſely by perſonating *wet weather*, and making that inſtead of the traveller be the *wiſher* of this bleſſing. But this being probably above the tranſcriber's reach, he altered it into the nonſenſical reading of the late text. Much the greateſt part of this ſcene, as well as the greateſt part of the play in general, was either printed as proſe, or when the meaſure was attempted, and the lines ranged as verſe, moſt of them were wrong. *Seward.*

Mont.

Mont. At all! I'll not go
A lip leſs, my lord.
Orl. 'Tis well caſt, Sir.
Mal. If Montague
Get more wine, we are like to hear of it.
Lav. I do not like that ſitting there.
Mal. Nor I;
Methinks he looks like a judge.
La-P. Now have I
A kind of grudging of a beating on me;
I fear my hot fit.
Mal. Drink apace; there's nothing
Allays a cudgel like it.
Lam. Montague, now
I'll put my choice to you: Who do you hold,
In all this honour'd company, a huſband
Fit to enjoy thy lady? ſpeak directly.
Mont. Shall I ſpeak, madam?
Lam. Montague, you ſhall.
Mont. Then, as I have a ſoul, I'll ſpeak my conſcience.
Give me more wine! in *vino veritas:*
Here's to myſelf[60], and——
Lam. Montague, have a care!
Speak to the cauſe.
Mont. Yes, madam.
Firſt, I'll begin to thee!
Lav. Have at us!
La-P. Now for a pſalm of mercy!
Mont. You, good monſieur,
You that belie the noble name of *courtier*,
And think your claim good here, hold up your hand!
Your worſhip is indicted here for a
Vainglorious fool——

[60] *Here's to myſelf, and* Montague *have a care.*] This whole line has been hitherto given to Montague, not ſure with much propriety. It is much more ſo to make Lamira check him, and this is a reaſon for his immediately quitting his ſelf-recommendation.

Steward.
Lav.

Lav. Good! oh, Sir!
Mont. For one whoſe wit
Lies in a ten-pound waiſtcoat, yet not warm.
You've travell'd like a fidler to make faces,
And brought home nothing but a caſe of toothpicks.
You would be married, and no leſs than ladies,
And of the beſt ſort, can ſerve you! Thou ſilk-woman,
What haſt thou in thee to deſerve this woman?
Name but the pooreſt piece of man, good manners,
There's nothing found about thee; faith, th' haſt none;
It lies pawn'd at thy ſilk-man's, for ſo much lace
Thy credit with his wife cannot redeem it[61];
Thy cloaths are all the ſoul thou haſt, for ſo
Thou ſav'ſt them handſome for the next great tilting,
Let who will take the other; thou wert ne'er chriſten'd
(Upon my conſcience) but in barber's water;
Thou art ne'er out o'th' baſon, thou art rotten,
And, if thou dar'ſt tell truth, thou wilt confeſs it;
——Thy ſkin
Looks of a cheſnut colour, greaz'd with amber;
All women that on earth do dwell thou lov'ſt,
Yet none that underſtand love thee again,
But thoſe that love the ſpital. Get thee home,
Poor painted butterfly! thy ſummer's paſt.
Go, ſweat, and eat dry mutton; thou may'ſt live
To do ſo well yet, a bruis'd chambermaid
May fall upon thee, and advance thy follies.
You have your ſentence!—Now it follows, captain,
I treat of you.
La-P. Pray Heav'n I may deſerve it!
Orl. Beſhrew my heart, he ſpeaks plain.
Ami. That's plain dealing.
Mont. You are a raſcal, captain!
La-P. A fine calling.
Mont. A water-coward!

[61] *Thy credit* with his wife *cannot*, &c.] Firſt folio exhibits, *Thy credit* which is worſe *cannot*, &c.

Ami.

Ami. He would make a pretty ſtuff.
Mont. May I ſpeak freely, madam?
Lam. Here's none ties you.
Mont. Why ſhouldſt thou dare come hither with a thought
To find a wife here fit for thee? are all
Thy ſingle-money whores, that fed on carrots,
And fill'd the high graſs with familiars,
Fall'n off to footmen? Prithee tell me truly,
(For now I know thou dar'ſt not lie) couldſt thou not
Wiſh thyſelf beaten well with all thy heart now,
And out of pain? ſay that I broke a rib,
Or cut thy noſe off, were't not merciful
For this ambition?
La-P. Do your pleaſure, Sir;
Beggars muſt not be chuſers.
Orl. He longs for beating.
Mont. But that I have nobler thoughts poſſeſs my ſoul,
Than ſuch brown biſcuit, ſuch a piece of dog-fiſh,
Such a moſt mangy mackrel-eater as thou art,
That dare's do nothing that belongs to th' ſea
But ſpew and catch rats, and fear men of war,
Tho' thou haſt nothing in the world to loſe
Aboard thee, but one piece of beef, one muſquet
Without a cock for peace-ſake, and a pitch-barrel—
I'll tell thee, if my time were not more precious
Than thus to loſe it, I would rattle thee,
It may be beat thee, and thy pure fellow,
The merchant there of catſkins, till my words,
Or blows, or both, made ye two branded wretches
To all the world hereafter! You would fain too
Venture your bills of lading for this lady:
What would you give now for her? Some five frail
Of rotten figs, good Godſon, would you not, Sir?
Or a parrot that ſpeaks High-Dutch? Can all thou ever ſaw'ſt
Of thine own fraughts from ſea, or cozenage

(At

(At which thou art as expert as the devil),
Nay, ſell thy ſoul for wealth too, as thou wilt e
Forfeit thy friends, and raiſe a mint of money,
Make thee dream all theſe double could procu
A kiſs from this good lady? Canſt thou hope
She would lie with ſuch a nook of hell as thou ar
And hatch young merchant-furies? Oh, ye dog-be
That fear no hell but Dunkirk, I ſhall ſee you
Serve in a louſy lime-boat, ere I die,
For mouldy cheeſe, and butter Billingſgate
Would not endure, or bring in rotten pippins
To cure blue eyes, and ſwear they came from China.
Lam. Vex 'em no more; alas, they ſhake!
Mont. Down quickly
Upon your marrow-bones, and thank this lady;
I would not leave you thus elſe! there are blankets,
And ſuch delights for ſuch knaves: But fear ſtill!
'Twill be revenge enough to keep you waking.
Ye have no mind of marriage, ha' ye?
La-P. Surely no great mind now.
Mont. Nor you?
Mal. Nor I, I take it.
Mont. Two eager ſuitors!
Lav. Troth, 'tis wondrous hot;
Heav'n bleſs us from him!
Lam. You've told me, Montague,
Who are not fit to have me; let me know
The man you would point out for me.
Mont. There he ſits;
My lord of Amiens, madam, is my choice:
He's noble every way, and worthy a wife
With all the dowries of——
Ami. Do you ſpeak, Sir,
Out of your friendſhip to me?
Mont. Yes, my lord,
And out of truth; for I could never flatter.
Ami. I would not ſay how much I owe you for it,
For that were but a promiſe; but I'll thank you,
As now I find you, in deſpite of fortune,

A fair

A fair and noble gentleman.
Lam. My lords,
I muſt confeſs the choice this man hath made
Is every way a great one, if not too great,
And no way to be ſlighted: Yet, becauſe
We love to have our own eyes ſometimes, now
Give me a little liberty to ſee
How I could fit myſelf, if I were put to't.
Ami. Madam, we muſt.
Lam. Are ye all agreed?
Omnes. We be.
Lam. Then, as I am a maid, I ſhall chuſe here!
Montague, I muſt have thee.
Mont. Why, madam, I have learn'd to ſuffer more
Than you can (out of pity) mock me with,
This way eſpecially.
Lam. Thou think'ſt I jeſt now;
But, by the love I bear thee, I will have thee!
Mont. If you could be ſo weak to love a fall'n man,
He muſt deſerve more than I ever can,
Or ever ſhall! Dear lady, look but this way
Upon that lord, and you will tell me then
Your eyes are no true chuſers of good men.
Ami. Do you love him truly?
Lam. Yes, my lord:
I will obey him truly, for I'll marry him;
And juſtly think he that has ſo well ſerv'd me
With his obedience, being born to greatneſs,
Muſt uſe me nobly of neceſſity,
When I ſhall ſerve him.
Ami. 'Twere a deep ſin to croſs you. Noble Montague,
I wiſh ye all content, and am as happy
In my friend's good as it were merely mine!
Mont. Your lordſhip does ill to give up your right!
I am not capable of this great goodneſs:
There ſits my wife, that holds my troth.
Charl. I'll end all:
I wooe'd you for my lady; and now give up my title.

Alas, poor wench, my aims are lower far.
Mont. How's this, ſweetheart?
Lam. Sweetheart, 'tis ſo; the drift was mine, to hide
My purpoſe till it ſtruck home.
Omnes. Give you joy!
Lam. Prithee leave wondring! by this kiſs, I'll have thee!
Mont. Then, by this kiſs, and this, I'll ever ſerve you!
Long. This gentleman and I, Sir, muſt needs hope
Once more to follow you.
Mont. As friends and fellows;
Never as ſervants more.
Long. Dub. You make us happy!
Orl. Friend Montague, you've taught me ſo much honour,
I've found a fault i' myſelf; but thus I'll purge
My conſcience of it: The late land I took
By falſe play from you, with as much contrition[62]
As with entireneſs of affection
To this moſt happy day, again I render:
Be maſter of your own; forget my malice,
And make me worthy of your love, lord Montague!
Mont. You have won me and honour to your name.
Mal. Since
Your lordſhip has begun good deeds, we'll follow.
Good Sir, forgive us! We are now thoſe men
Fear you for Goodneſs' ſake: Thoſe ſums of money
Unjuſtly we detain from you, on your pardon
Shall be reſtor'd again, and we your ſervants.

[62] *With as much contrition,* and *entireneſs of Affection to this moſt happy day again, I render;*] This being all printed as proſe, ran readily into its true meaſure, except in the part—and *entireneſs of affection*; and here the reader will obſerve, that there is certainly one miſtake, for without changing *and* to *as*, the comparative *as* in the firſt part wants its reſponſive *as* in the ſecond, to make out the compariſon. The repetition of *with* too (which is all that is wanting to complete the meaſure) is an additional beauty to the language, whether in verſe or proſe. *Seward*

La-P. You're very forward, Sir! it ſeems you've money:
I pray you lay out; I'll pay you, or pray for you,
As the ſea works.

Lav. Their penance, Sir, I'll undertake, ſo pleaſe you
To grant me one concealment [63].

Long. A right courtier,
Still a-begging.

Mont. What is it, Sir?

Lav. A gentlewoman.

Mont. In my gift?

Lav. Yes, Sir, in yours.

Mont. Why, bring her forth, and take her. [*Ex. Lav.*

Lam. What wench would he have?

Mont. Any wench, I think.

Enter Laverdine, and Veramour like a woman.

Lav. This is the gentlewoman.

Mont. 'Tis my page, Sir.

Ver. No, Sir; I am a poor diſguiſed lady,
That like a page have follow'd you full long
For love, God wot.

Omnes. A lady!

Lav. Yes, yes; 'tis a lady.

Mont. It may be ſo; and yet we've lain together,
But, by my troth, I never found her lady.

Duch. Why wore you boys' cloaths?

Ver. I will tell you, madam;
I took example by two or three plays, that methought
Concern'd me.

Mont. Why made you not me acquainted
With it?

Ver. Indeed, Sir, I knew it not myſelf,
Until this gentleman open'd my dull eyes,
And by perſuaſion made me ſee it.

Ami. Could
His power in words make ſuch a change?

Ver. Yes;

[63] *Concealment.*] See note 14 on the Humorous Lieutenant.

As truly woman as yourſelf, my lord.
Lav. Why, but, hark you! are not you a
Ver. If hands and face make it not evide
You ſhall ſee more.
Mal. Breeches, breeches, Laverdine!
La-P. 'Tis not enough; women may we
caſes;
Search further, courtier.
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!
La-P. Oh, thou freſh-water gudgeon, wouldſt thou come
To point of marriage with an ignoramus?
Thou ſhouldſt have had her urine to the doctor's;
The fooliſheſt phyſician could have made plain
The liquid Epicœne [63]; a blind man by the hand
Could have diſcover'd the ring from the ſtone.—
Boy, come to ſea with me; I'll teach thee to climb,
And come down by the rope, nay, to eat rats.
Ver. I ſhall devour my maſter before the priſon then [64];
Sir, I've began my trade.
Mal. Trade! to the city, child;
A flat cap will become thee.
Mont. Gentlemen,

[63] *The liquid* Epicœne.] There is great humour in this, which will eſcape thoſe who are not acquainted with the technical words in grammar: The *Epicœne gender* is the *doubtful*, or where the ſex is not diſtinguiſhed. The adjective and ſubſtantive are therefore jocoſely inverted, and the *liquid Epicœne*, is the ſame as the *dubious liquid*. *Seward.*

We do not remember meeting with a ſtranger obſervation, than is contained in the above note.

[64] *I ſhall devour my maſter before the priſon then.*] This is a paſſage that has puzzled Mr. Sympſon and myſelf. He propoſes to read *poiſon* for *priſon*, but he owns himſelf not ſatisfied with the change; nor, indeed, do I ſee, what advance towards ſenſe we can make by it. I am very far from being ſatisfied with what I am going to propoſe. It is very clear, that Veramour deſigns to call La-Poop a *rat*, and his natural anſwer ſhould be, "—I ſhall then devour my "maſter the firſt of all his crew." I read therefore,

——*before* his priſoners *then.*

The *rats* of the ſhip may be called ſuch. *Seward.*

I beſeech

I beſeech you moleſt yourſelves no further
For his preferment; 'tis determined.
Lav. I'm much aſhamed; and if my cheek
Giveth not ſatisfaction, break my head.
Mont. Your ſhame is enough, Sir.
Ami. Montague[65],
Much joy attend thy marriage-bed! By thy
Example of true goodneſs, Envy is exil'd;
And to all honeſt men that truth intend,
I wiſh good luck! fair Fate be ſtill thy friend!
[*Exeunt omnes.*

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[65] *Montague, much joy attend thy marriage-bed;*
By thy *example of true goodneſs, envy is exil'd,*
And to all honeſt men that truth intend,
I wiſh good luck, fair fate be ſtill thy *friend.*] The reader will here ſee another inſtance, how much corrupted the meaſure was in thoſe parts of the play which were rang'd as verſe; which generally aroſe from the printers making the beginning of moſt ſpeeches the beginning of a verſe, when they are often a concluſion of ſome foregoing verſe, as in this inſtance. Hence they were forced to curtail the next lines, to bring two lines and a half into two, and I hope, that the original is only reſtored in ſtretching them again into due dimenſions. In the laſt line, I believe, for *thy friend*, we ſhould read, *their friend*, elſe we ſhould make a fuller point than a comma before it. The former ſeems moſt natural. *Seward.*

Seward reads,

Montague, much joy
Attend thy marriage-bed; by th' *example*
Of thy *true goodneſs, Envy is exil'd,*
And, &c.

Scarcely any of Mr. Seward's diviſions, which he ſo often mentions, are adopted in the preſent edition.

THE MASQUE OF THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN, GRAY'S INN AND THE INNER-TEMPLE;

Preſented before his MAJESTY, the QUEEN'S MAJESTY, the PRINCE, COUNT PALATINE and the LADY ELIZABETH their Highneſſes, in the Banqueting-Houſe at Whitehall, on Saturday the 20th Day of February, 1612.

This Maſque was undoubtedly the production of Beaumont alone. There is a quarto edition of it without a date; and it is alſo printed in the folio of 1647.

DEDICATION.

To the Worthy Sir FRANCIS BACON, *his Majeſty's Solicitor-General; and the Grave and Learned Bench of the anciently-allied Houſes of* GRAY'S INN *and the* INNER-TEMPLE, *the* INNER-TEMPLE *and* GRAY'S INN.

YOU that ſpared no time nor travel, in the ſetting forth, ordering, and furniſhing of this Maſque, (being the firſt fruits of honour, in this kind, which theſe two Societies have offered to his majeſty), will not think much now to look back upon the effects of your own care and work: For that whereof the ſucceſs was then doubtful, is now happily performed and graciouſly accepted; and that which you were then to think of in ſtraits of time, you may now peruſe at leiſure: And you, Sir FRANCIS BACON, eſpecially, as you did then by your countenance and loving affection advance it, ſo let your good word grace it and defend it, which is able to add value to the greateſt and leaſt matters.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS Maſque was appointed to have been preſented the Shrove-Tueſday before [1], at which time the maſquers with their attendants, and divers other gallant young gentlemen of both houſes, as their convoy, ſet forth from Wincheſter-houſe (which was the rendezvous) towards the court, about ſeven of the clock at night.

This voyage by water was performed in great triumph: The gentlemen maſquers being placed by themſelves in the king's royal barge, with the rich furniture of ſtate, and adorned with a great number of lights placed in ſuch order as might make beſt ſhow.

They were attended with a multitude of barges

[1] *This Maſque was appointed, &c.*] The marriage of the Count Palatine of the Rhine with the lady Elizabeth, daughter to James I. was celebrated on Valentine's Day, in the year 1613. The Maſque then exhibited by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn and the Inner-Temple was performed with much ſplendor and magnificence, and at a great expence to both thoſe ſocieties. In Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales, 1671, p. 286, we find the following accounts of the charges attending this repreſentation, extracted from the records of each ſociety. '*Grays Inn.* In the 10th of King James, the gentlemen of this houſe 'were (together with thoſe of the other inns of court) actors in that 'great Maſque at Whitehall, at the marriage of the king's eldeſt 'daughter unto Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhine; the charge 'in apparel for the actors in which Maſque, was ſupported by the 'ſociety: The readers being each man aſſeſſed at 4*l.*; the ancients, 'and ſuch as at that time were to be called antients, at 2*l.* 10*s.* apiece; 'the barriſters at 2*l.* a man; and the ſtudents at 20*s*; out of which ſo 'much was to be taken as the Inner-Temple did then allow.

'Which being performed, there was an order made, 18 Maii 'then next following, that the gentlemen who were actors in that 'Maſque ſhould bring in all their maſqueing apparel, ſo provided at 'the charge of the houſe.'

Ibid. p. 346. '*Lincoln's Inn.* The third upon a Maſque in 11 Jac. 'preſented by this ſociety before the king, at the marriage of the 'lady Elizabeth his daughter, to the prince Elector Palatine of the 'Rhine, which coſt no leſs than mlxxxvi*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.* *R.*

and

and gallies, with all variety of loud muſick, ſeveral peals of ordnance; and led by two admi

Of this ſhow his majeſty was graciouſly pl to take view, with the prince, the Count Pal and the lady Elizabeth their highneſſes, at the windows of his privy gallery, upon the water, till their landing, which was at the privy ſtairs; where they were moſt honourably received by the lord chamberlain, and ſo conducted to the veſtry.

The hall was by that time filled with company of very good faſhion, but yet ſo as a very great number of principal ladies, and other noble perſons, were not yet come in, whereby it was foreſeen that the room would be ſo ſcanted as might have been inconvenient; and thereupon his majeſty was moſt graciouſly pleaſed, with the conſent of the gentlemen maſquers, to put off the night until Saturday following, with this ſpecial favour and privilege, that there ſhould be no let, as to the outward ceremony of magnificence until that time.

At the day that it was preſented, there was a choice room reſerved for the gentlemen of both their houſes, who coming in troop about ſeven of the clock, received that ſpecial honour and noble favour, as to be brought to their places by the right honourable the Earl of Northampton, lord-privy-ſeal.

THE

MASQUE

OF

THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN,

GRAY'S INN AND THE INNER-TEMPLE.

THE DEVISE OR ARGUMENT.

JUPITER and Juno, willing to do honour to the marriage of the two famous rivers, Thameſis and Rhine, employ their meſſengers ſeverally, Mercury and Iris, for that purpoſe. They meet and contend: Then Mercury, for his part, brings forth an anti-maſque all of ſpirits or divine natures; but yet not of one kind or livery (becauſe that had been ſo much in uſe heretofore) but, as it were, in conſort, like to broken muſic: And preſerving the propriety of the deviſe; for that rivers in nature are maintained either by ſprings from beneath, or ſhowers from above, he raiſeth four of the Naiades out of the fountains, and bringeth down five of the Hyades out of the clouds, to dance. Hereupon, Iris ſcoffs at Mercury, for that he had deviſed a dance but of one ſex, which could have no life: But Mercury, who

was

was provided for that exception, and in token that the match ſhould be bleſſed both with love and riches, calleth forth out of the groves four Cupids, and brings down from Jupiter's altar four ſtatues of gold and ſilver to dance with the nymphs and ſtars: In which dance, the Cupids being blind, and the ſtatues having but half life put into them, and retaining ſtill ſomewhat of their old nature, giveth fit occaſion to new and ſtrange varieties both in the muſic and paces. This was the firſt anti-maſque.

Then Iris, for her part, in ſcorn of this high-flying deviſe, and in token that the match ſhall likewiſe be bleſſed with the love of the common people, calls to Flora, her confederate (for that the months of flowers are likewiſe the months of ſweet ſhowers and rainbows) to bring in a May dance, or rural dance, conſiſting likewiſe not of any ſuited perſons, but of a confuſion or commixture of all ſuch perſons as are natural and proper for country ſports. This is the ſecond anti-maſque.

Then Mercury and Iris, after this vieing one upon the other, ſeem to leave their contention; and Mercury, by the conſent of Iris, brings down the Olympian knights, intimating, that Jupiter having, after a long diſcontinuance, revived the Olympian games, and ſummoned thereunto from all parts the livelieſt and activeſt perſons that were, had enjoined them, before they fell to their games, to do honour to theſe nuptials. The Olympian games portend to the match celebrity, victory, and felicity. This was the main maſque.

The fabric was a mountain with two deſcents, and ſevered with two traverſes.

At the Entrance of the King, the firſt traverſe was drawn, and the lower deſcent of the mountain diſcovered, which was the pendant of a hill to life, with divers boſcages and grovets upon the ſteep or hanging grounds thereof; and at the foot of the hill, four

four delicate fountains running with water, and bordered with ſedges and water flowers.

Iris firſt appeared; and preſently after Mercury, ſtriving to overtake her.

Iris appareled in a robe of diſcoloured taffeta, figured in variable colours, like the rainbow, a cloudy wreath on her head, and treſſes.

Mercury in doublet and hoſe of white taffeta, a white hat, wings on his ſhoulders and feet, his caduceus in his hand, ſpeaking to Iris as followeth:

Mercury. STAY, ſtay!
Stay, light-foot Iris! for thou ſtriv'ſt in vain;
My wings are nimbler than thy feet.

Iris. Away,
Diſſembling Mercury! my meſſages
Aſk honeſt haſte; not like thoſe wanton ones
Your thundring father ſends.

Merc. Stay, fooliſh maid!
Or I will take my riſe upon a hill,
When I perceive thee ſeated in a cloud,
In all the painted glory that thou haſt,
And never ceaſe to clap my willing wings,
'Till I catch hold of thy diſcolour'd bow,
And ſhiver it, beyond the angry power
Of your curſt[2] miſtreſs to make up again.

Iris. Hermes, forbear! Juno will chide and ſtrike.
Is great Jove jealous that I am employ'd
On her love-errands? She did never yet
Claſp weak mortality in her white arms,
As he hath often done: I only come
To celebrate the long-wiſh'd nuptials
Here in Olympia, which are now perform'd
Betwixt two goodly rivers, which have mix'd
Their gentle-riſing waves, and are to grow
Into a thouſand ſtreams, great as themſelves.
I need not name them, for the ſound is loud

[2] *Curſt*;] i. e. *Croſs, peeviſh.* The word occurs in Philaſter, and ſeveral other places.

In

In Heaven and earth; and I am ſent from her,
The queen of marriage, that was preſent here,
And ſmil'd to ſee them join, and hath not chid
Since it was done. Good Hermes, let me go!
Merc. Nay, you muſt ſtay; Jove's meſſage is the ſame,
Whoſe eyes are lightning, and whoſe voice is thunder;
Whoſe breath is any wind he will; who knows
How to be firſt on earth, as well as Heaven.
Iris. But what hath he to do with nuptial rites?
Let him keep ſtate upon his ſtarry throne,
And fright poor mortals with his thunderbolts,
Leaving to us the mutual darts of eyes!
Merc. Alas, when ever offer'd he t' abridge
Your lady's power, but only now, in theſe,
Whoſe match concerns his general government?
Hath not each god a part in theſe high joys?
And ſhall not he, the king of gods, preſume
Without proud Juno's licence? Let her know,
That when enamour'd Jove firſt gave her power
To link ſoft hearts in undiſſolving bands,
He then foreſaw, and to himſelf reſerv'd,
The honour of this marriage. Thou ſhalt ſtand
Still as a rock, while I, to bleſs this feaſt,
Will ſummon up, with my all-charming rod,
The nymphs of fountains, from whoſe watry locks
(Hung with the dew of bleſſing and encreaſe)
The greedy rivers take their nouriſhment.
Ye nymphs, who bathing in your loved ſprings,
Beheld theſe rivers in their infancy,
And joy'd to ſee them, when their circled heads
Refreſh'd the air, and ſpread the ground with flowers;
Riſe from your wells, and with your nimble feet
Perform that office to this happy pair,
Which in theſe plains you to Alphëus did,
When paſſing hence, thro' many ſeas unmix'd,
He gain'd the favour of his Arethuſe!

Immediately upon which ſpeech, four Naiades ariſe gently out of their ſeveral fountains, and preſent themſelves upon the ſtage, attired in long habits

of

of ſea-green taffeta, with bubbles of cryſtal intermixt with powdering of ſilver reſembling drops of water, blewiſh treſſes on their heads, garlands of water-lilies. They fall into a meaſure, dance a little, then make a ſtand.

Iris. Is Hermes grown a lover? By what power,
Unknown to us, calls he the Naiades?

Merc. Preſumptuous Iris, I could make thee dance,
'Till thou forgot'ſt thy lady's meſſages,
And ran'ſt back crying to her! Thou ſhalt know
My power is more; only my breath, and this,
Shall move fix'd ſtars, and force the firmament
To yield the Hyades, who govern ſhowers,
And dewy clouds, in whoſe diſperſed drops
Thou form'ſt the ſhape of thy deceitful bow.
Ye maids, who yearly at appointed times
Advance with kindly tears the gentle floods,
Deſcend, and pour your bleſſing on theſe ſtreams,
Which rolling down from Heav'n-aſpiring hills,
And now united in the fruitful vales,
Bear all before them, raviſh'd with their joy,
And ſwell in glory, till they know no bounds!

Five Hyades deſcend ſoftly in a cloud from the firmament, to the middle part of the hill, appareled in ſky-coloured taffeta robes, ſpangled like the heavens, golden treſſes, and each a fair ſtar on their head; from thence deſcend to the ſtage, at whoſe ſight the Naiades ſeeming to rejoice, meet and join in a dance.

Iris. Great wit and power hath Hermes, to contrive
A lifeleſs dance, which of one ſex conſiſts!

Merc. Alas, poor Iris! Venus hath in ſtore
A ſecret ambuſh of her winged boys;
Who lurking long within theſe pleaſant groves,
Firſt ſtruck theſe lovers with their equal darts;
Thoſe Cupids ſhall come forth, and join with theſe
To honour that which they themſelves began.

Enter

Enter four Cupids from each ſide of the boſcage; attired in flame-coloured taffeta cloſe to their body, like naked boys, with bows, arrows, and wings of gold; chaplets of flowers on their heads; hoodwinked with tiffiny ſcarfs; who join with the nymphs and the Hyades in another dance. That ended, Mercury ſpeaks.

Merc. Behold the ſtatues which wiſe Vulcan plac'd [3]
Under the altar of Olympian Joy;
And gave to them an artificial life,
Shall dance for joy of theſe great nuptials [4].
See how they move, drawn by this heav'nly joy;
Like the wild trees, which follow'd Orpheus' harp!

The Statues enter, ſuppoſed to be before deſcended from Jove's altar, and to have been prepared in the covert with the Cupids, attending their call. Theſe Statues were attired in caſes of gold and ſilver cloſe to their body, faces, hands, and feet, nothing ſeen but gold and ſilver, as if they had been ſolid images of metal, treſſes of hair as they had been of metal emboſſed, girdles and ſmall aprons of oaken leaves, as if they likewiſe had been carved or moulded out of the metal: At their coming, the muſick changed from violins to hautboys, cornets, &c. and the air of the muſick was utterly turned into a ſoft time, with drawing notes, excellently expreſſing their natures, and the meaſure likewiſe was fitted unto the ſame, and the Statues placed in ſuch ſeveral poſtures, ſometimes all together in the centre of the dance, and ſometimes

[3] Iris. *Behold, &c.*] The argument, as well as what follows, proves beyond contradiction that this ſpeech belongs to *Mercury*, though hitherto erroneouſly allotted to *Iris*.

[4] *Shall dance for joy of theſe great nuptials:*
And gave to them an artificial life.] The tranſpoſition of theſe lines ſeems indiſpenſably neceſſary.

in

in the four utmoſt angles, as was very graceful, beſides the novelty. And ſo concluded the firſt anti-maſque.

Merc. And what will Juno's Iris do for her?

Iris. Juſt match this ſhow, or my invention fails;
Had it been worthier, I would have invok'd
The blazing comets, clouds and falling ſtars,
And all my kindred meteors of the air,
To have excell'd it; but I now muſt ſtrive
To imitate confuſion: Therefore thou,
Delightful Flora, if thou ever felt'ſt
Encreaſe of ſweetneſs in thoſe blooming plants
On which the horns of my fair bow decline,
Send hither all the rural company
Which deck the May-games with their country ſports!
Juno will have it ſo.

The ſecond anti-maſque ruſh in, dance their meaſure, and as rudely depart; conſiſting of, a Pedant, May Lord, May Lady; Servingman, Chambermaid; a Country Clown, or Shepherd. Country Wench; an Hoſt, Hoſteſs; a He-Baboon, She-Baboon; a He-Fool, She-Fool, uſhering them in.

All theſe perſons, appareled to the life, the men iſſuing out of one ſide of the boſcage, and the women from the other. The muſick was extremely well fitted, having ſuch a ſpirit of country jollity as can hardly be imagined; but the perpetual laughter and applauſe was above the muſick.

The dance likewiſe was of the ſame ſtrain; and the dancers, or rather actors, expreſſed every one their part ſo naturally and aptly, as when a man's eye was caught with the one, and then paſt on to the other, he could not ſatisfy himſelf which did beſt. It pleaſed his majeſty to call for it again at the end, as he did likewiſe for the firſt anti-maſque; but one of the Statues by that time was undreſſed.

Merc. Iris, we ſtrive,
Like winds at liberty, who ſhould do worſt[1]
Ere we return. If Juno be the queen
Of marriages, let her give happy way
To what is done, in honour of the ſtate
She governs!

Iris. Hermes, ſo it may be done
Merely in honour of the ſtate, and theſe
That now have prov'd it; not to ſatisfy
The luſt of Jupiter, in having thanks
More than his Juno; if thy ſnaky rod
Have power to ſearch the Heav'ns, or ſound the ſea,
Or call together all the ends of earth,
To bring in any thing that may do grace
To us, and theſe; do it, we ſhall be pleas'd.

Merc. Then know, that from the mouth of Jove himſelf,
Whoſe words have wings, and need not to be borne,
I took a meſſage, and I bare it thro'
A thouſand yielding clouds, and never ſtay'd
'Till his high will was done: The Olympian games,
Which long have ſlept, at theſe wiſh'd nuptials
He pleas'd to have renew'd, and all his knights
Are gather'd hither, who within their tents
Reſt on this hill; upon whoſe riſing head
Behold Jove's altar, and his bleſſed prieſts
Moving about it! Come, you holy men,
And with your voices draw theſe youths along,
That 'till Jove's muſic call them to their games,
Their active ſports may give a bleſt content
To thoſe, for whom they are again begun.

The main Maſque.—The ſecond traverſe is drawn, and the higher aſcent of the mountain is diſcovered; wherein, upon a level, after a great riſe of the hill, were placed two pavillions: Open in the front of them, the pavillions were to ſight as of cloth of

[1] *Who ſhould do* worſt.] The ſenſe ſeems to require us to read *moſt* for *worſt*; unleſs it means, which ſhould *worſt* the other.

gold,

gold, and they were trimmed on the inſide with rich armour and military furniture, hanged up as upon the walls; and behind the tents there were repreſented, in proſpective, the tops of divers other tents, as if it had been a camp. In theſe pavillions were placed fifteen Olympian knights, upon ſeats a little embowed near the form of a creſcent, and the knights appeared firſt, as conſecrated perſons, all in veils, like to copes, of ſilver tiffiny, gathered, and falling a large compaſs about them, and over their heads high mitres, with long pendants behind falling from them; the mitres were ſo high, that they received their hats and feathers, that nothing was ſeen but veil. In the midſt between both the tents, upon the very top of the hill, being a higher level than that of the tents, was placed Jupiter's altar gilt, with three great tapers upon golden candleſticks burning upon it; and the four ſtatues, two of gold, and two of ſilver, as ſupporters, and Jupiter's prieſts in white robes about it. Upon the ſight of the king, the veils of the knights did fall eaſily from them, and they appeared in their own habit.

The Knights' attire.—Arming doublets of carnation ſattin, embroidered with blazing ſtars of ſilver plate, with powderings of ſmaller ſtars betwixt; gorgets of ſilver mail; long hoſe of the ſame, with the doublets laid with ſilver lace ſpangled, and enriched with embroidery between the lace; carnation ſilk ſtockings embroidered all over; garters and roſes ſuitable; pumps of carnation ſattin embroidered, as the doublets; hats of the ſame ſtuff, and embroidery cut like a helmet before, the hinder part cut into ſcallops, anſwering the ſkirts of their doublets; the bands of the hats were wreaths of ſilver in form of garlands of wild olives, white feathers, with one fall of carnation; belts of the ſame ſtuff and embroidered with the doublet; ſilver ſwords; little Italian bands and cuffs embroidered with ſilver; fair long treſſes of hair.

The Prieſts' habits.—Long robes of white taffeta; long white heads of hair; the high-prieſt a cap of white ſilk ſhag cloſe to his head, with two labels at the ears, the midſt riſing in form of a pyramis, in the top thereof a branch of ſilver; every prieſt playing upon a lute; twelve in number.

The Prieſts deſcend and ſing this ſong following; after whom the Knights likewiſe deſcend, firſt laying aſide their veils, belts, and ſwords.

Shake off your heavy trance,
And leap into a dance,
Such as no mortals uſe to tread,
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the Moon to lead,
And all the Stars to follow!

The Knights by this time are all deſcended and fallen into their place, and then dance their firſt meaſure.

On, bleſſed youths! for Jove doth pauſe,
Laying aſide his graver laws
For this device:
And at the wedding ſuch a pair,
Each dance is taken for a pray'r,
Each ſong a ſacrifice.

The Knights dance their ſecond meaſure.

[*Solo.*] More pleaſing were theſe ſweet delights,
If ladies mov'd as well as knights;
Run every one of you, and catch
A nymph, in honour of this match;
And whiſper boldly in her ear,
Jove will but laugh, if you forſwear!

[*Chorus.*] And this day's ſins, he doth reſolve,
That we his prieſts ſhould all abſolve.

The Knights take their ladies to dance with them galliards, durets, corantos, &c. and lead them to their places; then loud muſic ſounds, ſuppoſed to call them to their Olympian games.

Ye

Ye ſhould ſtay longer if we durſt:
Away! Alas, that he that firſt
Gave Time wild wings to fly away,
Hath now no power to make him ſtay!
But tho' theſe games muſt needs be play'd,
Could this pair, when they are laid,
And not a creature nigh 'em,
Could catch his ſcythe as he doth paſs,
And cut his wings, and break his glaſs,
And keep him ever by 'em.

The Knights dance their parting meaſure; and aſcend, put on their ſwords and belts; during which time, the Prieſts ſing the fifth and laſt ſong.

Peace and ſilence be the guide
To the man, and to the bride!
If there be a joy yet new
In marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the world may wonder!
If we ſhould ſtay, we ſhould do worſe,
And turn our bleſſing to a curſe,
By keeping you aſunder.

THIS Maſque is here printed from the quarto edition. All the other copies of it are extremely erroneous and imperfect: None of the deſcriptive parts are inſerted in them; and to point out the blunders and other omiſſions would require almoſt as many Notes as the Maſque contains lines.

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FOUR PLAYS, OR
MORAL REPRESENTATIONS
IN ONE.

—— would you had come sooner: you see
How full the scaffolds are! there is scant room
For a lover's thought here.

Scene I

M. A. Rocher del.t C. Grignion sculp.t

Publish'd as the Act directs by T. Sherlock April 14, 1778

FOUR PLAYS, OR MORAL REPRESENTATIONS, IN ONE.

This Drama was first printed in the folio edition. No circumstances appear to ascribe it in particular to either Author; it was probably a joint production.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Emanuel, *king of Portugal and Caſtile.*
Iſabella, *his queen.*
Lords.
Frigoſo, *a courtier.*
Rinaldo, *his acquaintance.*
} *ſpectators of a celebration of*

The Triumph of HONOUR.

Martius, *a Roman general.*
Valerius, *his brother.*
Sophocles, *duke of Athens.*
Nicodemus, *a cowardly corporal*
Cornelius, *a wittol ſutler.*
Captain.

Diana.
Dorigen, *Sophocles's wife, the example of chaſtity.*
Florence, *wife to Cornelius.*

The Triumph of LOVE.

Cupid.
Rinaldo, *duke of Milan.*
Benvoglio, } *brothers, lords*
Randulpho, } *of Milan.*
Gerrard, } *ſons of the duke,*
Ferdinand, } *ſuppoſed loſt.*

Angelina, *wife to Benvoglio.*
Violante, *her daughter.*
Gerrard's *miſtreſs.*
Dorothea, *Violante's attendant.*
Cornelia, *the obſcured ducheſs.*

The Triumph of DEATH.

Duke of Anjou.
Lavall, *his luſtful heir.*
Gentille, *a courtier, father to Perolot.*
Perolot, *contracted to Gabriella*
Two Gentlemen.
A Spirit.
Shalloone, *ſervant to Lavall.*

Gabriella, *the deſpiſed wife of Lavall.*
Hellena, *his ſecond wife.*
Caſta, *daughter to Gentille.*
Maria, *a ſervant attending on Gabriella.*

The Triumph of TIME.

Jupiter.
Mercury.
Plutus.
Time.
Atropos.
Deſire.

Vain-Delight.
Bounty.
Poverty.
Honeſty.
Simplicity.
Fame.

FOUR

FOUR PLAYS, OR

MORAL REPRESENTATIONS,

IN ONE.

Enter Frigoſo. [*Noiſe within.*]

Fri. AWAY with thoſe bald-pated raſcals there!
Their wits are bound up in vellum; they are
Not current here. Down with thoſe city
gentlemen! *&c.*
Out with thoſe cuckolds, I ſay, and in with their wives
At the back door! Worſhip and place, I am weary of ye;
Ye lie on my ſhoulders like a load of gold
On an aſs's back. A man in authority
Is but as a candle in the wind, ſooner waſted
Or blown out, than under a buſhel.—How now!
What's the matter? who are you, Sir?

Enter Rinaldo.

Rin. Who am I, Sir?
Why, do you not know me?
Fri. No, by my faith, do I not.
Rin. I am ſure we din'd together to-day.
Fri. That's all one:
As I din'd with you in the city, and as you paid

For

For my dinner there, I do know you, and am
Beholding to you: But as my mind is ſince
Tranſmigrated into my office, and as you
To court to have me pay you again, and
Beholding to me, I know you not,
I know you not!
Rin. Nay, but look you, Sir!
Fri. Pardon me!
If you had been my bedfellow theſe ſeven years,
And lent me money to buy my place, I muſt
Not tranſgreſs principles: This very talking
With you is an ill example.
Rin. Piſh!
You are too punctual a courtier, Sir!
Why, I'm a courtier too; yet never underſtood
The place or name to be ſo infectious
To humanity and manners, as to caſt
A man into a burning pride and arrogance,
For which there is no cure. I am a courtier,
And yet I will know my friends, I tell you.
Fri. And I tell you,
You will thrive accordingly, I warrant you.
Rin. But, hark you, ſignor Frigoſo! you ſhall firſt underſtand,
I have no friends with me to trouble you.
Fri. Humh! that's a good motive.
Rin. Nor to borrow money of you.
Fri. That's an excellent motive.
Rin. No, my ſweet don,
Nor to aſk what you owe me.
Fri. Why, that
Is the very motive of motives why I ought
And will know thee: And if I had not wound thee
Up to this promiſe, I would not have known thee
Theſe fifteen years, no more than the arranteſt
Or moſt founder'd Caſtilian that
Follow'd our new queen's carriages a-foot.
Rin. Nor for any thing, dear don, but that you would
Place me conveniently to ſee the play to-night.

Fri.

Fri. That ſhall I, ſignor Rinaldo.
But would you had come ſooner: You ſee
How full the ſcaffolds are! there is ſcant room
For a lover's thought here.—Gentlewomen,
Sir, cloſe, for ſhame! Has none of ye
A little corner for this gentleman?—
I'll place you, fear not. And how did our brave king
Of Portugal, Emanuel, bear himſelf to-day?
You ſaw the ſolemnity of the marriage.

Rin. Why, like a fit huſband for ſo gracious
And excellent a princeſs, as his worthy
Mate Iſabella, the king of Caſtile's daughter,
Doth, in her very external lineaments,
Mixture of colours, and joining dove-like behaviour,
Aſſure herſelf to be. And I proteſt,
My dear don, ſeriouſly, I can ſing
Prophetically nothing but bleſſed hymns,
And happy occaſions to this ſacred union
Of Portugal and Caſtile, which have ſo wiſely
And mutually conjoined two ſuch virtuous
And beautiful princes as theſe are; and, in all opinion,
Like to multiply to their very laſt minute.

Fri. The king is entering: Signor, hover hereabout;
And as ſoon as the train is ſet, clap into me;
We'll ſtand near the ſtate. If you have
Any creditors here, they ſhall renew
Bonds a twelvemonth on ſuch a ſight: But to touch
The pomel of the king's chair, in the ſight
Of a citizen, is better ſecurity
For a thouſand double-ducats, than three
Of the beſt merchants in Liſbon. Beſides, ſignor,
We will cenſure, not only the king in the play here,
That reigns his two hours, but the king himſelf,
That is to rule his life-time. Take my counſel!—
I have one word to ſay to this noble aſſembly,
And I am for you.

Rin. Your method ſhall govern me.

Fri.

Fri. Prologues are huiſhers bare before the wiſe[1];
Why may not then an huiſher prologuiſe?
Here's a fair ſight; and were ye oftner ſee
Thus gather'd here, 'twould pleaſe ev
queen.
Upon my conſcience, ye are welc
To Liſbon, and the court of Port
Where your fair eyes ſhall feed on nc
Than preparations made for kings' a .s.
We wiſh to men content, the manlieſt treaſure;
And to the women, their own wiſh'd-for pleaſure!
[*Flouriſh.*

Enter Emanuel and Iſabella, Lords, and Attendants.

Eman. Fair fountain of my life, from whoſe pure ſtreams
The propagation of two kingdoms flows,
Never contention riſe in either's breaſt,
But conteſtation whoſe love ſhall be beſt!

Iſab. Majeſtick ocean, that with plenty feeds
Me, thy poor tributary rivulet;
Sun of my beauty, that with radiant beams
Doſt gild and dance upon theſe humble ſtreams;
Curs'd be my birth-hour, and my ending day,
When back your love-floods I forget to pay!
Or if this breaſt of mine, your cryſtal brook,
Ever take other form in, other look
But yours, or e'er produce unto your Grace
A ſtrange reflection, or another's face,
But be your love-book claſp'd, open'd to none
But you, nor hold a ſtory, but your own;

---

[1] *Prologues are* bad *huiſhers before the wiſe*] If prologues are *bad* huiſhers, how does the conſequence follow, that therefore an huiſher or *uſher* ſhould prologuiſe? I believe *bad* a corruption, and that we ſhould read *but*, which renders the whole eaſy and intelligible.
Seward.

The preſent text is from the firſt edition. *Bare* ſeems uſed in the ſenſe of *but*, or *mere*. It is alſo ſenſe, in the acception of *uncovered*, in this place.

A water

A water fix'd, that ebbs nor floods purſue,
Frozen to all, only diſſolv'd to you!

Eman. Oh, who ſhall tell the ſweetneſs of our love
To future times, and not be thought to lie?
I look thro' this hour like a perſpective,
And far off ſee millions of proſperous ſeeds,
That our reciprocal affection breeds.
Thus, my white rib, cloſe in my breaſt with me,
Which nought ſhall tear hence, but mortality!

Lords. Be kingdoms bleſt in you, you bleſt in them!
[*Flouriſh.*

Fri. Whiſt! ſignor! My ſtrong imagination
Shews me Love, methinks, bathing in milk
And wine in her cheeks. Oh, how ſhe clips him,
Like a plant of ivy!

Rin. Ay; could not you be content
To be an owl in ſuch an ivy-buſh,
Or one of the oaks of the city, to be ſo clipt?

Fri. Equivocal don, tho' I like the clipping well,
I could not be content either to be your owl,
Or your ox of the city.—The play begins. [*Flouriſh.*

Enter a Poet with a garland.

Poet Prologue. Low at your ſacred feet our poor muſe lays
Her, and her thunder-fearleſs verdant bays.
Four ſeveral Triumphs to your princely eyes,
Of Honour, Love, Death, and Time, do riſe
From our approaching ſubject; which we move
Tow'rds you with fear, ſince that a ſweeter love,
A brighter honour, purer chaſtity,
March in your breaſts this day triumphantly,
Than our weak ſcenes can ſhew: Then how dare we
Preſent, like apes and zanies, things that be
Exemplified in you, but that we know
We ne'er crav'd grace which you did not beſtow?

Enter

Enter in triumph with drums, trumpets, colours, Martius, Valerius, Sophocles bound, Nicodemus, Cornelius, Captains and Soldiers.

Mar. What means proud Sophocles?
Soph. To go even with Martius,
And not to follow him like his officer:
I never waited yet on any man.
Mar. Why, poor Athenian duke, thou art my ſlave;
My blows have conquer'd thee.
Soph. Thy ſlave, proud Martius?
Cato thy countryman (whoſe conſtancy,
Of all the Romans, I did honour moſt)
Ripp'd himſelf twice to avoid ſlavery,
Making himſelf his own anatomy.
But look thee, Martius; not a vein runs here
From head to foot, but Sophocles would unſeam, and
Like a ſpring-garden [3] ſhoot his ſcornful blood
Into their eyes, durſt come to tread on him.
As for thy blows, they did not conquer me:
Seven battles have I met thee face to face,
And given thee blow for blow, and wound for wound,
And, 'till thou taught'ſt me [4], knew not to retire:
Thy ſword was then as bold, thy arm as ſtrong;
Thy blows then, Martius, cannot conquer me.
Val. What is it then?
Soph. Fortune.
Val. Why, yet in that
Thou art the worſe man, and muſt follow him.
Soph. Young Sir, you err: If Fortune could be call'd
Or his, or yours, or mine, in good or evil,
For any certain ſpace, thou hadſt ſpoke truth;
But ſhe but jeſts with man, and in miſchance
Abhors all conſtancy, flouting him ſtill

[3] *And like a* ſpring-garden.] *Spring*-GARDEN appears to be corrupt. Perhaps the line ſhould run,

And like a ſpring-GUN *ſhoot*, &c.

[4] *Thou taught'ſt me.*] The context ſeems to require FATE *taught me*, or words to that effect.

With

With ſome ſmall touch of good, or ſeeming good,
Midſt of his miſchief; which viciſſitude
Makes him ſtrait doff his armour, and his fence
He had prepar'd before, to break her ſtrokes.
So from the very zenith of her wheel,
When ſhe has dandled ſome choice favourite,
Giv'n him his boons in women, honour, wealth,
And all the various delicacies of earth,
That the fool ſcorns the gods in his exceſs,
She whirls, and leaves him at th' Antipodes.

Mar. Art ſure we have taken him? is this Sophocles?
His fetter'd arms ſay no; his free ſoul, ay.
This Athens nurſeth arts, as well as arms.

Soph. Nor glory, Martius, in this day of thine!
'Tis behind yeſterday, but before tomorrow;
Who knows what Fortune then will do with thee?
She never yet could make the better man,
The better chance ſhe has: The man that's beſt
She ſtill contends with, and doth favour leaſt.

Mar. Methinks, a graver thunder than the ſkies
Breaks from his lips: I am amaz'd to hear;
And Athens' words, more than her ſwords do fear.
[*Aſide.*
Slave Sophocles——

Soph. Martius[5], couldſt thou acquire
And did thy Roman gods ſo love thy prayers
And ſolemn ſacrifice, to grant thy ſuit

[5] Soph. *Martius, ſlave Sophocles, couldſt thou* acquire.] A tranſpoſition here has rendered this abſolute darkneſs. Martius being ſtruck with admiration at Sophocles's intrepidity, is reſolved to put it to a farther trial by ſcoffs and inſults; he therefore begins with calling him *ſlave* as the anſwer evidently ſhews. There is therefore ſcarce doubt of the true reading being as the text is now reformed, making the firſt part of the ſpeech ſpoke aſide, and then,

Slave Sophocles.

Soph. *Martius, couldſt thou* acquire, *&c.*

But there is, I believe, a great corruption ſtill remaining in the word *acquire*, to *acquire to gather* is bad Engliſh; beſides as the ſentence ſtands, the acquiſition precedes the prayers. 'Tis therefore moſt probable that the true word is *aſpire*, which ſeems clear of all objections. *Seward.*

Acquire is, in our opinion, preferable.

To

To gather all the valour of the Cæſars
Thy predeceſſors, and what is to come,
And by their influence fling it on thee now,
Thou couldſt not make my mind go leſs, not pare
With all their ſwords one virtue from my ſoul:
How am I vaſſal'd then? make ſuch thy ſlaves,
As dare not keep their goodneſs paſt their graves.
Know, general, we two are chances on
The die of Fate; now thrown, thy ſix is up,
And my poor one beneath thee; next, the throw
May ſet me uppmoſt, and caſt thee below.
Mar. Yet will I try thee more: Calamity [*Aſide.*
Is man's true touchſtone.—Liſten, inſolent prince,
That dar'ſt contemn the maſter of thy life,
Which I will force here 'fore thy city-walls
With barbarous cruelty, and call thy wife
To ſee it, and then after ſend her——
Soph. Ha, ha, ha!
Mar. And then demoliſh Athens to the ground,
Depopulate her, fright away her fame,
And leave ſucceſſion neither ſtone nor name.
Soph. Ha, ha, ha!
Mar. Doſt thou deride me?
Val. Kneel! aſk Martius
For mercy, Sophocles, and live happy ſtill!
Soph. Kneel, and aſk mercy? Roman, art a god?
I never kneel'd, or begg'd, of any elſe.
Thou art a fool! and I will loſe no more
Inſtructions on thee, now I find thy ears [*Solemn muſick.*

Enter Dorigen, Ladies bearing a ſword.

Are fooliſh, like thy tongue.—My Dorigen!
Oh, muſt ſhe ſee me bound?
1 *Capt.* There's the firſt ſigh
He breath'd ſince he was born, I think.
2 *Capt.* Forbear,
All but the lady his wife!
Soph. How my heart chides
The manacles of my hands, that let them not
Embrace

Embrace my Dorigen!
Val. Turn but thy face,
And aſk thy life of Martius thus, and thou,
With thy fair wife, ſhalt live; Athens ſhall ſtand,
And all her privileges augmented be.
Soph. 'Twere better Athens periſh'd, and my wife
(Which, Romans, I do know a worthy one),
Than Sophocles ſhould ſhrink of Sophocles,
Commit profane idolatry, by giving
The reverence due to gods to thee, blown man!
Mar. Rough, ſtubborn cynick!
Soph. Thou art rougher far,
And of a coarſer wale, fuller of pride,
Leſs temperate to bear proſperity.
Thou ſeeſt my mere neglect hath rais'd in thee
A ſtorm more boiſtrous than the ocean's;
My virtue, Patience, makes thee vicious.
Mar. Why, fair-ey'd lady, do you kneel?
Dor. Great general,
Victorious, godlike Martius, your poor handmaid
Kneels, for her huſband will not, cannot; ſpeaks
Thus humbly, that he may not. Liſten, Roman!
Thou whoſe advanced front doth ſpeak thee Roman
To every nation, and whoſe deeds aſſure it!
Behold a princeſs, whoſe declining head,
Like to a drooping lily after ſtorms,
Bows to thy feet, and playing here the ſlave,
To keep her huſband's greatneſs unabated;
All which doth make thy conqueſt greater! For,
If he be baſe in aught whom thou haſt taken,
Then Martius hath but taken a baſe prize:
But if this jewel hold luſtre and value,
Martius is richer then in that he hath won.
Oh, make him ſuch a captive as thyſelf
Unto another wouldſt, great captain, be!
'Till then, he is no priſoner fit for thee.
Mar. Valerius, here is harmony would have brought
Old crabbed Saturn to ſweet ſleep, when Jove
Did firſt incenſe him with rebellion!
Athens doth make women philoſophers;

And ſure their children chat the talk of gods.
Val. Riſe, beauteous Dorigen!
Dor. Not until I know
The general's reſolution.
Val. One ſoft word
From Sophocles would calm him into tears,
Like gentle ſhowers after tempeſtuous winds.
Dor. To buy the world, he will not give a word,
A look, a tear, a knee, 'gainſt his own judgment,
And the divine compoſure of his mind:
All which I therefore do; and here preſent
This victor's wreath, this rich Athenian ſword,
Trophies of conqueſt, which, great Martius, wear,
And be appeas'd! Let Sophocles ſtill live!
Mar. He would not live.
Dor. He would not beg to live;
When he ſhall ſo forget, then I begin
To command, Martius; and when he kneels,
Dorigen ſtands; when he lets fall a tear,
I dry mine eyes, and ſcorn him.
Mar. Scorn him now then,
Here in the face of Athens and thy friends!
Self-will'd, ſtiff Sophocles, prepare to die,
And by that ſword thy lady honour'd me,
With which herſelf ſhall follow. Romans, friends,
Who dares but ſtrike this ſtroke, ſhall part with me
Half Athens, and my half of victory.
Capt. By Heaven, not we!
Nic. Corn. We two will do it, Sir.
Soph. Away, ye fiſh-fac'd raſcals!
Val. Martius,
To eclipſe this great eclipſe labours thy fame[6];
Valerius thy brother ſhall for once
Turn executioner: Give me the ſword.
Now, Sophocles, I'll ſtrike as ſuddenly

[6] *To eclipſe this great eclipſe labours thy fame.*] This is ſo obſcure, that many readers may think it requires an explication. The ſenſe ſeems to be.—Sophocles whilſt he lives will be a great eclipſe to thy fame, and thy fame is now labouring to eclipſe him in thy turn, therefore thy brother ſhall be his executioner. *Seward.*

As thou dar'ſt die.

Soph. Thou canſt not! and, Valerius,
'Tis leſs diſhonour to thee thus to kill me,
Than bid me kneel to Martius: 'Tis to murder
The fame of living men [7], which great ones do
Their ſtudies ſtrangle; poiſon makes away,
The wretched hangman only ends the play.

Val. Art thou prepar'd?

Soph. Yes.

Val. Bid thy wife farewell!

Soph. No; I will take no leave!—My Dorigen,
Yonder above, 'bout Ariadne's crown,
My ſpirit ſhall hover for thee; prithee haſte!

Dor. Stay, Sophocles! with this tie up my ſight;
Let not ſoft Nature ſo transformed be
(And loſe her gentler-ſex'd humanity)
To make me ſee my lord bleed!—So! 'tis well;
Never one object underneath the ſun
Will I behold before my Sophocles.

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[7] ——————*'Tis to murder*
The fame of living men, which great ones do;
Their ſtudies ſtrangle, poiſon makes away,
The wretched hangman only ends the play.] Though falſe pointings have rendered this quite dark, yet if the printers have not made ſome miſtake that I cannot diſcover, the Poet himſelf was very obſcure, and however proper the ſentiment, 'tis certainly ill expreſſed. By making the firſt part of the ſentence end at *ſtrangle*, the following ſenſe may be deduced from it. To make their fellow-creatures kneel to them, as great men frequently do, is worſe than murdering them; it renders them ſervile and ſlaviſh, debaſes them below the dignity of their nature, murders therefore their fame and fetters and ſtrangles their *ſtudies*, *i. e.* the free exertions of their rational faculties. Whereas poiſon makes away or deſtroys a man without injuring his fame, or diminiſhing the dignity of his ſoul; and the wretched deſpicable hangman only puts an end to the part we act upon the ſtage of this world. This ſentiment is continued and improved in Sophocles's next ſpeech upon death. *Seward.*

Probably we ſhould point,

——————*which great ones do*
Their ſtudies ſtrangle.

The ſenſe is, 'You will diſhonour me leſs by killing me, than 'bidding me kneel to Martius. Great men exert themſelves to 'murder the fame of the living; which is greater cruelty than poiſon 'or hanging, which but concludes our miſery.' The expreſſion, however, in any ſenſe, is certainly obſcure.

Farewell! Now teach the Romans how to die.
Mar. Doſt know what 'tis to die?
Soph. Thou doſt not, Martius,
And therefore not what 'tis to live. To die
Is to begin to live: It is to end
An old ſtale weary work, and to commence
A newer and a better: 'Tis to leave
Deceitful knaves, for the ſociety
Of gods and goodneſs: Thou thyſelf muſt part
At laſt from all thy garlands, pleaſures, triumphs,
And prove thy fortitude, what then 'twill do.
Val. But art not griev'd nor vex'd to leave life thus?
Soph. Why ſhould I grieve or vex for being ſent
To them I ever lov'd beſt? Now I'll kneel;
But with my back toward thee. 'Tis the laſt duty
This trunk can do the gods.
Mar. Strike, ſtrike, Valerius,
Or Martius' heart will leap out at his mouth!
This is a man; a woman! Kiſs thy lord,
And live with all the freedom you were wont.
Oh, Love! thou doubly haſt afflicted me,
With virtue and with beauty. Treacherous heart,
My hand ſhall caſt thee quick into my urn,
Ere thou tranſgreſs this knot of piety.
Val. What ails my brother?
Soph. Martius, oh, Martius!
Thou now haſt found a way to conquer me.
Dor. Oh, ſtar of Rome, what gratitude can ſpeak
Fit words to follow ſuch a deed as this?
Mar. Doth Juno talk, or Dorigen?
Val. You are obſerv'd.
Mar. This admirable duke, Valerius,
With his diſdain of fortune, and of death,
Captiv'd himſelf, hath captivated me:
And tho' my arm hath ta'en his body here,
His ſoul hath ſubjugated Martius' ſoul:
By Romulus, he is all ſoul, I think!
He hath no fleſh, and ſpirit can't be gyv'd:
Then we have vanquiſh'd nothing; he is free,
And Martius walks now in captivity.

Soph.

Soph. How fares the noble Roman?
Mar. Why?
Dor. Your blood
Is ſunk down to your heart, and your bright eyes
Have loſt their ſplendor.
Mar. Baſer fires go out
When the ſun ſhines on 'em.—I am not well;
An apoplectick fit I uſe to have[8],
After my heats in war careleſly cool'd.
Soph. Martius ſhall reſt in Athens with his friends,
'Till this diſtemper leave him. Oh, great Roman!
See Sophocles do that for thee he could not
Do for himſelf, weep. Martius, by the gods,
It grieves me that ſo brave a ſoul ſhould ſuffer
Under the body's weak infirmity.
Sweet lady, take him to thy loving charge,
And let thy care be tender.
Dor. Kingly Sir,
I am your nurſe and ſervant.
Mar. Oh, dear lady,
My miſtreſs, nay, my deity! Guide me, Heav'n!
Ten wreaths triumphant Martius will give,
To change a Martius for a Sophocles:
Can it not be done, Valerius, with this boot[9]?
Inſeparable affection, ever thus
Colleague with Athens Rome!
Dor. Beat warlike tunes,
Whilſt Dorigen thus honours Martius' brow
With one victorious wreath more!
Soph. And Sophocles
Thus girds his ſword of conqueſt to his thigh,
Which ne'er be drawn, but cut out victory!

[8] *An* apoplectick *fit.*] Whether there is any leſſer degree of the apoplexy that does not deprive a man of his ſenſes, I am not phyſician enough to know; but to make a man accuſtomed to apoplectick fits ſeems improper, ſince the third ſtroke is generally held fatal. I rather believe the Poets wrote *epileptick*, a diſtemper that Shakeſpeare from hiſtory gives to two very great ſoldiers, Julius Cæſar and Henry IV. *Seward.*

[9] *With this* boot.] *i. e.* With this *advantage* in exchange.

Lords. For ever be it thus! [*Exeunt.*

Corn. Corporal Nicodemus,
A word with you.

Nic. My worthy ſutler
Cornelius, it befits not Nicodemus
The Roman officer to parley with
A fellow of thy rank; th' affairs of the empire
Are to be occupied,

Corn. Let the affairs of
The empire lie awhile unoccupied!
Sweet Nicodemus, I do require the money at
Thy hands, which thou doſt owe me; and if fair means
Cannot attain, force of arms ſhall accompliſh.

Nic. Put up, and live.

Corn. I have put up too much already,
Thou corporal of concupiſcence; for I
Suſpect thou haſt diſhonour'd my flock-bed,
And with thy fooliſh eloquence, and that
Bewitching face of thine, drawn my wife,
The young harlotry baggage, to proſtitute
Herſelf unto thee. Draw, therefore; for thou
Shalt find thyſelf a mortal corporal!

Nic. Stay thy dead-doing hand, and hear: I will
Rather deſcend from my honour, and argue
Theſe contumelies with thee, than clutch thee
(Poor fly) in theſe eaglet claws of mine; or draw
My ſword of fate on a peaſant, a beſognio[10],
A cocoloch, as thou art. Thou ſhalt
Firſt underſtand this fooliſh eloquence,
And intolerable beauty of mine
(Both which, I proteſt, are merely natural)
Are the gifts of the gods, with which I have
Neither ſent bawdy ſonnet, nor amorous glance,
Or (as the vulgar call it) a ſheep's eye
To thy betrothed Florence.

Corn. Thou lieſt!

Nic. Oh, gods of Rome, was Nicodemus born
To bear theſe braveries from a poor provant?

[10] Beſognio.] See note 12 on the Martial Maid.

Yet

Yet when dogs bark, or when the aſſes bray,
The lion laughs; not roars, but goes his way.
Corn. A pox o' your poetical vein! this verſifying
My wife has hornified me. Sweet corporal Cod's-
head,
No more ſtanding on your punctilio's and punketto's
Of honour, they are not worth a louſe; the truth is,
Thou art the general's bigamy, that is,
His fool, and his knave; thou art miſcreant
And recreant; not an horſe-boy in the legions,
But has beaten thee; thy beginning was knap-ſack,
And thy ending will be halter-ſack [11].
Nic. Methinks
I am now Sophocles the wiſe, and thou
Art Martius the mad.
Corn. No more of your tricks,
Good corporal Leather-chops! I ſay, thou haſt
Diſhonour'd me; and ſince honour now-a-days
Is only repaired by money, pay me,
And I am ſatisfied; even reckoning keeps
Long friends.
Nic. Let us continue friends then,
For I have been even with thee a long time;
And tho' I have not paid thee, I've paid thy wife.
Corn. Flow forth, my tears! thou haſt deflower'd
her, Tarquin!
The garden of my delight, hedged about,
In which there was but one bowling-alley
For mine own private procreation,
Thou haſt, like a thief i'th' night, leaped the hedge,
Enter'd my alley, and without my privity
Play'd thine own rubbers.
Nic. How long ſhall Patience thus ſecurely ſnore?
Is it my fault, if theſe attractive eyes,
This budding chin, or roſy-colour'd cheek,

[11] *And thy ending will be* halter-ſack.] The junction of *ſack* and *halter* here, is only to preſerve a jingle of words without meaning. We may, perhaps, reſtore a quibble with ſome little ſenſe in it, if we read *halter-ſick*. *Seward.*

This comely body, and this waxen leg,
Have drawn her into a fool's paradiſe?
By Cupid's godhead I do ſwear (no other [12])
She's chaſter far than Lucrece, her grandmother;
Pure as glaſs-window, ere the rider daſh it [13],
Whiter than lady's ſmock, when ſhe did waſh it:
For well thou wot'ſt (tho' now my heart's commandreſs)
I once was free, and ſhe but the camp's laundreſs.
Corn. Ay; ſhe then came ſweet to me; no part
About her but ſmelt of ſoap-ſuds; like a dryad
Out of a waſh-bowl [14]. Pray, or pay!
Nic. Hold!
Corn. Was thy cheeſe mouldy, or thy pennyworths ſmall?
Was not thy ale the mightieſt of the earth in malt,
And thy ſtupe fill'd like a tide? was not thy bed ſoft, and
Thy bacon fatter than a dropſy? Come, Sir!
Nic. Mars then inſpire me with the fencing ſkill
Of our tragedian actors! Honour pricks;
And, ſutler, now I come with thwacks and thwicks.
Grant us one cruſh, one paſs, and now a high lavalto fall;
Then up again, now down again, yet do no harm at all!

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[12] *By Cupid's —— I do ſwear (no other).*] With this *hiatus* the line has been hitherto printed, *bow* or *arrow* were probably the original, but what is *(no other)* and why in a parentheſis? The parentheſis, I believe, belongs to *I do ſwear*; and the inſertion of the prepoſition *by* makes out a comic hobling verſe: I read therefore,

By Cupid's bow (I do ſwear by *no other).* *Seward.*

A hiatus is not likely to have been put for *bow* or *arrow*, but very likely for the word we have inſerted, which equally ſuits ſenſe, meaſure, and parentheſis.

[13] *E'er the rider* daſh *it.*] Unleſs *daſh* is here uſed in the ſenſe of *ſplaſh* with dirt, this paſſage ſeems unintelligible. *R.*

[14] *Like a* dryad *out of a waſh-bowl.*] This was probably a deſign'd miſtake of *dryad* for *naiad*, and therefore Mr. Sympſon, who quarrels with the printer for making the author talk ſo improperly, ſeems to be angry without reaſon. It is not the Author but Cornelius talks nonſenſe. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Florence.

Flor. Oh, that ever I was born! why, gent!
Corn. Meſſaline of Rome;
Away, diſloyal concubine! I will
Be deafer to thee than thou art to others:
I will have
My hundred drachma's he owes me, thou arrant whore!
Flor. I know he is an hundred drams o'th' ſcore [15];
But what o' that? no bloodſhed, ſweet Cornelius!
Oh, my heart! o' my conſcience, 'tis fall'n thorow
The bottom of my belly! Oh, my ſweet Didymus,
If either of ye miſkill one another,
What will become of poor Florence? Pacify
Yourſelves, I pray!
Corn. Go to! my heart's not ſtone;
I am not marble: Dry your eyes, Florence!—
The ſcurvy ape's face knows my blind ſide well enough.—
Leave your puling: Will this content you? let him taſte
Thy nether lip; which, in ſign of amity, I thus take off again.
Go thy ways, and provide the cow's udder [16].
Nic. Lily of concord!—And now, honeſt ſutler,
Since I've had proof as well of thy good nature,

[15] Drachma's *o'th' ſcore.*] So former copies.

[16] *Go thy ways, and provide the cow's udder.*] As all the reſt of the ſpeech is a burleſque ſublimity of ſtile, and the whole was eaſily reſtored to its droll meaſure, there is reaſon to ſuſpect this ſudden fall of ſtile and loſs of metre to ariſe from ſome omiſſions, which, I hope, will be reſtored. There is no particular propriety in her providing a *cow's udder* rather than any other diſh; but as milk is the emblem of peace, and ſhe is immediately afterwards called *Lily of concord*, there is great humour in celebrating their treaty of friendſhip by a libation of milk to the goddeſs of Peace. I read therefore,

——— *which in ſign of amity*
I thus take off again, go thy ways, and
Provide the friendly juice *of the cow's udder.* *Seward.*

This is an unwarrantable alteration; and the meaſure may be preſerved without it. *Juice of the* UDDER is too bad.

As

As of thy wife's before, I will acquaint thee
With a project ſhall fully ſatisfy thee
For thy debt. Thou ſhalt underſtand,
I'm ſhortly to be knighted.

Corn. The devil thou art!

Nic. Renounce me elſe! For the ſuſtenance of which worſhip
(Which worſhip many times wants ſuſtenance)
I have here the general's grant to have the leading of
Two hundred men.

Corn. You jeſt, you jeſt!

Nic. Refuſe me elſe to the pit.

Corn. Mercy on us! ha' you not forgot yourſelf?
By your ſwearing, you ſhould be knighted already.

Nic. Damn me, Sir, here's his hand!
Read it.

Corn. Alas, I cannot.

Nic. I know that.—
'T has pleas'd the general to look upon
My ſervice. Now, Sir, ſhall you join with me in
Petitioning for fifty men more, in regard
Of my arrearages to you; which, if granted,
I will beſtow th' whole profit of thoſe fifty
Men on thee, and thine heirs for ever,
'Till Atropos do cut this ſimple thread.

Corn. No more, dear corporal! Sir Nicodemus
That ſhall be! I cry your worſhip's mercy[16]!
I am your ſervant, body and goods,
Moveables and immoveables; uſe my houſe,
Uſe my wife, uſe me, abuſe me, do what you liſt.

Nic. A figment is a candied lie: This is an old paſs.
Mark, what follows[17]! [*Exeunt.*

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[16] *I cry your* wiſhes *mercy.*] If this be genuine, the meaning is, I beg pardon of your expectations, in which you are already a knight. But it will be more intelligible to read, *worſhip's mercy.* He calls him afterwards before us,

His worſhip *Sir Nicodemus.* *Seward.*

[17] There ſeems in this ſcene to be ſome indifferent imitation of Shakeſpeare's Piſtol, &c.

Enter

Enter Martius and Two Captains.

Mar. Pray leave me! you are Romans, honeſt men;
Keep me not company; I am turn'd knave,
Have loſt my fame and nature, [*Exe. Capt.*]—Athens,
Athens,
This Dorigen is thy Palladium!
He that will ſack thee, muſt betray her firſt,
Whoſe words wound deeper than her huſband's ſword;
Her eyes make captive ſtill the conqueror,
And here they keep her only to that end.
Oh, ſubtle devil, what a golden ball
Did tempt, when thou didſt caſt her in my way!
Why, fooliſh Sophocles, brought'ſt thou not to field
Thy lady, that thou might'ſt have overcome?
Martius had kneel'd, and yielded all his wreaths
That hang like jewels on the ſeven-fold hill,
And bid Rome ſend him out to fight with men,
(For that ſhe knew he durſt) and not 'gainſt Fate
Or deities; what mortal conquers them?
Inſatiate Julius, when his victories
Had run o'er half the world, had he met her,
There he had ſtopp'd the legend of his deeds,
Laid by his arms, been overcome himſelf,
And let her vanquiſh th' other half; and Fame
Made beauteous Dorigen the greater name.
Shall I thus fall? I will not! no; my tears,
Caſt on my heart, ſhall quench theſe lawleſs fires:
He conquers beſt, conquers his lewd deſires.

Enter Dorigen, with Ladies.

Dor. Great Sir, my lord commands me viſit you;
And thinks your retir'd melancholy proceeds
From ſome diſtaſte of worthleſs entertainment.
Will't pleaſe you take your chamber? How d'ye do,
Sir?

Mar. Loſt, loſt again! the wild rage of my blood
Doth ocean-like o'erflow the ſhallow ſhore
Of my weak virtue; My deſire's a vane,
That the leaſt breath from her turns every way.

Dor.

Dor. What ſays my lord?
Mar. Diſmiſs
Your women, pray, and I'll reveal my grief.
Dor. Leave me! [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Mar. Long tales of love (whilſt love itſelf
Might be enjoy'd) are languiſhing delays.
There is a ſecret ſtrange lies in my breaſt,
I will partake with you, which much concerns
Your lord, yourſelf, and me. Oh!
Dor. Strange ſecrets, Sir,
Should not be made ſo cheap to ſtrangers; yet
If your ſtrange ſecret do no lower lie
Than in your breaſt, diſcover it.
Mar. I will.
Oh! Can you not ſee it, lady, in my ſighs?
Dor. Sighs none can paint, and therefore who can ſee?
Mar. Scorn me not, Dorigen, with mocks! Alcides,
That maſter'd monſters, was by beauty tam'd;
Omphale ſmil'd his club out of his hand,
And made him ſpin her ſmocks. Oh, ſweet, I love you;
And I love Sophocles: I muſt enjoy you;
And yet I would not injure him.
Dor. Let go!
You hurt me, Sir! Farewell!—Stay! is this Martius?
I will not tell my lord: He'll ſwear I lie;
Doubt my fidelity, before thy honour.
How haſt thou vex'd the gods, that they would let thee
Thus violate friendſhip, hoſpitality,
And all the bonds of ſacred piety [18]?
Sure thou but try'ſt me, out of love to him,
And wouldſt reject me if I did conſent.
Oh, Martius, Martius! wouldſt thou in one minute
Blaſt all thy laurels, which ſo many years

[18] *And all the* bounds *of ſacred piety?*] Tho' this be good ſenſe, yet as *bonds* is the more natural and better word, I believe it the original. *Seward.*

Thou

Thou haſt been purchaſing with blood and ſweat?
Hath Dorigen never been written, read,
Without the epithet of *chaſte, chaſte* Dorigen,
And wouldſt thou fall upon her chaſtity,
Like a black drop of ink, to blot it out?
When men ſhall read the records of thy valour,
Thy hitherto-brave virtue, and approach
(Highly content yet) to this foul aſſault
Included in this leaf, this ominous leaf,
They ſhall throw down the book, and read no more,
Tho' the beſt deeds enſue, and all conclude
That ravell'd the whole ſtory [19], whoſe ſound heart
(Which ſhould have been) prov'd the moſt leprous part.

Mar. Oh, thou confut'ſt divinely, and thy words
Do fall like rods upon me! but they have
Such ſilken lines and ſilver hooks, that I
Am faſter ſnar'd: My love has ta'en ſuch hold,
That (like two wreſtlers) tho' thou ſtronger be,
And haſt caſt me, I hope to pull thee after:
I muſt, or periſh.

Dor. Periſh, Martius, then!
For I here vow unto the gods, theſe rocks,
Theſe rocks we ſee ſo fix'd, ſhall be remov'd,
Made champain field, ere I ſo impious prove,
To ſtain my lord's bed with adultrous love.

Enter Valerius.

Val. The gods protect fair Dorigen!

Dor. Amen!
From all you wolviſh Romans! [*Exit.*

Val. Ha! what's this?
Still, brother, in your moods?—Oh, then my doubts
Are truths. Have at it! I muſt try a way
To be reſolv'd.

Mar. How ſtrangely doſt thou look?
What ail'ſt thou?

[19] *That ravell'd, &c.*] We don't clearly underſtand theſe two laſt lines; there ſeems to be ſome omiſſion.

Val.

Val. What ail'ſt thou?

Mar. Why, I am mad.

Val. Why, I am madder!—Martius, draw thy ſword,
And lop a villain from the earth; for if
Thou wilt not, on ſome tree about this place
I'll hang myſelf! Valerius ſhall not live
To wound his brother's honour, ſtain his country,
And branded with ingratitude to all times[20].

Mar. For what can all this be?

Val. I am in love.

Mar. Why, ſo am I. With whom? ha?

Val. Dorigen.

Mar. With Dorigen? How doſt thou love her?
ſpeak!

Val. Even to the height of luſt; and I muſt have her,
Or elſe I die.

Mar. Thou ſhalt, thou daring traitor.
On all the confines I have rid my horſe,
Was there no other woman for thy choice
But Dorigen? Why, villain, ſhe is mine:
She makes me pine thus, ſullen, mad, and fool;
'Tis I muſt have her, or I die.

Val. Oh, all ye gods,
With mercy look on this declining rock
Of valour and of virtue! breed not up,
From infancy, in honour, to full man,
As you have done him, to deſtroy! Here, ſtrike!
For I have only ſearch'd thy wound; diſpatch!
Far, far be ſuch love from Valerius!
So far, he ſcorns to live to be call'd *brother*
By him that dares own ſuch folly and ſuch vice.

Mar. 'Tis truth thou ſpeak'ſt; but I do hate it:
Peace!
If Heav'n will ſnatch my ſword out of my hand,
And put a rattle in it, what can I do?
He that is deſtin'd to be odious

[20] *And branded.*] Former editions. I read, *brand* it. *Steward.* *Branded* is beſt: Valerius ſhall not live *branded*, &c.

In

In his old age, muſt undergo his fate.

Enter Cornelius and Nicodemus.

Corn. If you don't back me, I ſhall never do't.
Nic. I warrant you.
Corn. Humh, humh!—Sir! my lord! my lord!
Mar. Ha! what's the matter?
Corn. Humh!—Concerning the odd fifty,
My lord, an't pleaſe your generality,
His worſhip Sir Nicodemus——
Mar. What's he? a paſs? you would for Rome?
You lubbers!
Doth one day's lazineſs make you covet home?
Away, ye boariſh rogues! ye dogs, away!

Enter Florence.

Corn. Oh, oh, oh!
Flor. How now, man[21]? are you ſatisfied?
Corn. Ay, ay, ay;
A pox o' your corporal! I am paid ſoundly;
I was ne'er better paid in all my life.
Flor. Marry, the gods' bleſſing on his honour's heart!
You've done a charitable deed, Sir; many more ſuch
May you live to do, Sir! The gods keep you, Sir,
The gods protect you! [*Exit with Corn. and Nic.*
Mar. Theſe peaſants mock me ſure!—Valerius,
Forgive my dotage, ſee my aſhes urn'd,
And tell fair Dorigen, (ſhe that but now
Left me with this harſh vow, ſooner theſe rocks
Should be remov'd, than ſhe would yield) that I
Was yet ſo loving, on her gift to die!
Val. Oh, Jupiter, forbid it, Sir, and grant
This my device may certify thy mind!
You are my brother, nor muſt periſh thus;

[21] Wife. *Oh! oh! oh!*
How now Man——] As it is plain the wife, by her queſtion, knows not of her huſband's diſappointment or beating, the *ohs!* are improper to her, and evidently belong to *Cornelius*. *Seward.*

Be

Be comforted! Think you fair Dorigen
Would yield your wiſhes, if theſe envious rocks
By ſkill could be remov'd, or by fallacy
She made believe ſo?

Mar. Why, ſhe could not chuſe;
Th' Athenians are religious in their vows,
Above all nations.

Val. Soft! down yonder hill
The lady comes this way. O[illegible] her;
If ſhe perſiſt in obſtinacy, by [illegible]
Learn'd from the old Chald[illegible]or,
Who train'd me in the mat[illegible]ll
So dazzle and delude her ſi[illegible]
Shall think this great impoſſibility
Effected by ſome ſupernatural means.
Be confident; this engine ſhall at leaſt,
'Till the gods better order, ſtill this breaſt. [*Exit.*

Mar. Oh, my beſt brother, go; and for reward
Chuſe any part o' th' world, I'll give it thee.
Oh, little Love[22], men ſay thou art a god;
Thou might'ſt have got a fitter fool than I.

Enter Dorigen.

Dor. Art thou there, baſiliſk? Remove thine eyes;
For I am ſick to death with thy infection.

Mar. Yet, yet have mercy on me! ſave him, lady,
Whoſe ſingle arm defends all Rome, whoſe mercy
Hath ſav'd thy huſband's and thy life!

Dor. To ſpoil
Our fame and honours? No; my vow is fix'd,

[22] *O little* Rome, *men ſay thou art a god,*] *Rome* in this place is in every light abſurd. For why was the miſtreſs of the world to be called *little?* Why a god when ſhe was always repreſented as a female and a goddeſs? And laſtly, tho' he was become a fool, it was not *Rome* that made him ſo. For theſe reaſons it is almoſt ſelf-evident, that *love* was the true reading. I had wrote this before I ſaw, that at five lines below, *all Rome* is mentioned with a particular emphaſis, this having been marked for Italicks, might draw the Printer's eye to it, and a ſmall degree of abſence cauſe him to inſert it in this place. *Seward.*

And

And ſtands as conſtant as theſe ſtones do, ſtill.

Mar. Then pity me, ye gods! you only may
Move her, by tearing theſe firm ſtones away.

[*Solemn muſick.*

[*A miſt ariſeth, the rocks remove.*

Enter Valerius like Mercury, ſinging.

Val. Martius, rejoice! Jove ſends me from above,
His meſſenger, to cure thy deſp'rate love,
To ſhew raſh vows cannot bind Deſtiny.
Lady, behold, the rocks tranſplanted be!
Hard-hearted Dorigen, yield; leſt, for contempt,
They fix thee here a rock, whence they're exempt.

[*Exit.*

Dor. What ſtrange deluſion's this? what ſorcery
Affrights me with theſe apparitions?
My colder chaſtity's nigh turn'd to death.
Hence, lewd magician! dar'ſt thou make the gods
Bawds to thy luſt? will they do miracles
To further evil? or do they love it now?
Know, if they dare do ſo, I dare hate them,
And will no longer ſerve 'em. Jupiter,
Thy golden ſhower, nor thy ſnow-white ſwan,
Had I been Leda, or bright Danaë,
Had bought mine honour. Turn me into ſtone!
For being good, and bluſh when thou haſt done!

[*Exit Dorigen.*

Enter Valerius.

Mar. Oh, my Valerius, all yet will not do:
Unleſs I could ſo draw mine honeſty
Down to the lees to be a raviſher.
She calls me witch, and villain!

Val. Patience, Sir!
The gods will puniſh perjury. Let her breathe,
And ruminate on this ſtrange ſight!—Time decays
The ſtrongeſt, faireſt buildings we can find;
But ſtill, Diana, fortify her mind! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sophocles and Dorigen.

Soph. Weep not, bright Dorigen; for thou haſt ſl
Conſtant and chaſte, it ſeems, 'gainſt gods and m
When rocks and mountains were re..ov'd. T
wonders
Do ſtupify my ſenſes! Martius,
This is inhuman. Was thy fi
Yet were this truth, why wee oul,
What doſt thou thus ſugge , rocks,
Fine tales, and tears? Sl. before.
I bade her viſit him; ſhe o
Had many opportunities. Hu naught: Oh!
No way but this. Come, weep n e; I've ponder'd
This miracle; the anger of the gods,
Thy vow, my love to thee and Martius:
He muſt not periſh, nor thou be forſworn,
Leſt worſe fates follow us: Go, keep thy oath!
For *chaſte*, and *whore*, are words of equal length.
But let not Martius know that I conſent.—
Oh, I am pull'd in pieces!

Dor. Ay? ſay you ſo?
I'll meet you in your path. Oh, wretched men!
With all your valour and your learning, bubbles!
Forgive me, Sophocles—Yet why kneel I
For pardon, having been but over-diligent,
Like an obedient ſervant, antedating
My lord's command? Sir, I have often, and already
given
This boſom up to his embraces, and
Am proud that my dear lord is pleas'd with it;
Whoſe gentle honourable mind I ſee
Participates even all, his wife and all,
Unto his friend. You're ſad, Sir! Martius loves me,
And I love Martius, with ſuch ardency
As never married couple could: I muſt
Attend him now. My lord, when you have need
To uſe your own wife, pray, Sir, ſend for me;
'Till then, make uſe of your philoſophy! [*Exit.*

Soph.

Soph. Stay, Dorigen! Oh, me, inquiſitive fool!
Thou that didſt order this congeſted heap
When it was chaos, 'twixt thy ſpacious palms,
Forming it to this vaſt rotundity,
Diſſolve it now; ſhuffle the elements,
That no one proper by itſelf may ſtand!
Let the ſea quench the ſun, and in that inſtant
The ſun drink up the ſea! Day, ne'er come down,
To light me to the e deeds that muſt be done! [*Exit.*

Enter Martius, Valerius, Captains and Soldiers, with drums and colours, at one door; and Dorigen with Ladies, at another.

Dor. Hail, general of Rome! From Sophocles,
That honours Martius, Dorigen preſents
Herſelf to be diſhonour'd: Do thy will;
For Sophocles commands me to obey.
Come, violate all rules of holineſs,
And rend the conſecrated knot of love!

Mar. Never, Valerius, was I bleſt 'till now!
Behold the end of all my weary ſteps,
The prize of all my battles. Leave us, all;
Leave us as quick as thought. Thus joy begin!
In zealous love a minute's loſs is ſin.

Val. Can Martius be ſo vile? or Dorigen?

Dor. Stay, ſtay! and, monſter, keep thou further off!
I thought thy brave ſoul would have much, much loath'd
To have gone on ſtill on ſuch terms as this.
See, thou ungrateful, ſince thy deſperate luſt
Nothing can cure but death, I'll die for thee,
While my chaſte name lives to poſterity.

Mar. Live, live, thou angel of thy ſex! Forgive,
'Till by thoſe golden treſſes thou be'it ſnatch'd
Alive to Heav'n; for thy corruption's
So little, that it cannot ſuffer death.
Was ever ſuch a woman? Oh, my mirror!
How perfectly thou ſhew'ſt me all my faults,
Which now I hate; and when I next attempt thee,

Let all the fires in the zodiack
Drop on this curſed head!
Omnes. Oh, bleſs'd event!
Dor. Riſe like the ſun again in all his glory,
After a dark eclipſe!
Mar. Never, without a pardon

Enter Sophocles, and two o

Dor. Sir, you have forgiv
Soph. Behold their imp y words
juſt?
Unthankful man, viper r ne
Thy natural mother! have here
To corrode ev'n my heart? Marti prepare
To kill me, or be kill'd.
Mar. Why, Sophocles,
Then prithee kill me; I deſerve it highly;
For I have both tranſgreſs'd 'gainſt men and gods;
But am repentant now, and in beſt caſe,
T' uncaſe my ſoul of this oppreſſing fleſh;
Which, tho' (gods witneſs) ne'er was actually
Injurious to thy wife and thee, yet 'twas
Her goodneſs that reſtrain'd and held me now:
But take my life, dear friend, for my intent,
Or elſe forgive it!
Val. By the gods of Athens,
Theſe words are true, and all direct again.
Soph. Pardon me, Dorigen!
Mar. Forgive me, Sophocles,
And Dorigen too, and every one that's good!
Dor. Riſe, noble Roman. Belov'd Sophocles,
Take to thy breaſt thy friend!
Mar. And to thy heart
Thy matchleſs wife! Heav'n has not ſtuff enough
To make another ſuch; for if it could,
Martius would marry too. For thy bleſt ſake,
(Oh, thou infinity of excellence)
Henceforth in mens' diſcourſe Rome ſhall not take
The wall of Athens, as 'tofore. But when

In

In their fair honours we to ſpeak do come,
We'll ſay 'twas ſo in Athens and in Rome.

[*Exeunt in pomp.*

Diana deſcends.

Diana. Honour, ſet ope thy gates, and with thee bring,
My ſervant and thy friend, fair Dorigen;
Let her triumph with him, her lord and friend,
Who, tho' miſled, ſtill honour was their end!

[*Flouriſh.*

Enter the ſhow of Honour's Triumph; a great flouriſh of trumpets and drums within; then enter a noiſe[23] *of trumpets ſounding chearfully; then follows an armed knight bearing a crimſon banneret in hand, with the inſcription* Valour; *by his ſide a lady bearing a watchet banneret, the inſcription* Clemency; *next, Martius and Sophocles with coronets; next, two ladies, one bearing a white banneret, the inſcription* Chaſtity, *the other a black, the inſcription* Conſtancy; *then Dorigen crowned; laſt, a chariot drawn by two Moors, in it a perſon crowned, with a ſcepter on the top, in an antick eſcutcheon is written* Honour, *As they paſs over, Diana aſcends.*

Rin. How like you it?

Fri. Rarely; ſo well, I would they would do it again! How many of our wives now-a-days
Would deſerve to triumph in ſuch a chariot?

Rin. That's all one; you ſee they triumph in caroches.

Fri. That they do, by the maſs; but not all neither; Many of them are content with carts. But, ſignor, I have now found out a great abſurdity, i'faith.

Rin. What was't?

Fri. The Prologue, preſenting four Triumphs, Made but three legs to the king[24]: A three-legg'd Prologue!
'Twas monſtrous.

[23] *A noiſe of trumpets;*] i. e. *A* concert *of trumpets.* See note 25 on Wit at Several Weapons.

[24] *Three legs;*] i. e. *Three bows.* See note 23 on the Queen of Corinth.

Rin. 'T had been more monſtrous
To have had a four-legg'd one. Peace! the king ſpeak
Eman. Here was a woman, Iſabel!
Iſab. Ay, my lord,
But that ſhe told a lie to vex her h[illegible]:
Therein ſhe fail'd.
Eman. She ſerv'd him well eno[illegible]
He that was ſo much man, yet v[illegible]
To jealouſy for her integrity.
This teacheth us, the paſſion of [illegible]
Can fight with ſoldiers, and wi[illegible]
Iſab. In Martius, clemency [illegible]wn,
In the other, courage and hun[illegible]
And therefore in the Triumph they [illegible]er'd
By Clemency and Valour.
Eman. Rightly obſerv'd;
As ſhe by Chaſtity and Conſtancy.
What hurt's now in a play, againſt which ſome rail
So vehemently? thou and I, my love,
Make excellent uſe, methinks: I learn to be
A lawful lover void of jealouſy,
And thou a conſtant wife. Sweet poetry's
A flower, where men, like bees and ſpiders, may
Bear poiſon, or elſe ſweets and wax away.
Be venom-drawing ſpiders they that will!
I'll be the bee, and ſuck the honey ſtill. [*Flouriſh.*

Cupid deſcends.

Cupid. Stay, clouds! ye rack too faſt. Bright Phœbus, ſee,
Honour has triumph'd with fair Chaſtity:
Give Love now leave, in purity to ſhew
Unchaſte affections fly not from his bow.
Produce the ſweet example of your youth,
Whilſt I provide a Triumph for your truth.
[*Flouriſh.*

Enter Violante (with-child) and Gerrard.

Vio. Why does my Gerrard grieve?
Ger. Oh, my ſweet miſtreſs,

It

It is not life (which, by our Milan law,
My fact hath forfeited) makes me thus penſive;
That I would loſe to ſave the little finger
Of this your noble burden from leaſt hurt,
Becauſe your blood is in't: But ſince your love
Made poor incompatible me the parent,
(Being we are not married) your dear blood
Falls under the ſame cruel penalty;
And can Heaven think fit you die for me?
For Heav'n's ſake, ſay I raviſh'd you! I'll ſwear it,
To keep your life ſafe and repute unſtain'd [25].

Vio. Oh, Gerrard, thou'rt my life and faculties,
(And if I loſe thee, I'll not keep mine own)
The thought of whom ſweetens all miſeries.
Wouldſt have me murder thee beyond thy death?
Unjuſtly ſcandal thee with raviſhment?
It was ſo far from rape, that, Heav'n doth know,
If ever the firſt lovers, ere they fell,
Knew ſimply in the ſtate of innocence,
Such was this act, this, that doth aſk no bluſh!

Ger. Oh, but, my rareſt Violante, when
My lord Randulpho, brother to your father,
Shall underſtand this, how will he exclaim,
That my poor aunt, and me, which his free alms
Hath nurs'd, ſince Milan by the duke of Mantua
(Who now uſurps it) was ſurpriz'd! that time
My father and my mother were both ſlain,
With my aunt's huſband, as ſhe ſays, their ſtates
Deſpoil'd and ſeiz'd; 'tis paſt my memory,
But thus ſhe told me: Only this I know,
Since I could underſtand, your honour'd uncle
Hath given me all the liberal education
That his own ſon might look for, had he one;
Now will he ſay, Doſt thou requite me thus?
Oh! the thought kills me.

Vio. Gentle, gentle Gerrard,
Be cheer'd, and hope the beſt! My mother, father,

[25] *To keep your life* and your *repute unſtain'd.*] The text from firſt folio.

And uncle, love me moſt indulgently,
Being the only branch of all their ſtocks:
But neither they, nor he thou wouldſt not grieve
With this unwelcome news, ſhall ever hear
Violante's tongue reveal, much le[illegible] accuſe,
Gerrard to be the father of his o[illegible]
I'll rather ſilent die, that thou r[illegible]
To ſee thy little offspring grow[illegible]

Enter Do[illegible]

Dor. Miſtreſs, away! yo[illegible] ſeeks you:
I'll convey Gerrard out a[illegible]
H' has found a huſband for yo[illegible] ults
In his invention, little thinking y[illegible]
Have made your own choice, and poſſeſs'd him too.

Vio. A huſband? it muſt be Gerrard, or my death.
Farewell! be only true unto thyſelf,
And know, Heav'n's goodneſs ſhall prevented be,
Ere worthieſt Gerrard ſuffer harm for me.

Ger. Farewell, my life and ſoul! Aunt, to your counſel
I flee for aid. Oh, unexpreſſible Love! thou art
An undigeſted heap of mix'd extremes
Whoſe pangs are wakings, and whoſe pleaſures dreams.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Benvoglio, Angelina, and Ferdinand.

Benv. My Angelina, never didſt thou yet
So pleaſe me, as in this conſent; and yet
Th' haſt pleas'd me well, I ſwear, old wench! ha, ha!
Ferdinand, ſhe's thine own; thou'ſt have her, boy;
Aſk thy good lady elſe.

Ferd. Whom ſhall I have, Sir?

Benv. Whom do you think, i' faith?

Ang. Gueſs!

Ferd. Noble madam,
I may hope (prompted by my ſhallow merit)
Thro' your profound grace, for your chambermaid.

Benv. How's that? how's that?

Ferd.

Ferd. Her chambermaid, my lord [26].
Benv. Her chamber-pot, my lord!—You modeſt aſs!
Thou never ſhew'dſt thyſelf an aſs 'till now:
'Fore Heav'n, I'm angry with thee! Sirrah, ſirrah,
This whitmeat ſpirit's not yours legitimate [27]:
Advance your hope, an't pleaſe you! gueſs again.
Ang. And let your thoughts flee higher; aim them right,
Sir, you may hit; you have the faireſt white [28].
Ferd. If I may be ſo bold then, my good lord,
Your favour doth encourage me to aſpire
To catch my lady's gentlewoman.
Benv. Where?
Where would you catch her?—
Do you know my daughter Violante, Sir?
Ang. Well ſaid; no more about the buſh!
Ferd. My good lord,
I've gaz'd on Violante, and the ſtars,
Whoſe heav'nly influence I admir'd, not knew;
Nor ever was ſo ſinful to believe
I might attain 't.
Benv. Now you're an aſs again;
For, if thou ne'er attain'ſt, 'tis only long

[26] Ferd. *Her chambermaid, my lord.*
Benv. *Her, &c.*] This lection, which redeems the paſſage from being the rankeſt nonſenſe, is only in firſt folio. Other copies read,
Ferd. *Her chamber-pot, my lord. You modeſt aſs.*

[27] *This* whitmeat *ſpirit's not yours, legitimate.*] I put a hyphen to *whitmeat*, it being a compound word like *Whit-Sunday*, i. e. *White Sunday*, alluding to the white garments the newly-baptized uſed to wear. It would be an affront to the reader's underſtanding to explain the meaning *of whit-meat ſpirit*; he will obſerve, that I ſcratch out a comma after *yours*, underſtanding *legitimate* adverbially, as if he had ſaid,—This weak effeminate ſpirit is not legitimately yours, you had it not from your father. *Seward.*
We cannot ſee the uſe of the hyphen. *Whitmeat* means ſimply *white meat*, which is the moſt ſimple innocent food. His modeſty is what Benvoglio here means to reprehend.

[28] *Sir, you may* hit; *you have the faireſt* white.] *To hit the white* is a term frequently uſed in our Authors' time: It is taken from archery. *R.*

Of

Of that faint heart of thine, which never did it.
She is your lord's heir, mine, Benvoglio's heir,
My brother's too, Randulpho's; her d[illegible]ent
Not behind any of the Millanois.
And, Ferdinand, altho' thy parent[illegible]
Be unknown, thou know'ſt that I
From five years old; and (do r[illegible]
Have found thy wiſdom, truſ[illegible]
So full in all my affairs, th[illegible]
To call thee maſter than
Thou can'ſt not be but [illegible] blood;
Thy mind ſhines thro[illegible]nt ſun,
Altho' thy body be a be[illegible]
Come! ſeriouſly this is no [illegible]
And well thou know'ſt it, tho[illegible] modeſt blood
Riſe like the morning in thy cheek to hear't:
Sir, I can ſpeak in earneſt. Virtuous ſervice,
So meritorious, Ferdinand, as yours,
(Yet baſhful ſtill, and ſilent?) ſhould extract
A fuller price than impudence exact:
And this is now the wages it muſt have;
My daughter is thy wife, my wealth thy ſlave.

Ferd. Good madam, pinch! I ſleep! does my lord mock,
And you aſſiſt? Cuſtom's inverted quite;
For old men now-a-days do flout the young.

Benv. Fetch Violante!—As I intend this
Religiouſly, let my ſoul find joy or pain!

[*Exit Angelina.*

Ferd. My honour'd lord and maſter, if I hold
That worth could merit ſuch felicity,
You bred it in me, and firſt purchas'd it;
It is your own, and what productions
In all my faculties my ſoul begets,
Your very mark is on; you need not add
Rewards to him, that is in debt to you.
You ſav'd my life, Sir, in the maſſacre;
There you begot me new, ſince foſter'd me:
Oh! can I ſerve too much, or pray for you?

Alas,

Alas, 'tis ſlender payment to your bounty.
Your daughter is a Paradiſe, and I
Unworthy to be ſet there: You may chuſe
The royal'ſt ſeeds of Milan.
Benv. Prithee, peace!
Thy goodneſs makes me weep. I am reſolv'd:
I am no lord o' th' time, to tie my blood
To ſordid muck; I have enough; my name,
My ſtate, and honours, I will ſtore in thee,
Whoſe wiſdom will rule well, keep and encreaſe:
A knave or fool, that could confer the like,
Would bate each hour, diminiſh every day.
Thou art her prize-lot then [29], drawn out by fate;
An honeſt wiſe man is a prince's mate.
Ferd. Sir, Heav'n and you have over-charg'd my breaſt
With grace beyond my continence; I ſhall burſt!
The bleſſing you have given me, witneſs ſaints,
I would not change for Milan!—But, my lord,
Is ſhe prepar'd?
Benv. What needs preparative,
Where ſuch a cordial is preſcrib'd as thou?
Thy perſon and thy virtues, in one ſcale,
Shall poize hers, with her beauty and her wealth:
If not, I add my will unto thy weight;
Thy mother's with her now. Son, take my keys;
And let thy preparation for this marriage,
(This welcome marriage) long determin'd here,
Be quick, and gorgeous.—Gerrard!

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. My good lord,
My lord your brother craves your conference
Inſtantly, on affairs of high import.
Benv. Why, what news?
Ger. The tyrant, my good lord,
Is ſick to death of his old apoplexy;

29 Price *lot.*] So former copies.

Whereon

Whereon the ſtates adviſe, that letters miſſive
Be ſtraight diſpatch'd to all the neighbour-countries,
And ſchedules too divulg'd on every poſt,
To enquire the loſt duke forth. Their purpoſe is
To re-inſtate him.

Benv. 'Tis a pious deed.—
Ferdinand, to my daughter!
Tho' to ſo good a purpoſe,
But I'll recover it. Be ſe
Go wooe with truth and e [*Exit.*

Ferd. Oh, my unſounde myGerrard,
My noble twin-friend? s heavy,
Sullen, and ſour; blar- u know
My cauſe of joy, tho' more,
I know thou lov'ſt me thou?

Ger. Well;
Too well! my fraught of health my ſickneſs is;
In life, I'm dead; by living, dying ſtill.

Ferd. What ſublunary miſchief can predominate
A wiſe man thus? or doth thy friendſhip play
(In this antipathous extreme) with mine,
Leſt gladneſs ſuffocate me? I, I, I do feel
My ſpirits turn'd to fire, my blood to air,
And I am like a purified eſſence
Tried from all droſſy parts!

Ger. Were't but my life,
The loſs were ſacrifice[30]; but Virtue muſt
For me be ſlain, and Innocence made duſt!

Ferd. Farewell, good Gerrard!

Ger. Deareſt friend, ſtay!

Ferd. Sad thoughts are no companions for me now,

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[30] *The loſs were* ſacrific'd, *but Virtue*
Muſt for me be ſlain, and Innocence made duſt.] It is no wonder, that the editors ſhould not much regard the ſenſe, who were ſo totally negligent of the meaſure. How can a loſs be *ſacrific'd?* I read *factifice, i. e.* my life would then be not ſo much a loſs as a ſacrifice for the ſake of the perſon I love. The correction of the metre is very obvious.

The loſs were ſacrifice, *for Virtue muſt*
For me be ſlain, and Innocence made duſt. *Seward.*

Much

Much leſs ſad words: Thy boſom binds ſome ſecret,
Which do not truſt me with! for mine retains
Another, which I muſt conceal from thee.
Ger. I would reveal it; 'tis a heavy tale:
Canſt thou be true, and ſecret ſtill?
Ferd. Why, friend,
If you continue true unto yourſelf,
I have no means of falſhood. Lock this door;
Come, yet your priſoner's ſure.
Ger. Stay, Ferdinand!
Ferd. What is this trouble? love?
Why, thou art capable of any woman.
Doth want oppreſs thee? I will lighten thee.
Haſt thou offended law? my lord and thine,
And I, will ſave thy life. Does ſervitude
Upbraid thy freedom, that ſhe ſuffers it?
Have patience but three days, and I will make thee
Thy lord's companion. Can a friend do more?
Ger. Lend me the means. How can this be?
Ferd. Firſt, let
This cabinet keep your pawn, and I will truſt;
Yet, for the form of ſatisfaction,
Take this my oath to boot: By my preſum'd
Gentry, and ſacred known Chriſtianity,
I'll die, ere I reveal thy truſt!
Ger. Then hear it!
Your lord's fair daughter, Violante, is
My betroth'd wife, goes great with-child by me;
And, by this deed, both made a prey to law.
How may I ſave her life? adviſe me, friend.
Ferd. What did he ſay? Gerrard, whoſe voice was that?
Oh, death unto my heart, bane to my ſoul!
My wealth is vaniſh'd like the rich man's ſtore:
In one poor minute, all my dainty fare
By juggling diſhes; my fat hope, deſpair.
Ger. Is this ſo odious? where's your mirth?
Ferd. Why, thou
Haſt robb'd me of it! Gerrard, draw thy ſword;

And

And if thou lov'ſt my miſtreſs' chaſtity,
Defend it, elſe I'll cut it from thy heart,
Thy thieviſh heart that ſtole it, and reſtore't;
Do miracles to gain her!
Ger. Was ſhe thine?
Ferd. Never, but in my wiſh, and her father's vow,
Which now he left with me; on ſuch ſure terms,
He call'd me *ſon*, and will'd me to provide
My wedding preparation.
Ger. Strange!
Ferd. Come, let's
Kill one another quickly!
Ger. Ferdinand,
My love is old to her, thine new-begot:
I have not wrong'd thee; think upon thine oath!
Ferd. It manacles me, Gerrard; elſe this hand
Should bear thee to the law. Farewell for ever!
Since friendſhip is ſo fatal, never more
Will I have friend: Th'haſt put ſo ſure a plea,
That all my weal's litigious made by thee. [*Exit.*
Ger. I did no crime to you.—His love tranſports him!
And yet I mourn that cruel deſtiny
Should make us two thus one another's croſs.
We've lov'd ſince boys; for the ſame time caſt him
On lord Benvoglio, that my aunt and I
Were ſuccour'd by Randulphe: Men have call'd us
The parallels of Milan; and ſome ſaid
We were not much unlike. Oh, Heav'n divert,
That we ſhould (ever ſince that time) be breeding
Mutual deſtruction!

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. Oh, where are you?
You have made a fair hand! By Heav'n, yonder
Is your aunt with my lady: She came in,
Juſt as ſhe was wooing your miſtreſs for another;
And what did me ſhe, but out with her purſe,
And ſhew'd all the naked truth, i'faith. Fy upon you!
You

You ſhould never truſt an old woman with a ſecret;
They can't hold, they cannot hold ſo well as we,
An you'd hang 'em. Firſt, there was ſwearing and
ſtaring;
Then there was howling and weeping,
And *Oh, my daughter!* and *Oh, my mother!*
Ger. The effect, the effect?
Dor. Marry, no way, but one with you!
Ger. Why, welcome!
Shall ſhe 'ſcape?
Dor. Nay, ſhe has made her 'ſcape already.
Ger. Why, is ſhe gone?
Dor. The 'ſcape of her virginity,
I mean. You men are as dull, you can conceive
Nothing; you think it is enough to beget.
Ger. Ay;
But ſurely, Dorothea, that 'ſcap'd not;
Her maidenhead ſuffer'd.
Dor. And you were
The executioner.
Ger. But what's the event?
Lord, how thou ſtarv'ſt me, Doll!
Dor. 'Lord, how thou ſtarv'ſt me, Doll?'
By Heav'n, I would fain ſee you cry a little!
Do you ſtand now, as if you could get a child?
Come, I'll rack you no more; this is the heart of the
buſineſs—
Always provided, ſignor, that if it pleaſe
The fates to make you a lord, you be not proud,
Nor forget your poor handmaid Doll, who was
Partly acceſſary to the inciſion of
This Holofernian maidenhead.
Ger. I will forget
My name firſt. Speak!
Dor. Then thus: My lady knows all;
Her ſorrow is reaſonably well digeſted;
Has vow'd to conceal it from my lord,
'Till delay ripen things better; wills you
To attend her this evening at the back-gate:
I'll let you in, where her own confeſſor

Shall

Shall put you together lawfully, ere
The child be born; which birth is very near,
I can aſſure you. All your charge is your vigilance;
And to bring with you ſome truſty nurſe, to convey
The infant out of the houſe.

Ger. Oh, beam of comfort!
Take! Go, tell my lady
I pray for her as I walk. My joys ſo flow,
That what I ſpeak or do, I do not know! [*Exeunt.*

Dumb Show.

Enter Violante at one door, weeping, ſupported by Cornelia and a Friar; at another door, Angelina weeping, attended by Dorothea. Violante kneels down for pardon. Angelina ſhewing remorſe, takes her up, and cheers her; ſo doth Cornelia. Angelina ſends Dorothea for Gerrard. Enter Gerrard with Dorothea; Angelina and Cornelia ſeem to chide him, ſhewing Violante's heavy plight. Violante rejoiceth in him; he makes ſigns of ſorrow, entreating pardon: Angelina brings Gerrard and Violante to the Friar; he joins them hand in hand, takes a ring from Gerrard, puts it on Violante's finger, bleſſeth them; Gerrard kiſſeth her; the Friar takes his leave. Violante makes ſhow of great pain, is inſtantly conveyed in by the women, Gerrard is bid ſtay; he walks in meditation, ſeeming to pray. Enter Dorothea, whiſpers him, ſends him out. Enter Gerrard with a Nurſe blindfold; gives her a purſe. To them enter Angelina and Cornelia, with an infant; they preſent it to Gerrard, he kiſſeth and bleſſeth it, puts it into the Nurſe's arms, kneels, and takes his leave. Exeunt all ſeverally.

Enter Benvoglio and Randulpho.

Benv. He's dead, you ſay then?
Rand. Certainly; and to hear
The people now diſſect him now he's gone,
Makes my ears burn, that lov'd him not: Such libels,
Such elegies and epigrams they've made,
More odious than he was!—Brother, great men

Had

Had need to live by love, meting their deeds
With Virtue's rule; found with the weight of Judgment
Their privat'ſt action: For tho' while they live,
Their power and policy maſque their villainies,
Their bribes, their luſt, pride, and ambition,
And make a many ſlaves to worſhip 'em,
That are their flatterers, and their bawds in theſe;
Theſe very ſlaves ſhall, when theſe great beaſts die,
Publiſh their bowels to the vulgar eye.

Ben. 'Fore Heav'n, 'tis true. But is Rinaldo, brother,
Our good duke, heard of living?

Rand. Living, Sir,
And will be ſhortly with the ſenate: Has
Been cloſe conceal'd at Mantua, and reliev'd.
But what's become of his, no tidings yet!
But, brother, 'till our good duke ſhall arrive,
Carry this news here. Where's your Ferdinand?

Benv. Oh, buſy, Sir, about this marriage:
And yet my girl o'th' ſudden is fall'n ſick.
You'll ſee her, ere you go?

Rand. Yes. Well I love her;
And yet I wiſh I had another daughter
To gratify my Gerrard, who, by Heaven,
Is all the glory of my family,
But has too much worth to live ſo obſcure:
I'll have him ſecretary of eſtate
Upon the duke's return; for, credit me,
The value of that gentleman's not known:
His ſtrong abilities are fit to guide
The whole republic: He hath learning, youth,
Valour, diſcretion, honeſty of a ſaint.
His aunt is wondrous good too.

Violante diſcovered in a bed; Angelina and Dorothea ſitting by her.

Benv. You have ſpoke
The very character of Ferdinand:

One is the other's mirror.—How now, daughter?

Rand. How fares my niece?

Viol. A little better, uncle, than I was,
I thank you.

Rand. Brother, a mere cold!

Ang. It was
A cold and heat, I think; but, Heav'[illegible]'d,
We've broken that away.

Benv. And yet, Violant
You'll lie alone ſtill, and [illegible]

Dor. Sure, Sir, when thi[illegible]ed-fellow.

Rand. What, has her cho[illegible]ner in her belly?

Dor. 'T has left her, but ſhe has had a ſore fit.

Rand. Ay, that ſame cholic and ſtone's inherent to us
O'th' woman's ſide! our mothers had them both.

Dor. So has ſhe had, Sir.—
How theſe old fornicators talk! ſhe had
More need of mace-ale, and Rheniſh-wine caudles,
Heaven knows, than your aged diſcipline.

Benv. Say.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ang. She will have the man; and, on recovery,
Will wholly be diſpos'd by you.

Benv. That's my wench!—
How now! what change is this? Why, Ferdinand,
Are theſe your robes of joy ſhould be indu'd?
Doth Hymen wear black? I did ſend for you
To have my honourable brother witneſs
The contract I will make 'twixt you and her.
Put off all doubt; ſhe loves you: What d'ye ſay?

Rand. Speak, man; why look you ſo diſtractedly?

Ferd. There are your keys, Sir: I'll no contract, I.—
Divineſt Violante, I will ſerve you
Thus on my knees, and pray for you.
Juno Lucina, fer opem!
My inequality aſcends no higher:
I dare not marry you.

Benv.

Benv. How's this?
Ferd. Good night!
I have a friend has almoſt made me mad:
I weep ſometimes, and inſtantly can laugh;
Nay, I do dance, and ſing, and ſuddenly
Roar like a ſtorm. Strange tricks theſe! are they not?
And wherefore all this? ſhall I tell you? no!
Thorough mine ears, my heart a plague hath caught;
And I have vow'd to keep it cloſe, not ſhew
My grief to any, for it has no cure.—
On, wandring ſteps, to ſome remote place move!
I'll keep my vow, tho' I have loſt my love. [*Exit.*
Benv. 'Fore Heav'n, diſtracted for her! Fare ye well!
I'll watch his ſteps; for I no joy ſhall find,
'Till I have found his cauſe, and calm'd his mind. [*Ex.*
Rand. He's overcome with joy.
Ang. 'Tis very ſtrange.
Rand. Well, ſiſter, I muſt leave you; the time's buſy.
Violante, chear you up! And I pray Heav'n
Reſtore each to their love, and health again. [*Exit.*
Viol. Amen, great uncle!—Mother, what a chance
Unluckily is added to my woe,
In this young gentleman!
Ang. True, Violante;
It grieves me much.—Doll, go you inſtantly,
And find out Gerrard! tell him his friend's hap,
And let him uſe beſt means to comfort him;
But, as his life, preſerve this ſecret ſtill!
Viol. Mother—I'd not offend you—might not Gerrard
Steal in, and ſee me in the evening?
Ang. Well;
Bid him do ſo.
Viol. Heav'n's bleſſing o' your heart!—
Do you not call child-bearing *travel*, mother?
Ang. Yes.
Viol. It well may be: The bare-foot traveller
That's born a prince, and walks his pilgrimage,
Whoſe tender feet kiſs the remorſeleſs ſtones

Only, ne'er felt a travel like to it.
Alas, dear mother, you groan'd thus for me;
And yet, how diſobedient have I been!
Ang. Peace, Violante; thou haſt always been
Gentle and good.
Viol. Gerrard is better, mother:
Oh, if you knew the implicit innocency
Dwells in his breaſt, you'd love him like your pray'rs.
I ſee no reaſon but my father might
Be told the truth, being pleas'd for Ferdinand
To wooe himſelf; and Gerrard ever was
His full comparative: My uncle loves him,
As he loves Ferdinand.
Ang. No, nor for th' world!
Since his intent is croſs'd, lov'd Ferdinand
Thus ruin'd, and a child got out of wedlock,
His madneſs would purſue ye both to death!
Viol. As you pleaſe, mother. I am now, methinks,
Even in the land of Eaſe; I'll ſleep.
Ang. Draw in
The bed nearer the fire.—Silken reſt,
Tie all thy cares up! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, and Benvoglio privately after him.

Ferd. Oh, bleſſed ſolitude! Here my griefs may ſpeak;
And, Sorrow, I will argue with thee now.
Nothing will keep me company! the flowers
Die at my moan; the gliding ſilver ſtreams
Haſten to flee my lamentations;
The air rolls from 'em; and the golden ſun
Is ſmother'd pale as Phœbe with my ſighs;
Only the earth is kind, that ſtays: Then, Earth,
To thee will I complain. Why do the Heavens
Impoſe upon me love what I can ne'er enjoy[31]?

[31] *Impoſe upon me love what I can ne'er enjoy?*] i. e. *Force me to love what I cannot obtain.* The editors of 1750 expunge the word *upon*, for which we can ſee no reaſon; and print *Love* as a ſubſtantive, though it is ſo obviouſly a verb.

Before

Before fruition was impoſſible,
I did not thirſt it: Gerrard, ſhe is thine,
Seal'd and deliver'd; but 'twas ill to ſtain
Her virgin ſtate, ere ye were married.
Poor infant, what's become of thee? thou know'ſt not
The woe thy parents brought thee to. Dear Earth,
Bury this cloſe in thy ſterility;
Be barren to this ſeed, let it not grow!
For if it do, 'twill bud no violet,
Nor gilly-flower, but wild brier, or rank rue,
Unſavoury and hurtful.

Benv. Ferdinand,
Thy ſteel hath digg'd the earth, thy words my heart.

Ferd. Oh, I have violated faith, betray'd
My friend and innocency!

Benv. Deſperate youth,
Violate not thy ſoul too! I have ſhowers
For thee, young man; but, Gerrard, flames for thee!
Was thy baſe pen made to daſh out mine honour,
And proſtitute my daughter? baſtard, whore?
Come, turn thy female tears into revenge,
Which I will quench my thirſt with, ere I ſee
Daughter or wife, or branded family.
By Heaven, both die! and, for amends,
Ferdinando, be my heir! I'll to my brother,
Firſt tell him all, then to the duke for juſtice;
This morning he's receiv'd[32]. Mountains nor ſeas
Shall bar my flight to vengeance! the foul ſtain
Printed on me, thy blood ſhall rinſe again. [*Exit.*

Ferd. I have tranſgreſs'd all goodneſs, witleſly
Rais'd mine own curſes from poſterity!
I'll follow, to redreſs in what I may;
If not, your heir can die as well as they. [*Exit.*

[32] *This morning he's* receiv'd.] Mr. Sympſon would read *arriv'd*, but ſurely *receiv'd* is infinitely more expreſſive, as it not only ſpeaks his arrival, but his being recogniz'd by all his ſubjects as duke of Milan. *Seward.*

Dumb Show.

Enter duke Rinaldo with attendants, at one door; Sta. Randulpho, and Gerrard, at another: They kneel to the duke, he accepts their obedience, and raiſes them up; they prefer Gerrard to the duke, who entertains him; they ſeat the duke in ſtate. Enter Benvoglio and Ferdinand: Benvoglio kneels for juſtice; Ferdinand ſeems to reſtrain him. Benvoglio gives the duke a paper; duke reads; frowns on Gerrard, ſhews the paper to the States, they ſeem ſorry, conſult, cauſe the guard to apprehend him; they go off with him. Then Randulpho and Benvoglio ſeem to crave juſtice, duke vows it, and exit with his attendants. Randulpho, Benvoglio, and Ferdinand confer. Enter to them Cornelia, with two ſervants; ſhe ſeems to expoſtulate; Randulpho in ſcorn cauſeth her to be thruſt out poorly. Exit Randulpho. Benvoglio beckons Ferdinand to him, with much ſeeming paſſion, ſwears him, then ſtamps with his foot. Enter Dorothea with a cup, weeping, ſhe delivers it to Ferdinand, who with diſcontent exit, and exeunt Benvoglio and Dorothea.

Enter Violante.

Viol. Gerrard not come? nor Dorothy return'd?
What adverſe ſtar rul'd my nativity?
The time to-night hath been as dilatory
As languiſhing conſumptions. But 'till now,
I ne'er durſt ſay, my Gerrard was unkind.
Heav'n grant all things go well! and nothing does,
If he be ill, which I much fear! My dreams
Have been portentous: I did think I ſaw
My love array'd for battle with a beaſt,
A hideous monſter, arm'd with teeth and claws,
Grinning, and venomous, that ſought to make
Both us a prey; on's tail was laſh'd in blood
Law; and his forehead I did plainly ſee
Held characters that ſpell'd *authority*.
This rent my ſlumbers; and my fearful ſoul

Ran

Ran ſearching up and down my diſmay'd breaſt,
To find a port t' eſcape. Good faith, I'm cold;
But Gerrard's love is colder: Here I'll ſit,
And think myſelf away.

Enter Ferdinand, with a cup and a letter.

Ferd. The peace of love
Attend the ſweet Violante! Read;
For the ſad news I bring I do not know:
Only I am ſworn to give you that, and this.

Viol. Is it from Gerrard? Gentle Ferdinand,
How glad am I to ſee you thus well reſtor'd!
In troth he never wrong'd you in his life,
Nor I, but always held fair thoughts of you:
Knew not my father's meaning 'till of late;
Could never have known it ſoon enough: For, Sir,
Gerrard's and my affection began
In infancy: My uncle brought him oft
In long coats hither; you were ſuch another;
The little boy would kiſs me, being a child,
And ſay he lov'd me, give me all his toys,
Bracelets, rings, ſweetmeats, all his roſy ſmiles:
I then would ſtand, and ſtare upon his eyes,
Play with his locks, and ſwear I lov'd him too;
For ſure, methought, he was a little Love!
He woo'd ſo prettily in innocence,
That then he warm'd my fancy; for I felt
A glimmering beam of love kindle my blood,
Both which, time ſince hath made a flame and flood.

Ferd. Oh, gentle innocent! methinks it talks
Like a child ſtill, whoſe white ſimplicity
Never arriv'd at ſin. Forgive me, lady!
I have deſtroy'd Gerrard and thee; rebell'd
Againſt Heav'n's ordinance; diſ-pair'd two doves,
Made 'em ſit mourning; ſlaughter'd love, and cleft
The heart of all integrity. This breaſt
Was truſted with the ſecret of your vow,
By Gerrard, and reveal'd it to your father.

Viol. Ha!

Ferd. Read, and curſe me!
Viol. Neither: I will never
Nor write, nor read again!
Ferd. My penance be it!
'Your labyrinth is found, your luſt proclaim'd.'
[*Reads.*
Viol. Luſt? hum!
My mother ſure felt none when I was got.
Ferd. 'I, and the law, implacably offended;'
'Gerrard's impriſon'd, and to die.'
Viol. Oh, Heav'n!
Ferd. 'And you to ſuffer, with reproach and ſcoffs,
A public execution. I have ſent you
An antidote 'gainſt ſhame, poiſon, by him
You have moſt wrong'd: Give him your penitent tears.'
Viol. Hum! 'tis not truth.
Ferd. 'Drink, and farewell for ever!
And tho' thy whoredom blemiſh thy whole line,
Prevent the hangman's ſtroke, and die like mine.'
Viol. Oh, woe is me for Gerrard! I have brought
Confuſion on the nobleſt gentleman
That ever truly lov'd. But we ſhall meet
Where our condemners ſhall not, and enjoy
A more refin'd affection than here:
No law nor father hinders marriage there
'Twixt ſouls divinely affied as (ſure) ours were;
There we will multiply and generate joys,
Like fruitful parents.—Luckleſs Ferdinand,
Where's the good old gentlewoman, my huſband's aunt?
Ferd. Thruſt from your uncle, to all poverty.
Viol. Alas, the pity! Reach me, Sir, the cup;
I'll ſay my prayers, and take my father's phyſic.
Ferd. Oh, villain that I was, I had forgot
To ſpill the reſt, and am unable now
To ſtir to hinder her!
Viol. What ail you, Sir?
Ferd. Your father is a monſter, I a villain,

This

This tongue has kill'd you!—Pardon, Violante!
Oh, pardon, Gerrard! and for ſacrifice
Accept my life, to expiate my fault:
I have drunk up the poiſon.

Viol. Thou art not ſo
Uncharitable! a better fellow far;
Th'haſt left me half. Sure Death is now a-dry,
And calls for more blood ſtill to quench his thirſt.
I pledge thee, Ferdinand, to Gerrard's health!
Dear Gerrard, poor aunt, and unfortunate friend!
Ah me, that love ſhould breed true lovers' end!

Ferd. Stay, madam, ſtay! help, hoa! for Heav'n's ſake, help!
Improvident man! that good I did intend
For ſatisfaction, ſaving of her life,
My equal cruel ſtars made me forget[33].

Enter Angelina with two Servants.

Ang. What ſpectacle of death aſſaults me? oh!

Viol. My deareſt mother, I am dead: I leave
Father, and friends, and life, to follow Love.
Good mother, love my child, that did no ill.
Fy, how men lie, that ſay, death is a pain!
Or has he chang'd his nature? like ſoft ſleep
He ſeizes me. Your bleſſing! Laſt, I crave,
That I may reſt by Gerrard in his grave.

Ferd. There lay me too. Oh, noble miſtreſs, I
Have caus'd all this, and therefore juſtly die.
That key will open all.

Ang. Oh, viperous father!—
For Heav'n's ſake, bear 'em in! Run for phyſicians,
And medicines quickly! Heav'n, thou ſhalt not have her

[33] *My* equal *cruel ſtars, &c.*] Mr. Sympſon would read,
My unequal *cruel ſtars* ———
but as *equal* is good ſenſe, I don't change the text; I underſtand *equal* adverbially, *viz.* my ſtars *equally cruel* in this inſtance as in all others. *Sezvard.*

Yet;

Yet; 'tis too ſoon: Alas, I have no more;
And taking her away, thou robb'ſt the poor! [*Exit.*

[*Flouriſh.*

Enter Rinaldo, States, Randulpho, Benvoglio, Gerrard, Executioner, and Guard.

Rin. The law, as greedy as your red deſire,
Benvoglio, hath caſt this man: 'Tis pity
So many excellent parts are ſwallow'd up
In one foul wave. Is Violante ſent for?
Our juſtice muſt not lop a branch, and let
The body grow ſtill.

Benv. Sir, ſhe will be here,
Alive or dead, I am ſure.

Ger. How chearfully my countenance comments death!
That which makes men ſeem horrid, I will wear
Like to an ornament. Oh, Violante!
Might my life only ſatisfy the law,
How jocundly my ſoul would enter Heav'n!
Why ſhouldſt thou die? thou wither'ſt in thy bud,
As I have ſeen a roſe, ere it was blown.—
I do beſeech your Grace, the ſtatute may
(In this caſe made) be read; Not that I hope
T' extenuate my offence or penalty,
But to ſee whether it lay hold on her.
And ſince my death is more exemplary
Than juſt, this publick reading will adviſe
Caution to others.

Rin. Read it.

Rand. Brother, does not
Your ſoul groan under this ſeverity?

Sec. [*reads.*] 'A ſtatute provided in caſe of unequal 'matches, marriages againſt parents' conſent, ſtealing 'of heirs, rapes, proſtitutions, and ſuch-like: That if 'any perſon meanly deſcended, or ignorant of his own 'parentage, which implies as much, ſhall, with a 'foul intent, unlawfully ſolicit the daughter of 'any peer of the dukedom, he ſhall for the ſame 'offence

'offence forfeit his right-hand: But if he further
'proſtitute her to his luſt, he ſhall firſt have his
'right-hand cut off, and then ſuffer death by the
'common executioner. After whom, the lady ſo
'offending ſhall likewiſe the next day, in the ſame
'manner, die for the fact.'

Ger. This ſtatute has more cruelty than ſenſe!
I ſee no ray of mercy. Muſt the lady
Suffer death too? Suppoſe ſhe were enforc'd,
By ſome confederates borne away, and raviſh'd;
Is ſhe not guiltleſs?

Rin. Yes, if it be prov'd.

Ger. This caſe is ſo: I raviſh'd Violante.

State. Who ever knew a rape produce a child?

Benv. Piſh! theſe are idle. Will your Grace command
The executioner proceed?

Rin. Your office!

Ger. Farewell to thy enticing vanity,
Thou round gilt box, that doſt deceive man's eye!
The wiſe man knows, when open thou art broke,
The treaſure thou includ'ſt is duſt and ſmoke;
Even thus, I caſt thee by. My lords, the law
Is but the great man's mule; he rides on it,
And tramples poorer men under his feet:
Yet when they come to knock at yon bright gate,
One's rags ſhall enter 'fore the other's ſtate.
Peace to ye all!—Here, ſirrah, ſtrike!—This hand
Hath Violante kiſs'd a thouſand times;
It ſmells ſweet ever ſince: This was the hand
Plighted my faith to her; do not think thou canſt
Cut that in ſunder with my hand. My lord,
As free from ſpeck as this arm is, my heart
Is of foul luſt, and every vein glides here
As full of truth.—Why does thy hand ſhake ſo?
'Tis mine muſt be cut off, and that is firm;
For it was ever conſtant.

Enter Cornelia.

Cor. Hold! your ſentence

Unjuſtly

Unjuſtly is pronounc'd, my lord! This blow
Cuts your hand off; for his is none of yours,
But Violante's, given in holy marriage
Before ſhe was deliver'd, conſummated
With th' free will of her mother, by her confeſſor,
In lord Benvoglio's houſe.
Ger. Alas, good aunt,
That helps us nothing; elſe I had reveal'd it.
Rin. What woman's this?
Benv. A baſe confederate
In this proceeding, kept of alms long time
By him; who now, expos'd to miſery,
Talks thus diſtractedly. Attach her, guard!
Rand. Your cruelty, brother, will have end.
Cor. You'd beſt
Let them attach my tongue.
Rin. Good woman, peace!
For, were this truth, it doth not help thy nephew;
The law's infring'd by their diſparity;
That forfeits both their lives.
Cor. Sir, with your pardon,
Had your Grace ever children?
Rin. Thou haſt put
A queſtion, whoſe ſharp point toucheth my heart!
I had two little ſons, twins, who were both
(With my good ducheſs) ſlain, as I did hear,
At that time when my dukedom was ſurpriz'd.
Cor. I have heard many ſay, my gracious lord,
That I was wondrous like her.
Omnes. Ha!
Rin. By all man's joy, it is Cornelia,
My deareſt wife!
Cor. To ratify me her,
Come down, Alphonſo, one of thoſe two twins,
And take thy father's bleſſing! Thou haſt broke
No law, thy birth being above thy wife's:
Aſcanio is the other, nam'd Fernando,
Who, by remote means, to my lord Benvoglio
I got preferr'd; and in poor habits clad,

(You fled, and th' innovation laid again)
I wrought myſelf into Randulpho's ſervice,
With my eldeſt boy; yet never durſt reveal
What they and I were, no, not to themſelves,
Until the tyrant's death.
Rin. My joy has fill'd me
Like a full-winded ſail! I cannot ſpeak!
Ger. Fetch Violante and my brother.
Benv. Run,
Run like a ſpout, you rogue! A pox o' poiſon!
That little whore I truſted will betray me.
Stay, hangman! I have work for you: There's gold;
Cut off my head, or hang me, preſently!

Soft muſick. Enter Angelina, with the bodies of Ferdinand and Violante on a bier; Dorothea carrying the cup and letter, which ſhe gives to Rinaldo; he reads, ſeems ſorrowful; ſhews it to Cornelia and Gerrard, they lament over the bier. Randulpho and Benvoglio ſeem fearful, and ſeem to report to Angelina and Dorothea what hath paſſed before.

Rand. This is your raſhneſs, brother!
Rin. Oh, joy, thou wert too great to laſt;
This was a cruel turning to our hopes!
Unnatural father! poor Aſcanio!
Ger. Oh, mother! let me be Gerrard again,
And follow Violante!
Cor. Oh, my ſon——
Rin. Your lives yet, bloody men, ſhall anſwer this.
Dor. I muſt not ſee 'em longer grieve.—My lord,
Be comforted; let ſadneſs generally
Forſake each eye and boſom; they both live:
For poiſon, I infus'd mere opium;
Holding compulſive perjury leſs ſin
Than ſuch a loathed murder would have been.
Omnes. Oh, bleſſed maiden!
Dor. Muſick, gently creep
Into their ears, and fright hence lazy ſleep!
Morpheus, command thy ſervant Sleep
In leaden chains no longer keep

This

This prince and lady! Riſe, wake, riſe,
And round about convey your eyes!
Riſe, prince; go, greet thy father and thy moth:
Riſe thou, t' embrace thy huſband and thy broth...
Rin. Cor. Son, daughter!
Ferd. Father, mother, brother [34]!
Ger. Wife!
Viol. Are we not all in Heav'n?
Ger. Faith, very near it.
Ferd. How can this be?
Rin. Hear it!
Dor. If I had ſery'd you right, I ſhould have ſeen
Your old pate off, ere I had reveal'd.
Benv. Oh, wench!
Oh, honeſt wench! if my wife die, I'll marry thee:
There's my reward [35].
Rin. 'Tis true.
Ferd. 'Tis very ſtrange [36].
Ger. Why kneel you, honeſt maſter?
Ferd. My good lord!
Ger. Dear mother!
Rin. Riſe, riſe! all are friends. I owe ye
For all their boards: And, wench, take thou the man
Whoſe life thou ſav'dſt; leſs cannot pay thy merit.
How ſhall I part my kiſs? I cannot! let

---

34 Ferd. *Father, mother, brother.*

Ger. *Wife.*] According to this reading Ferdinand whoſe ſenſes were but juſt recovered, knows perfectly all that has paſt whilſt he was aſleep; although he afterwards aſks how can this be. I firſt thought a note of interrogation might ſolve it, by ſuppoſing Cornelia to have informed him in a whiſper and then he might aſk the queſtion.

Father? mother? brother?

But putting the whole into Gerrard's mouth takes away the difficulty much more eaſily. *Seward.*

We think the old reading beſt, and don't underſtand the objection.

35 *There's* thy *reward.*] Text from firſt folio. It means, MY rewarding YOU.

36 Ferd. *'Tis true.*

Rin. *'Tis very ſtrange.*] Here again the ſpeakers were evidently wrong, and had changed places. *Seward.*

O.c

One generally therefore join our cheeks.
A pen of iron, and a leaf of braſs,
To keep this ſtory to eternity,
And a Promethean wit!—Oh, ſacred Love,
Nor chance, nor death, can thy firm truth remove.
[*Exeunt. Flouriſh.*

Eman. Now, Iſabella?

Iſab. This can true love do.
I joy they all ſo happily are pleas'd!
The ladies and the brothers muſt triumph.

Eman. They do;
For Cupid ſcorns but t' have his Triumph too.
[*Flouriſh.*

The Triumph.

Enter divers muſicians, then certain ſingers bearing banners inſcribed, Truth, Loyalty, Patience, Concord; *next, Gerrard and Ferdinand with garlands of roſes; then Violante; laſt, a chariot drawn by two Cupids, and a Cupid ſitting in it.*

Flouriſh. Enter Prologue.

Prol. Love, and the ſtrength of fair affection,
Moſt royal Sir, what long ſeem'd loſt, have won
Their perfect ends, and crown'd thoſe conſtant hearts
With laſting triumph, whoſe moſt virtuous parts,
Worthy deſires, and love, ſhall never end.
Now turn we round the ſcene; and, great Sir, lend
A ſad and ſerious eye to this of *Death.*
This black and diſmal triumph; where man's breath,
Deſert, and guilty blood, aſcend the ſtage;
And view the tyrant, ruin'd in his rage. [*Exit. Flouriſh.*

Enter Lavall, Gabriella, and Maria.

Gab. No, good my lord, I am not now to find
Your long neglect of me: All thoſe affections
You came firſt clad in to my love, like ſummer,
Luſty and full of life; all thoſe deſires
That like the painted ſpring bloom'd round about ye,
Giving

Giving the happy promiſe of an harveſt,
How have I ſeen drop off, and fall forgotten!
With the leaſt luſtre of another's beauty,
How oft, forgetful lord, have I been blaſted!
Was I ſo eaſily won? or did this body
Yield to your falſe embraces, with leſs labour
Than if you'd carried ſome ſtrong town?

Lav. Good Gabriella!

Gab. Could all your ſubtilties and ſighs betray me,
The vows ye ſhook me with, the tears ye drown'd me,
'Till I came fairly off with honour'd marriage?
Oh, fy, my lord!

Lav. Prithee, good Gabriella!

Gab. 'Would I had never known you, nor your honours!
They're ſtuck too full of griefs. Oh, happy women,
That plant your love in equal honeſt boſoms,
Whoſe ſweet deſires, like roſes ſet together,
Make one another happy in their bluſhes,
Growing and dying without ſenſe of greatneſs,
To which I am a ſlave! and that bleſt ſacrament
That daily makes millions of happy mothers,
Link'd me to this man's luſt alone, there left me:
I dare not ſay I am his *wife*, 'tis dangerous;
His *love*, I cannot ſay. Alas, how many——

Lav. You grow too warm; pray you be content!
You beſt know
The time's neceſſity, and how our marriage,
Being ſo much unequal to mine honour,
While the Duke lives, I ſtanding high in favour,
(And, whilſt I keep that ſafe, next to the dukedom)
Muſt not be known, without my utter ruin.
Have patience for a while, and do but dream, wench,
The glory of a ducheſs.—How ſhe tires me!
How dull and leaden is my appetite
To that ſtale beauty now! Oh, I could curſe
And crucify myſelf for childiſh doting
Upon a face that feeds not with freſh figures
Every freſh hour; ſhe's now a ſurfeit to me!—

Enter Gentille.

Who's that? Gentille?—I charge ye, no acquaintance;
You nor your maid, with him, nor no diſcourſe,
Till times are riper?

Gent. Fy, my noble lord!
Can you be now a ſtranger to the court,
When your moſt virtuous bride the beauteous Hellena,
Stands ready like a ſtar to gild your happineſs?
When Hymen's luſty fires are now a-lighting,
And all the flower of Anjou——

Lav. Some few trifles,
For matter of adornment, have a little
Made me ſo ſlow, Gentille; which now in readineſs,
I am for court immediately.

Gent. Take heed, Sir!
This is no time for trifling, nor ſhe no lady
To be now entertain'd with toys; 'twill coſt you——

Lav. You're an old cock, Gentille.

Gent. By your lordſhip's favour——

Lav. Prithee, away! 'twill loſe time.

Gent. Oh, my lord,
Pardon me that, by all means!

Lav. We have buſineſs
A-foot, man, of more moment!

Gent. Than my manners?
I know none, nor I ſeek none.

Lav. Take tomorrow!

Gent. Even now, by your lordſhip's leave.—Excellent beauty,
My ſervice here I ever dedicate,
In honour of my beſt friend, your dead father,
To you, his living virtue; and wiſh heartily,
That firm affection that made us two happy,
May take as deep undying root; and flouriſh
Betwixt my daughter Caſta, and your goodneſs;
Who ſhall be ſtill your ſervant.

Gab. I much thank you.

Lav. Pox o' this dreaming puppy!—Will you go, Sir?

Gent. A little more, good lord!
Lav. Not now, by Heaven!
Come, I muſt uſe you.
Gent. Goodneſs dwell ſtill with you!
[*Exeunt Ge.*
Gab. The ſight of this old gentleman,
Pulls to mine eyes again the living pictu
Of Perolot his virtuous ſon, my firſt love,
That died at Orleans.
Maria. You have felt both fortunes,
And in extremes, poor lady! for young Perolot,
Being every way unable to maintain you,
Durſt not make known his love to friend or father;
My lord Lavall, being powerful, and you poor,
Will not acknowledge you.
Gab. No more! Let's in, wench;
There let my lute ſpeak my laments! they've tir'd me.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Two Courtiers.

1 *Court.* I grant, the duke is wondrous provident
In his now planting for ſucceſſion;
I know his care as honourable in the choice too,
Marine's fair virtuous daughter: But what's all this?
To what end excellent arrives this travel,
When he that bears the main roof is ſo rotten?
2 *Court.* You have hit it now indeed; for, if Fame lie not,
He is untemperate.
1 *Court.* You expreſs him poorly,
Too gentle, Sir: The moſt deboſh'd and barbarous,
Believe it; the moſt void of all humanity,
Howe'er his cunning cloke it to his uncle,
And thoſe his pride depends upon.
2 *Court.* I have heard too,
Given exceſſively to drink.
1 *Court.* Moſt certain,
And in that drink moſt dangerous: I ſpeak theſe things
To one I know loves Truth, and dares not wrong her.

2 *Court.*

2 *Court.* You may ſpeak on.

1 *Court.* Uncertain as the ſea, Sir,
Proud and deceitful as his ſin's great maſter;
His appetite to women, (for there he carries
His main-ſail ſpread) ſo boundleſs and abominable,
That but to have her name by that tongue ſpoken,
Poiſons the virtue of the pureſt virgin.

2 *Court.* I am ſorry for young Gabriella then,
A maid reputed, ever of fair carriage;
For he has been noted viſiting.

1 *Court.* She is gone then;
Or any elſe, that promiſes, or power,
Gifts, or his guileful vows, can work upon:
But theſe are but poor parcels.

2 *Court.* 'Tis great pity!

1 *Court.* Nor want theſe ſins a chief ſaint to befriend 'em:
The devil follows him; and, for a truth, Sir,
Appears in viſible figure often to him;
At which time he's poſſeſs'd with ſudden trances,
Cold deadly ſweats, and griping of the conſcience,
Tormented ſtrangely, as they ſay.

2 *Court.* Heav'n turn him!
This marriage-day may'ſt thou well curſe, fair Hellen.—
But let's go view the ceremony.

1 *Court.* I'll walk with you. [*Exeunt.*

Muſick. Enter Gabriella and Maria above; and Lavall, Bride, States in ſolemnity as to marriage, and paſs over, viz. Duke, Marine and Longaville.

Maria. I hear 'em come!

Gab. 'Would I might never hear more!

Maria. I told you ſtill; but you were ſo incredulous—
See, there they kiſs!

Gab. Adders be your embraces!
The poiſon of a rotten heart, oh, Hellen,
Blaſt thee as I have been! Juſt ſuch a flattery,

With that ſame cunning face, that ſmile upon't,
(Oh, mark it, Mary, mark it ſeriouſly!)
That maſter ſmile caught me.
Maria. There's th' old duke, and
Marine her father.
Gab. Oh!
Maria. There Longaville;
The ladies now.
Gab. Oh, I am murder'd, Mary!—
Beaſt, moſt inconſtant beaſt!
Maria. There——
Gab. There I am not;
No more—I am not there. Hear me, oh, Heav'n!
And, all you pow'rs of juſtice, bow down to me!
But you of pity, die. I am abus'd;
She that depended on your providence,
She is abus'd! your honour is abus'd!
That noble piece ye made, and call'd it *man*,
Is turn'd to devil; all the world's abus'd!
Give me a woman's will, provok'd to miſchief,
A two-edg'd heart; my ſuffering thoughts to wildfires,
And my embraces to a timeleſs grave turn!
Maria. Here I'll ſtep in; for 'tis an act of merit.
Gab. I am too big to utter more.
Maria. Take time then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Gentille and Caſta.

Gent. This ſolitary life at home undoes thee,
Obſcures thy beauty firſt, which ſhould prefer thee;
Next, fills thee full of ſad thoughts, which thy years
Muſt not arrive at yet; they choke thy ſweetneſs:
Follow the time, my girl; and it will bring thee,
Even to the fellowſhip of the nobleſt women,
Hellen herſelf, to whom I would prefer thee,
And under whom this poor and private carriage,
(Which I am only able yet to reach at)
Being caſt off, and all thy ſweets at luſtre,
Will take thee as a fair friend, and prefer thee.
Caſta. Good Sir, be not ſo cruel as to ſeek

To

To kill that ſweet content you've bred me to.
Have I not here enough to thank Heav'n for?
The free air, uncorrupted with new flattery?
The water that I touch, unbrib'd with odours
To make me ſweet to others? the pure fire
Not ſmother'd up, and choak'd with luſtful incenſe
To make my blood ſweat? but burning clear and high,
Tells me my mind muſt flame up ſo to Heav'n.
What ſhould I do at court? wear rich apparel?
Methinks theſe are as warm, and, for your ſtate, Sir,
Wealthy enough: Is it, you'd have me proud,
And, like a pageant, ſtuck up for amazements?
Teach not your child to tread that path; for fear, Sir,
Your dry bones, after death, groan in your grave
The miſeries that follow.

Gent. Excellent Caſta!

Caſta. When ſhall I pray again, a courtier?
Or, when I do, to what god? what new body
And new face muſt I make me, with new manners
(For I muſt be no more myſelf)? whoſe miſtreſs
Muſt I be firſt? with whoſe ſin-offering ſeaſon'd?
And when I'm grown ſo great and glorious
With proſtitution of my burning beauties,
That great lords kneel, and princes beg for favours,
Do you think I'll be your daughter, a poor gentleman's,
Or know you for my father?

Enter Lavall.

Gent. My beſt Caſta!
Oh, my moſt virtuous child! Heav'n reigns within thee!
Take thine own choice, ſweet child, and live a ſaint ſtill.—
The lord Lavall! ſtand by, wench.

Lav. Gabriella—
She cannot, nor ſhe dares not make it known;
My greatneſs cruſhes her, whene'er ſhe offers:
Why ſhould I fear her then?

Gent. Come; let's paſs on, wench.

Lav. Gentille, come hither!—Who's that gentlewoman?

Gent. A child of mine, Sir, who, obſerving
Is going to the monaſtery to her prayers.

Lav. A fair one, a moſt ſweet one! fitter
To beautify a court, than make a votariſt.—
Go on, fair beauty, and in your orizons
Remember me: Will you, fair ſweet?

Caſta. Moſt humbly. [*Exit with Gent.*

Lav. An admirable beauty! how it fires me!

Enter a Spirit.

But ſhe's too full of grace, and I too wicked.—
I feel my wonted fit: Defend me, Goodneſs!
Oh! it grows colder ſtill, and ſtiffer on me;
My hair ſtands up, my ſinews ſhake and ſhrink;
Help me, good Heav'n, and good thoughts dwell within me!
Oh, get thee gone, thou evil, evil ſpirit;
Haunt me no more, I charge thee!

Spirit. Yes, Lavall;
Thou art my vaſſal, and the ſlave to miſchief:
I blaſt thee with new ſin. Purſue thy pleaſure!
Caſta is rare and ſweet, a blowing beauty;
Set thy deſires afire, and never quench 'em
'Till thou enjoy'ſt her! make her all thy Heav'n,
And all thy joy, for ſhe is all true happineſs.
Thou'rt powerful; uſe command; if that prevail not,
Force her: I'll be thy friend.

Lav. Oh, help me, help me!

Spirit. Her virtue, like a ſpell, ſinks me to darkneſs. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentille and Caſta.

Gent. He's here ſtill.—How is't, noble lord? Methinks, Sir,
You look a little wildly?—Is it that way?
Is't her you ſtare on ſo? I've ſpied your fire, Sir,

But

But dare not ſtay the ſlaming: Come!
Lav. Sweet creature,
Excellent beauty, do me but the happineſs
To be your humbleſt ſervant.—Oh, fair eyes!
Oh, bleſſed, bleſſed ſweetneſs, divine virgin!
Caſta. Oh, good my lord, retire into your honour!
You're ſpoken good and virtuous, plac'd at helm
To govern others from miſchances; from example
Of ſuch fair chronicles as great ones are,
We do, or ſure we ſhould, direct our lives.
I know you're full of worth; a ſchool of virtue,
Daily inſtructing us that live below you,
I make no doubt, dwells there.
Lav. I cannot anſwer;
Sh' has ſtruck me dumb with wonder.
Caſta. Goodneſs guide you! [*Exeunt.*
Lav. She's gone, and with her all light, and has left me
Dark as my black deſires. Oh, devil Luſt,
How doſt thou hug my blood, and whiſper to me,
There is no day again, no time, no living,
Without this luſty beauty break upon me!
Let me collect myſelf; I ſtrive like billows,
Beaten againſt a rock, and fall a fool ſtill.
I muſt enjoy her, and I will; from this hour
My thoughts, and all my buſineſs ſhall be nothing,

Enter Maria.

My eating, and my ſleeping, but her beauty,
And how to work it.
Maria. Health to my lord Lavall!—
Nay, good Sir, do not turn with ſuch diſpleaſure!
I come not to afflict your new-born pleaſures.
My honour'd miſtreſs—Neither let that vex you,
For nothing is intended, but ſafe to you.
Lav. What of your miſtreſs? I am full of buſineſs.
Maria. I will be ſhort, my lord. She, loving lady,
Conſidering the unequal tie between ye,
And how your ruin with the duke lay on it,

As alſo the moſt noble match now made,
By me ſends back all links of marriage,
All holy vows, and rights of ceremony,
All promiſes, oaths, tears, and all ſuch pawns
You left in hoſtage; only her love ſhe cannot
For that ſtill follows you, but not to hurt you
And ſtill beholds you, Sir, but not to ſhame,
In recompenſe of which, this is her ſuit, Sir,
Her poor and laſt petition, but to grant her,
When weary nights have cloy'd you up with kiſſes,
(As ſuch muſt come) the honour of a miſtreſs,
The honour but to let her ſee thoſe eyes,
(Thoſe eyes ſhe dotes on, more than gods on goodneſs)
And but to kiſs you only; with this prayer,
(A prayer only to awake your pity)
And on her knees ſhe made it, that this night
You'll bleſs her with your company at ſupper.

Lav. I like this well; and, now I think on't better,
I'll make a preſent uſe from this occaſion——

Maria. Nay, good my lord, be not ſo cruel to her,
Becauſe ſhe has been yours!

Lav. And to mine own end
A rare way I will work.

Maria. Can love for ever,
The love of her, my lord, ſo periſh in you?—
All you deſire in your deſires to proſper!
What gallant under Heav'n, but Anjou's heir, then
Can brag ſo fair a wife, and ſweet a miſtreſs?
Good, noble lord!

Lav. You miſapply me, Mary;
Nor do I want true pity to your lady;
Pity and Love tell me, too much I've wrong'd her
To dare to ſee her more: Yet if her ſweetneſs
Can entertain a mediation,
(And it muſt be a great one that can cure me)
My love again, as far as honour bids me,
My ſervice, and myſelf——

Maria. That's nobly ſpoken!

Lav. Shall hourly ſee her; Want ſhall never know her;

Not

Nor where ſhe has beſtow'd her love, repent her.
Maria. Now whither drives he?
Lav. I have heard, Maria,
That no two women in the world more lov'd,
Than thy good miſtreſs and Gentille's fair daughter.
Maria. What may this mean?—You've heard a truth, my lord;
But ſince the ſecret love betwixt you two,
My miſtreſs durſt not entertain ſuch friendſhip:
Caſta is quick, and of a piercing judgment,
And quickly will find out a flaw.
Lav. Hold, Mary:
Shrink not; 'tis good gold, wench: Prepare a banquet,
And get that Caſta thither; for ſhe's a creature
So full of forcible divine perſuaſion,
And ſo unwearied ever with good office,
That ſhe ſhall cure my ill cauſe to my miſtreſs,
And make all errors up.
Maria. I'll do my beſt, Sir:
But ſhe's too fearful, coy, and ſcrupulous,
To leave her father's houſe ſo late; and baſhful
At any man's appearance, that, I fear, Sir,
'Twill prove impoſſible.
Lav. There's more gold, Mary;
And fain thy miſtreſs wondrous ſick, to death, wench!
Maria. I have you in the wind now, and I'll pay you.
Lav. She cannot chuſe but come; 'tis charity,
The chief of her profeſſion: Undertake this,
And I am there at night; if not, I leave you.
Maria. I will not loſe this offer, tho' it fall out
Clean croſs to that we caſt.—I'll undertake it;
I will, my lord; ſhe ſhall be there.
Lav. By Heaven?
Maria. By Heaven, ſhe ſhall.
Lav. Let it be ſomething late then,
For being ſeen!—Now force or favour wins her.
My ſpirits are grown dull; ſtrong wine, and ſtore,
Shall ſet 'em up again, and make me fit
To draw home at the enterprize I aim at. [*Exit.*

Maria.

Maria. Go thy way, falſe lord! if thou hold'ſt, thou pay'ſt
The price of all thy luſts. Thou ſhalt be there,
Thou modeſt maid, if I have any working,
And yet thy honour ſafe; for which this thief
I know has ſet this meeting; but I'll watch him.

Enter Perolot,

Per. Maria!
Maria. Are mine eyes mine own? or—bleſs me!
Am I deluded with a flying ſhadow?
Per. Why do you ſtart ſo from me?
Maria. It ſpeaks ſenſibly,
And ſhews a living body; yet I'm fearful,
Per. Give me your hand, good Maria.
Maria. He feels warm too.
Per. And next your lips.
Maria. He kiſſes perfectly:
Nay, an the devil be no worſe—You are Perolot?
Per. I was, and ſure I ſhould be; Can a ſmall diſtance,
And ten ſhort months, take from your memory
The figure of your friend, that you ſtand wond'ring?
Be not amaz'd! I am the ſelf-ſame Perolot,
Living and well, ſon to Gentille, and brother
To virtuous Caſta; to your beauteous miſtreſs,
The long-ſince poor betroth'd, and ſtill-vow'd ſervant.
Maria. Nay, ſure he lives!—My lord Lavall, your maſter,
Brought news long ſince to your much-mourning miſtreſs,
You died at Orleans; bound her with an oath too,
To keep it ſecret from your aged father,
Leſt it ſhould rack his heart.
Per. A pretty ſecret,
To try my miſtreſs' love, and make my welcome
From travel of more worth; from whence, Heav'n thank'd,
My buſineſs for the duke diſpatch'd to th' purpo

And all my money ſpent, I am come home, wench.
How does my miſtreſs? for I have not yet ſeen
Any, nor will I, 'till I do her ſervice.

Maria. But did the lord Lavall know of your love, Sir,
Before he went?

Per. Yes; by much force he got it,
But none elſe knew; upon his promiſe too,
And honour, to conceal it faithfully
'Till my return: To further which, he told me,
My buſineſs being ended, from the duke
He would procure a penſion for my ſervice,
Able to make my miſtreſs a fit huſband.

Maria. But are you ſure of this?

Per. Sure as my ſight, wench.

Maria. Then is your lord a baſe diſſembling villain,
A devil lord, the damn'd lord of all lewdneſs,
And has betray'd you, and undone my miſtreſs,
My poor ſweet miſtreſs (oh, that lecher lord!)
Who, poor ſoul, ſince was married!

Per. To whom, Maria?

Maria. To that unlucky lord, a plague upon him!
Whoſe hot horſe-appetite being allay'd once
With her chaſte joys, married again (ſcarce cool'd,
The torches yet not out the yellow Hymen
Lighted about the bed, the ſongs yet ſounding)
Marine's young noble daughter Hellena,
Whoſe miſchief ſtands at door next. Oh, that recreant!

Per. Oh, villain! oh, moſt unmanly falſhood!
Nay, then, I ſee my letters were betray'd too.
Oh, I am full of this, great with his miſchiefs,
Loaden and burſt! Come, lead me to my lady.

Maria. I cannot, Sir; Lavall keeps her conceal'd:
Beſides, her griefs are ſuch, ſhe will ſee no man.

Per. I muſt, and will go to her; I will ſee her:
There be my friend, or this ſhall be thy furtheſt!

Maria. Hold, and I'll help thee! But firſt you ſhall ſwear to me,
As you are true and gentle, as you hate

This

This beaſtly and baſe lord, where I ſhall place you,
(Which ſhall be within ſight) 'till I diſcharge you,
Whate'er you ſee or hear, to make no motion.
Per. I do, by Heaven!
Maria. Stay here about the houſe then,
'Till it be later; yet, the time's not perfect:
There at the back-door I'll attend you truly.
Per. Oh, monſtrous, monſtrous, beaſtly villain!
Maria. How croſs this falls, and from all expectation,
And what the end ſhall be, Heav'n only yet knows;
Only I wiſh, and hope. But I forget ſtill;
Caſta muſt be the bait, or all miſcarries. [*Exit.*

Enter Gentille with a torch, Shalloone above.

Gent. Holla, Shalloone!
Shal. Who's there?
Gent. A word from th' duke, Sir.
Shal. Your pleaſure?
Gent. Tell your lord he muſt to court ſtraight.
Shal. He's ill at eaſe; and prays he may be pardon'd
The occaſions of this night.
Gent. Belike he's drunk then.
He muſt away; the duke and his fair lady,
The beauteous Hellena, are now at Cent.
Of whom ſhe has ſuch fortune in her carding,
The duke has loſt a thouſand crowns, and ſwears,
He will not go to bed, 'till by Lavall
The tide of loſs be turn'd again. Awake him!
For 'tis the pleaſure of the duke he muſt riſe.
Shal. Having ſo ſtrict command, Sir, to the contrary,
I dare not do it: I beſeech your pardon,
Gent. Are you ſure he is there?
Shal. Yes.
Gent. And aſleep?
Shal. I think ſo.
Gent. And are you ſure you will not tell him, Shalloone?
Shal. Yes, very ſure,

Gent,

Gent. Then I am ſure, I will:
Open, or I muſt force.
Shal. Pray you ſtay! he is not,
Nor will not be this night: You may excuſe it.
Gent. I knew he was gone about ſome woman's labour.
As good a neighbour, tho' I ſay it, and as comfortable!
Many ſuch more we need, Shalloone. Alas, poor lady,
Thou'rt like to lie croſs-leg'd to-night. Good monſieur,
I will excuſe your maſter for this once, Sir,
Becauſe ſometimes I've lov'd a wench myſelf too.
Shal. 'Tis a good hearing, Sir.
Gent. But for your lie, Shalloone,
If I had you here, it ſhould be no good hearing;
For your pate I would pummel.
Shal. A fair good night, Sir! [*Exit.*
Gent. Good night, thou noble knight, Sir Pandarus[36]!
My heart is cold o' th' ſudden, and a ſtrange dullneſs
Poſſeſſes all my body: Thy will be done, Heav'n!
[*Exit.*

Enter Gabriella, Caſta, and Maria with a taper.

Caſta. 'Faith, friend, I was even going to my bed,
When your maid told me of your ſudden ſickneſs:
But from my grave (ſo truly I love you)
I think your name would raiſe me. You look ill
Since laſt I ſaw you, much decay'd in colour;
Yet, I thank Heav'n, I find no ſuch great danger
As your maid frighted me withal: Take courage,
And give your ſickneſs courſe! Some grief you have got
That feeds within upon your tender ſpirits,
And, wanting open way to vent itſelf,
Murders your mind, and chokes up all your ſweetneſs.
Gab. It was my maid's fault, worthy friend, to trouble you,
So late, upon ſo light a cauſe; yet, ſince I have you,
Oh, my dear Caſta——

[36] *Sir Pandarus.*] See Troilus and Creſſida. *R.*

Caſta. Out with it, i' God's name!

Gab. The cloſet of my heart I will lock here [37], wench, [*Lavall knocks within.*
And things ſhall make you tremble.—Who's that knocks there?

Maria. 'Tis Lavall.

Gab. Sit you ſtill!—Let him in.—
I am reſolv'd; and, all you wronged women,
You noble ſpirits, that, as I, have ſuffer'd
Under this glorious beaſt, inſulting man [38],
Lend me your cauſes, then your cruelties;
For I muſt put on madneſs above women!

Caſta. Why do you look ſo ghaſtly?

Gab. Peace! no harm, dear.

Enter Lavall.

Lav. There, take my cloak and ſword.—Where is this banquet?

Maria. In the next room.

Caſta. How came he here? Heav'n bleſs me!

Lav. Give me ſome wine, wench; fill it full, and ſprightly——

Gab. Sit ſtill, and be not fearful.

Lav. 'Till my veins ſwell,
And my ſtrong ſinews ſtretch like that brave Centaur,
That at the table ſnatch'd the bride away

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37 *The cloſet of my heart, I will* lock *here, wench.*] It is more natural to read,

——— *I will* unlock, *wench.*

as Mr. Sympſon would read, and at firſt ſight the ſame change occurred to me, but the old reading is certainly ſenſe, and a ſtronger ſenſe, *viz.* That ſhe would lock up all her ſecrets in Caſta's breaſt, which ſhe muſt lay her hand on or point to while ſhe ſpeaks. *Seward.*

38 *Under this glorious* beaſt inſulting *man.*] This compound word muſt be ſtrained very much, to force it into any meaning that will ſuit the context. Mr. Sympſon therefore agrees with me in ſuppoſing it corrupt. I had read,

Under this glorious beaſt; inſulting *man,*

but his conjecture, though not quite ſo near the trace of the letters, makes better ſenſe, and I therefore prefer it,

Under this glorious baſe *inſulting man.* *Seward.*

He is called *beaſt* more than once before: *Baſe* comes in but poorly here.

In

In ſpite of Hercules.

Caſta. I am betray'd!

Lav. Nay, ſtart not, lady! 'tis for you that I come,
And for your beauty: 'Tis for you, Lavall
Honours this night; to you, the ſacred ſhrine
I humbly bow, offering my vows and prayers;
To you I live.

Gab. In with the powder quickly!
So; that and the wine will rock you.

Lav. Here; to the health
Of the moſt beauteous and divine fair Caſta,
The ſtar of ſweetneſs!

Gab. Fear him not; I'll die firſt.—
And who ſhall pledge you?

Lav. Thou ſhalt, thou tann'd gipſey!
And worſhip to that brightneſs give, cold Tartar!—
By Heaven, you ſhall not ſtir! You are my miſtreſs,
The glory of my love, the great adventure,
The miſtreſs of my heart, and ſhe my whore!

Gab. Thou lieſt, baſe, beaſtly lord! drunker than anger,
Thou ſous'd lord, got by a ſurfeit, thou lieſt baſely!
Nay, ſtir not! I dare tell thee ſo.—Sit you ſtill.—
If I be whore, it is in marrying thee,
That art ſo abſolute and full a villain,
No ſacrament can ſave that piece tied to thee.
How often haſt thou wooed, in thoſe flatteries,
Almoſt thoſe very words, my conſtancy?
What goddeſs have I not been, or what goodneſs?
What ſtar, that is of any name in Heaven,
Or brightneſs? which of all the virtues
(But drunkenneſs, and drabbing, thy two morals)
Have not I reach'd to? what ſpring was ever ſweeter?
What Scythian ſnow ſo white? what cryſtal chaſter?
Is not thy new wife now the ſame too? Hang thee,
Baſe bigamiſt, thou honour of ill women [39]!

[39] *Baſe bigamiſt, thou* honour *of* ill *women.*] Seward reads,
——— *Thou* horror *of* all *women:*
But HONOUR *of* ILL *women* may mean a man in requeſt with proſtitutes: So, he is afterwards called SALT-*itch*, &c. and immediately before, *Baſe bigamiſt.*

Caſta.

Caſta. How's this? Oh, Heav'n defend me!
Gab. Thou ſalt-itch,
For whom no cure but ever-burning brimſtone
Can be imagin'd!
Lav. Ha, ha, ha!
Gab. Doſt thou laugh, thou breaker
Of all law, all religion? of all faith
Thou foul contemner?
Lav. Peace, thou paltry woman!—
And ſit by me, ſweet.
Gab. By the devil?
Lav. Come,
And lull me with delights.
Gab. It works amain now.
Lav. Give me ſuch kiſſes as the queen of ſhadows
Gave to the ſleeping boy ſhe ſtole on Latmos;
Lock round about [40], in ſnaky wreaths cloſe-folded,
Thoſe roſy arms about my neck, oh, Venus!
Gab. Fear not, I ſay.
Lav. Thou admirable ſweetneſs,
Diſtil thy bleſſings like thoſe ſilver drops,
That, falling on fair grounds, riſe all in roſes;
Shoot me a thouſand darts from thoſe fair eyes,
And thro' my heart transfix 'em all, I'll ſtand 'em;
Send me a thouſand ſmiles, and preſently
I'll catch 'em in mine eyes, and by Love's power
Turn 'em to Cupids all, and fling 'em on thee.
How high ſhe looks, and heav'nly!—More wine for me!
Gab. Give him more wine; and, good friend, be not fearful!
Lav. Here on my knee, thou goddeſs of delights,
This luſty grape I offer to thy beauties:
See, how it leaps to view that perfect redneſs,
That dwells upon thy lips! now, how it bluſhes
To be out-bluſh'd! Oh, let me feed my fancy!
And as I hold the purple god in one hand,
Dancing about the brim and proudly ſwelling,

[40] Look *round about*, &c.] So all copies but firſt folio.

Deck'd

Deck'd in the pride of Nature, young and blowing,
So let me take fair Semele in the other,
And ſing the loves of gods, then drink their nectar,
Not yet deſir'd!

Caſta. Oh!

Lav. Then; like luſty Tarquin,
Turn'd into flames with Lucrece' coy denials,
His blood and ſpirit equally ambitious,
I force thee for mine own.

Caſta. Oh, help me, juſtice! help me, my chaſtity!

Lav. Now I am bravely quarried. [*Perolot above.*

Per. 'Tis my ſiſter!

Gab. No, bawdy ſlave, no, treacher, ſhe's not carried. [*Exit Caſta.*

Per. She's looſe again, and gone. I'll keep my place ſtill.

Maria. Now it works bravely. Stand! he cannot hurt you.

Lav. Oh, my ſweet love, my life!

Maria. He ſinks.

Lav. My bleſſing! [*He falls down and ſleeps.*

Maria. So; now he is ſafe awhile.

Gab. Lock all the doors, wench;
Then for my wrongs!

Per. Now I'll appear to know all.

Gab. Be quick, quick, good Maria, ſure and ſudden.

Per. Stay! I muſt in firſt.

Gab. Oh, my conſcience!
It is young Perolot: Oh, my ſtung conſcience!
It is my firſt and nobleſt love.

Maria. Leave wondring,
And recollect yourſelf: The man is living;
Equally wrong'd as you, and by that devil.

Per. 'Tis moſt true, lady; your unhappy fortune
I grieve for as mine own; your fault forgive too,
If it be one. This is no time for kiſſes:
I have heard all, and known all, which mine ears
Are crack'd a-pieces with, and my heart periſh'd.
I ſaw him in your chamber, ſaw his fury,
And am a-fire 'till I have found his heart out.

What do you mean to do? for I'll make one.

Gab. To make his death more horrid (for he ſhal die——

Per. He muſt, he muſt.

Gab. We'll watch him 'till he wakes,
Then bind him, and then torture him.

Per. 'Tis nothing!
No; take him dead-drunk now, without repentance,
His lechery inſeam'd upon him [41].

Gab. Excellent!

Per. I'll do't myſelf; and, when 'tis done, provide ye;
For we'll away for Italy this night.

Gab. We'll follow thro' all hazards.

Per. Oh, falſe lord,
Unmanly, miſchievous! how I could curſe thee!
But that but blaſts thy fame: Have at thy heart, fool!
Loop-holes I'll make enough to let thy life out.

Lav. Oh! does the devil ride me?

Per. Nay, then!

Lav. Murder!
Nay, then, take my ſhare too.

Per. Help! oh! h'has ſlain me.
Bloody intentions muſt have blood.

Lav. Ha!

Per. Heaven—— [*Dies.*

Gab. He ſinks, he ſinks, for ever ſinks! Oh, Fortune!
Oh, Sorrow! how like ſeas thou flow'ſt upon me!
Here will I dwell for ever. Weep, Maria,
Weep this young man's misfortune. Oh, thou trueſt—

[41] *Take him* dead-drunk, *&c.*] This horrid ſentiment ſeems to have been adopted from a ſimilar one in Hamlet; where that prince, debating on the purpoſed death of the King, ſays,

'When he is *drunk*, aſleep, or in his rage;
'Or in the inceſtuous pleaſures of his bed,
'At gaming, ſwearing; or about ſome act
'That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't:
'Then trip him, that his heels may kick at Heaven;
'And that his ſoul may be as damn'd and black
'As Hell, whereto it goes.' *R.*

Enter

Enter Spirit.

Lav. What have I done?
Spirit. That that has mark'd thy ſoul, man.
Lav. And art thou come again, thou diſmal Spirit?
Spirit. Yes, to devour thy laſt.
Lav. Mercy upon me!
Spirit. Thy hour is come: Succeſſion, honour, pleaſure,
And all the luſtre thou ſo long haſt look'd for,
Muſt here have end: Summon thy ſins before thee.
Lav. Oh, my affrighted ſoul!
Spirit. There lies a black one;
Thy own beſt ſervant by thy own hand ſlain:
Thy drunkenneſs procur'd it; there's another:
Think of fair Gabriella! there ſhe weeps;
And ſuch tears are not loſt.
Lav. Oh, miſerable!
Spirit. Thy foul intention to the virtuous Caſta.
Lav. No more, no more, thou wildfire!
Spirit. Laſt, thy laſt wife,
Think on the wrongs ſhe ſuffers.
Lav. Oh, my miſery!
Oh, whither ſhall I fly?
Spirit. Thou haſt no faith, fool.
Hark to thy knell! [*Sings, and vaniſhes.*
Lav. Millions of ſins muſter about mine eyes now;
Murders, ambitions, luſt, falſe faiths: Oh, Horror,
In what a ſtormy form of death thou rid'ſt now!
Methinks I ſee all tortures, fires, and froſts,
Deep-ſinking caves, where nothing but Deſpair dwells,
The baleful birds of night hovering about 'em;
A grave, methinks, now opens, and a hearſe,
Hung with my arms, tumbles into it. Oh!
Oh, my afflicted ſoul! I cannot pray;
And the leaſt child that has but goodneſs in him
May ſtrike my head off, ſo ſtupid are my powers:
I'll lift mine eyes up tho'.
Maria. Ceaſe theſe laments!
They are too poor for vengeance: Lavall lives yet.

Gab. Then thus I dry all ſorrows from theſe eyes;
Fury and rage poſſeſs 'em now! Damn'd devil!
Lav. Ha!
Gab. This for young Perolot!
Lav. Oh, mercy, mercy!
Gab. This for my wrongs!
Lav. But one ſhort hour to cure me! [*Knock wi'*
Oh, be not cruel: Oh! oh!
Maria. Hark, they knock!
Make haſte, for Heav'n's ſake, miſtreſs!
Gab. This for Caſta!
Lav. Oh, oh, oh, oh! [*He dies.*
Maria. He's dead; come, quickly! let's away with him,
'Twill be too late elſe.
Gab. Help, help, up to th' chamber!
[*Exeunt with Lavall's body.*

Enter Duke, Hellena, Gentille, Caſta, and Attendants with lights.

Duke. What frights are theſe?
Gent. I'm ſure here's one paſt frighting.
Bring the lights nearer: I've enough already.
Out, out, mine eyes! Look, Caſta.
Lord. 'Tis young Perolot!
Duke. When came he over? Hold the gentlewoman!
She ſinks; and bear her off.
Caſta. Oh, my dear brother! [*Exit.*
Gent. There is a time for all; for me, I hope too,
And very ſhortly. Murder'd?
[*Gabriella, Maria, with Lavall's body, above.*
Duke. Who's above there?
Gab. Look up, and ſee.
Duke. What may this mean?
Gab. Behold it;
Behold the drunken murderer
Of that young gentleman; behold the rankeſt,
The vileſt, baſeſt ſlave that ever flouriſh'd!
Duke. Who kill'd him?
Gab. I; and there's the cauſe I did it:

Read,

Read, if your eyes will give you leave.
Hel. Oh, monſtrous!
Gab. Nay, out it ſhall: There, take this falſe heart to ye,
The baſe diſhonour of a thouſand women!
Keep it in gold, duke; 'tis a precious jewel.
Now to myſelf! for I have liv'd a fair age,
Longer by ſome months than I had a mind to.
Duke. Hold!
Gab. Here, young Perolot, my firſt-contracted!
True love ſhall never go alone.
Duke. Hold, Gabriella!
I do forgive all.
Gab. I ſhall die the better.
Thus let me ſeek my grave, and my ſhames with me!
Maria. Nor ſhalt thou go alone, my noble miſtreſs:
Why ſhould I live, and thou dead?
Lord. Save the wench there!
Maria. She is, I hope; and all my ſins here written.
Duke. This was a fatal night.
Gent. Heav'n has his working,
Which we cannot contend againſt.
Duke. Alas!
Gent. Your Grace has your *alas* too.
Duke. 'Would 'twere equal!
For thou haſt loſt an honeſt noble child.
Gent. 'Tis heir enough h'has left, a good remembrance[42].
Duke. See all their bodies buried decently;
Tho' ſome deſerv'd it not!—How do you, lady?
Hel. Even, with your Grace's leave, ripe for a monaſtery;
There will I wed my life to tears and prayers,
And never know what man is more.
Duke. Your pleaſure.
How does the maid within?
Lord. She is gone before, Sir,
The ſame courſe that her lady takes.

[42] *'Tis heir enough* has loſt *a good remembrance.*] Corrected by Sympſon.

Gent. And my courſe
Shall be my beads at home, ſo pleaſe your Grace
To give me leave to leave the court,
Duke. In peace, Sir;
And take my love along!
Gent. I ſhall pray for you.
Duke. Now to ourſelves: Retire we, and begin
By this example to correct each ſin! [*Exe. Flouriſh.*
Eman. By this we plainly view the two impoſthumes
That choak a kingdom's welfare; eaſe and wantonneſs;
In both of which Lavall was capital:
For, firſt, eaſe ſtole away his mind from honour,
That active noble thoughts had kept ſtill working;
And then deliver'd him to drink and women,
Luſt and outrageous riot; and what their ends are,
How infamous and foul, we ſee example.
Therefore, that great man that will keep his name,
And gain his merit out of Virtue's ſchools,
Muſt make the pleaſures of the world his fools.
[*Flouriſh.*

The Triumph.

Enter Muſicians; next them, Perolot, with the wound he died with; then Gabriella and Maria, with their wounds; after them, four furies with bannerets, inſcribed, Revenge, Murder, Luſt, *and* Drunkenneſs, *ſinging; next them, Lavall wounded; then a chariot with Death, drawn by the Deſtinies.* [*Flouriſh.*

Enter Prologue.

Prol. From this ſad ſight aſcend your noble eye,
And ſee old Time, helping triumphantly,
Helping his maſter Man: View here his vanities;
And ſee his falſe friends, like thoſe glutted flies,
That, when they've ſuck'd their fill, fall off, and fade
From all remembrance of him, like a ſhade!
And laſt, view who relieves him! and that gone,
We hope your favour, and our play is done.
[*Flouriſh.*

Enter

Enter Anthropos, Deſire, Vain-Delight, and Bounty.

Anth. What haſt thou done, Deſire? and how employ'd
The charge I gave thee, about levying wealth
For our ſupplies?

Deſire. I have done all, yet nothing;
Tried all, and all my ways, yet all miſcarried:
There dwells a ſordid dulneſs in their minds,
Thou ſon of Earth, colder than that thou'rt made of.
I came to Craft; found all his hooks about him,
And all his nets baited and ſet [43]; his fly ſelf
And greedy Lucre at a ſerious conference
Which way to tie the world within their ſtatutes:
Buſineſs of all ſides [44] and of all ſorts ſwarming,
Like bees broke looſe in ſummer: I declar'd
Your will and want together, both enforcing
With all the power and pains I had, to reach him;
Yet all fell ſhort.

Anth. His anſwer?

Deſire. This he gave me:
Your wants are never ending; and thoſe ſupplies
That came to ſtop thoſe breaches, are ever laviſh'd,
Before they reach the main, in toys and trifles,
Gewgaws, and gilded puppets. Vain-Delight,
He ſays, has ruin'd you, with clapping all
That comes in for ſupport, on cloaths and coaches,

[43] ——— *all his hooks about him,*
And all his nets baited and ſet.] Mr. Sympſon ſays, 'that to bait and ſet nets is inaccurate, and therefore would have *hooks* and *nets* change places: But *nets* are ſometimes baited and ſet as well as hooks, as for cray fiſh, grigs, &c. ſo that the change is not neceſſary. *Seward.*

[44] *Buſineſs of all ſides and of all ſorts.*] Mr. Sympſon thinks the common expreſſion was the original here,
Buſineſs of all ſize *and of all ſorts,*
or elſe *of all ſizes.* But I can by no means admit either into the text, for the old reading is perfect good ſenſe. And the firſt change propoſed is ſcarce Engliſh; the other hurts the meaſure; and its being a vulgar expreſſion is the very reaſon why a poet would not uſe it. *Seward.*

We think Sympſon's firſt conjecture not inelegant, and very plauſible. Of *all ſides* is very vulgar.

Perfumes and powder'd pates; and that your miſtreſs,
The lady Pleaſure, like a ſea devours
At length both you and him too. If you have houſes,
Or land, or jewels, for good pawn, he'll hear you,
And will be ready to ſupply occaſions;
If not, he locks his ears up, and grows ſtupid.
From him, I went to Vanity, whom I found
Attended by an endleſs troop of tailors,
Mercers, embroiderers, feather-makers, fumers,
All occupations opening like a mart,
That ſerve to rig the body out with bravery;
And thro' the room new faſhions flew, like flies,
In thouſand gaudy ſhapes; Pride waiting on her,
And buſily ſurveying all the breaches
Time and decaying Nature had wrought in her,
Which ſtill with art ſhe piec'd again and ſtrengthen'd:
I told your wants; ſhe ſhew'd me gowns and head-tires,
Embroider'd waiſtcoats, ſmocks ſeam'd thro' with cut-works,
Scarfs, mantles, petticoats, muffs, powders, paintings,
Dogs, monkies, parrots, which all ſeem'd to ſhew me
The way her money went. From her to Pleaſure
I took my journey.

Anth. And what ſays our beſt miſtreſs?

Deſire. She danc'd me out this anſwer preſently:
Revels and maſques had drawn her dry already.
I met old Time too, mowing mankind down,
Who ſays you are too hot, and he muſt purge you.

Anth. A cold *quietus!* Miſerable creatures,
Born to ſupport and beautify your maſter,
The godlike Man, ſet here to do me ſervice,
The children of my will, why, or how dare ye,
Created to my uſe alone, diſgrace me?
Beaſts have more courteſy; they live about me,
Offering their warm wool to the ſhearer's hand
To cloath me with, their bodies to my labours;
Nay, even their lives they daily ſacrifice,
And proudly preſs with garlands to the altars,
To fill the gods' oblations. Birds bow to me,
Striking their downy ſails to do me ſervice,

Their

Their ſweet airs ever echoing to mine honour,
And to my reſt their plumy ſofts they ſend me.
Fiſhes, and plants, and all where life inhabits,
But mine own curſed kind, obey their ruler;
Mine have forgot me, miſerable mine,
Into whoſe ſtony hearts, neglect of duty,
Squint-ey'd Deceit and Self-love are crept cloſely!
None feel my wants? not one befriend me [45]?

Deſire. None, Sir.

Anth. Thou haſt forgot, Deſire, my beſt friend Flattery;
He cannot fail me.

Delight. Fail? he'll ſell himſelf,
And all within his power, cloſe to his ſkin firſt.

Deſire. I thought ſo too, and made him my firſt venture;
But found him in a young lord's ear ſo buſy,
So like a ſmiling ſhower pouring his ſoul
In at his portals; his face in thouſand figures,
Catching the vain mind of the man: I pull'd him,
But ſtill he hung like bird-lime; ſpoke unto him;
His anſwer ſtill was, 'By the lord, ſweet lord,'
And 'By my ſoul, thou maſter-piece of honour!'
Nothing could ſtave him off: He has heard your flood's gone,
And on decaying things he ſeldom ſmiles, Sir.

Anth. Then here I break up ſtate, and free my followers,

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[45] ——— *are crept cloſely:*
None feel my wants, not one mend with *me.*

Deſire. *None, Sir?*] The next line ſhews evidently that all the points here were wrong. The laſt line of Anthropos's ſpeech ſhould be disjoined from the foregoing, and be a queſtion which Deſire ſhould anſwer, but theſe were not the worſt of the miſtake in this paſſage, for what is

——— *not one mend with me?*

One might force a ſort of ſenſe out of it, but 'tis much more probable that it is a miſtake of the preſs, and that we ſhould read either,

——— *not one* friend *with me?*

or, ——— *not one* befriend *me?*

The former is neareſt the trace of the letters, but the latter gives a more eaſy ſenſe. *Seward.*

The firſt is, we think, the beſt of the two.

Putting

Putting my fortune now to Time and Juſtice:
Go ſeek new maſters now; for Anthropos,
Neglected by his friends, muſt ſeek new fortunes.
Deſire, to Avarice I here commend thee,
Where thou may'ſt live at full bent of thy wiſhes.
And, Vain-Delight, thou feeder of my follies,
With light Fantaſtickneſs be thou in favour!
To leave thee, Bounty, my moſt worthy ſervant,
Troubles me more than my own miſery;
But we muſt part: Go plant thyſelf, my beſt friend,
In honourable hearts that truly know thee,
And there live ever like thyſelf, a virtue!
But leave this place, and ſeek the country;
For Law and Luſt, like fire, lick all up here.
Now none but Poverty muſt follow me,
Deſpis'd patch'd Poverty; and we two married,
Will ſeek Simplicity, Content, and Peace out,

Enter Poverty.

And live with them in exile. How uncall'd on
My true friend comes!

Pov. Here hold thee, Anthropos!
Thou art almoſt arriv'd at reſt[46]: Put this on,
A penitential robe, to purge thy pleaſures;
Off with that vanity!

Anth. Here, Vain-Delight,
And, with this, all my part to thee again
Of thee I freely render.

Pov. Take this ſtaff now,
And be more conſtant to your ſteps hereafter!
The ſtaff is Staidneſs of Affections.
Away, you painted flies, that with man's ſummer
Take life and heat, buzzing about his bloſſoms!
When growing full, ye turn to caterpillars,
Gnawing the root that gave you life. Fly, ſhadows!

[*Exeunt Deſire and Delight.*

Now to Content I'll give thee, Anthropos,
To Reſt and Peace: No Vanity dwells there,

[46] *Thou art almoſt* arm'd *at reſt.*] Amended by Sympſon.

Deſire,

Deſire, nor Pleaſure, to delude thy mind more;
No Flattery's ſmooth-fil'd tongue ſhall poiſon thee.
Anth. Oh, Jupiter, if I have ever offer'd
Upon thy burning altars but one ſacrifice
Thou and thy fair-ey'd Juno ſmil'd upon;
If ever, to thine honour, bounteous feaſts,
Where all thy ſtatues ſweat with wine and incenſe,
Have by the ſon of Earth been celebrated;
Hear me (the child of Shame, now) hear, thou helper,
And take my wrongs into thy hands, thou juſtice,
Done by unmindful man, unmerciful,
Againſt his maſter done, againſt thy order;
And raiſe again, thou father of all honour,
The poor, deſpis'd, but yet thy nobleſt creature!
Raiſe from his ruins once more this ſunk cedar,
That all may fear thy power, and I proclaim it! [*Exe.*

Jupiter and Mercury deſcend ſeverally. Soft Muſick.

Jup. Ho! Mercury, my winged ſon!
Merc. Your ſervant.
Jup. Whoſe powerful prayers were thoſe that reach'd our ears,
Arm'd in ſuch ſpells of pity now[47]?
Merc. The ſad petitions
Of the ſcorn'd ſon of Earth, the god-like Anthropos;
He that has ſwell'd your ſacred fires with incenſe,
And pil'd upon your altars thouſand heifers;
He that (beguil'd by Vanity and Pleaſure,
Deſire, Craft, Flattery, and ſmooth Hypocriſy)
Stands now deſpis'd and ruin'd, left to Poverty.
Jup. It muſt not be; he was not rais'd for ruin;
Nor ſhall thoſe hands heav'd at my altars periſh:
He is our nobleſt creature. Flee to Time;
And charge him preſently releaſe the bands
Of Poverty and Want this ſuitor ſinks in:
Tell him, among the ſun-burnt Indians,

[47] *Arm'd in ſuch ſpells of* pity.] The *ſpells* were undoubtedly thoſe of *piety*, which might awake *pity* in Jupiter, but could not for that reaſon be called *the ſpells of pity*. *Seward.*
We ſee no reaſon for variation.

That

That know no other wealth but peace and pleaſure,
He ſhall find golden Plutus, god of riches,
Who idly is ador'd, the innocent people
Not knowing yet what power and weight he carries:
Bid him compel him to his right uſe, honour,
And preſently to live with Anthropos.
It is our will. Away!

Merc. I do obey it.

[*Jupiter and Mercury aſcend again. Muſick.*

Enter Plutus, with a troop of Indians ſinging and dancing wildly about him, and bowing to him; which ended, Enter Time.

Time. Riſe, and away! 'tis Jove's command.

Plutus. I will not!
Ye have ſome fool to furniſh now; ſome Midas,
That to no purpoſe I muſt choak with riches.
Who muſt I go to?

Time. To the ſon of Earth;
He wants the god of wealth.

Plutus. Let him want ſtill!
I was too lately with him, almoſt torn
Into ten thouſand pieces by his followers:
I could not ſleep, but Craft or Vanity
Were filing off my fingers; not eat, for fear
Pleaſure would caſt herſelf into my belly,
And there ſurprize my heart.

Time. Theſe have forſaken him:
Make haſte then! thou muſt with me. Be not angry,
For fear a greater anger light upon thee.

Plutus. I do obey then: But will change my figure;
For when I willingly befriend a creature,
Goodly and full of glory I ſhew to him;
But when I am compell'd, old and decrepid,
I halt and hang upon my ſtaff. Farewell, friends!
I will not be long from ye: All my ſervants
I leave among ye ſtill, and my chief riches.

[*Exeunt Indians, with a dance.*

Oh, Time, what innocence dwells here, what goodneſs!
They know me not, nor hurt me not, yet hug me.
Away!

Away! I'll follow thee: But not too faſt, Time!
[*Exeunt Plutus and Time.*

Enter Anthropos, Honeſty, Simplicity, Humility, and Poverty.

Humil. Man, be not ſad; neither let this divorce
From Mundus, and his many ways of pleaſure,
Afflict thy ſpirits! which conſider'd rightly,
With inward eyes, makes thee arrive at happy.
Pov. For now what danger or deceit can reach thee?
What matter left for Craft or Covetize
To plot againſt thee? what Deſire to burn thee?
Hon. Oh, ſon of Earth, let Honeſty poſſeſs thee!
Be as thou waſt intended, like thy Maker;
See thro' thoſe gaudy ſhadows, that like dreams
Have dwelt upon thee long; call up thy goodneſs,
Thy mind and man within thee, that lie ſhipwreck'd;
And then how thin and vain theſe fond affections,
How lame this worldly love, how lump-like, raw,
And ill-digeſted, all theſe vanities
Will ſhew, let Reaſon tell thee!
Simpl. Crown thy mind[48]
With that above the world's wealth, joyful ſuff'ring,
And truly be the maſter of thyſelf,
Which is the nobleſt empire! and there ſtand
The thing thou wert ordain'd, and ſet to govern!
Pov. Come, let us ſing the world's ſhame: Hear us, Anthropos!

Song: And then enter Time and Plutus.

Hon. Away! we are betray'd. [*Exeunt all but Pov.*
Time. Get thou too after,
Thou needy bare companion! go for ever,

[48] *Crown thy mind*
With that *above the world's wealth, joyful ſuff'ring,*] I read
With that's *above*——
i. e. with that which is above the world's wealth, joyful ſuffering. It might be ſtill better Engliſh to ſay,
With what's above the world's wealth,
but the other expreſſion is very frequent with our Authors. *Seward.*
The old text is beſt, and moſt poetical.

For

For ever, I conjure thee. Make no anſwer! [*Exit Pov.*

Anth. What mak'ſt thou here, Time? thou that to this minute
Never ſtood ſtill by me?

Time. I've brought thee ſuccour;
And now, catch hold, I'm thine: The god of riches
(Compell'd by him that ſaw thy miſeries,
The ever-juſt and wakeful Jove) at length
Is come unto thee; uſe him as thine own;
For 'tis the doom of Heav'n, he muſt obey thee.

Anth. Have I found pity then?

Time. Thou haſt, and juſtice
Againſt thoſe falſe ſeducers of thine honour.
Come, give him preſent helps! [*Exit Time.*

Induſtry and the Arts diſcovered.

Plutus. Come, Induſtry,
Thou friend of life! and next to thee, riſe, Labour!
[*Plutus ſtamps, Labour riſes.*
Riſe preſently; and now to your employments!
But firſt conduct this mortal to the rock.
[*They carry Anthropos to a rock and fall a-digging.*
What ſee'ſt thou now?
[*Plutus ſtrikes the rock, and flames fly out.*

Anth. A glorious mine of metal.
Oh, Jupiter, my thanks!

Plutus. To me a little.

Anth. And to the god of wealth, my ſacrifice!

Plutus. Nay, then I am rewarded. Take heed now, ſon,
You are afloat again, leſt Mundus catch you!

Anth. Never betray me more!

Plutus. I muſt to India,
From whence I came, where my main wealth lies buried,
And theſe muſt with me. Take that book and mattock [49],

[49] *Take that book and mattock.*] Mr. Sympſon would read *hook and mattock* as the two emblems of induſtry, but knowledge and virtue being

And by thoſe, know to live again!
[*Exeunt Plutus, Induſtry, Labour, &c.*
Anth. I ſhall do.

Enter Fame, ſounding.

Fame. Thro' all the world the fortune of great Anthropos
Be known and wonder'd at; his riches envied,
As far as ſun or time is; his power fear'd too! [*Exe.*
[*Muſick.*

Enter Delight, Pleaſure, Craft, Lucre, Vanity, &c. dancing (and maſqued) towards the rock, offering ſervice to Anthropos. Mercury from above. Muſick heard. One half of a cloud drawn, ſingers are diſcovered; then the other half drawn. Jupiter ſeen in glory.

Merc. Take heed, weak man! thoſe are the ſins that ſunk thee;
Truſt 'em no more: Kneel, and give thanks to Jupiter.
Anth. Oh, mighty power!
Jup. Unmaſk, ye gilded poiſons!—
Now look upon 'em, ſon of Earth, and ſhame 'em;
Now ſee the faces of thy evil angels;
Lead 'em to Time, and let 'em fill his triumph!
Their memories be here forgot for ever.
Anth. Oh, juſt, great god! how many lives of ſervice,
What ages only given to thine honour,
What infinites of vows and holy prayers
Can pay my thanks?
Jup. Riſe up! and, to aſſure thee
That never more thou ſhalt feel want; ſtrike Mercury,
Strike him; and by that ſtroke he ſhall for ever
Live in that rock of gold, and ſtill enjoy it.
Be't done, I ſay! Now ſing in honour of him. [*Song.*

being as neceſſary to Anthropos as induſtry, I underſtand *book* as an emblem of them. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter the Triumph. Firſt, the Muſicians: Then Vain-Delight, Pleaſure, Craft, Lucre, Vanity, and other of the vices: Then a chariot with the perſon of Time ſitting in it, drawn by four perſons, repreſenting Hours, ſinging. [*Exeunt. Flouriſh.*

Eman. By this we note, ſweetheart, in kings and princes,
A weakneſs, even in ſpite of all their wiſdoms,
And often to be maſter'd by abuſes.
Our nature's here deſcrib'd too, and what humours
Prevail above our reaſons to undo us:
But this the laſt and beſt: When no friend ſtands,
The gods are merciful, and lend their hands.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

NOW as the huſbandman, whoſe coſts and pain,
Whoſe hopes and helps, lie buried in his grain,
Waiting a happy ſpring to ripen full
His long'd-for harveſt to the reaper's pull,
Stand we expecting (having ſown our ground
With ſo much charge, the fruitfulneſs not found)
The harveſt of our labours: For we know
You are our ſpring; and when you ſmile we grow.
Nor charge nor pain ſhall bind us from your pleaſures,
So you but lend your hands to fill our meaſures!

FINIS.

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